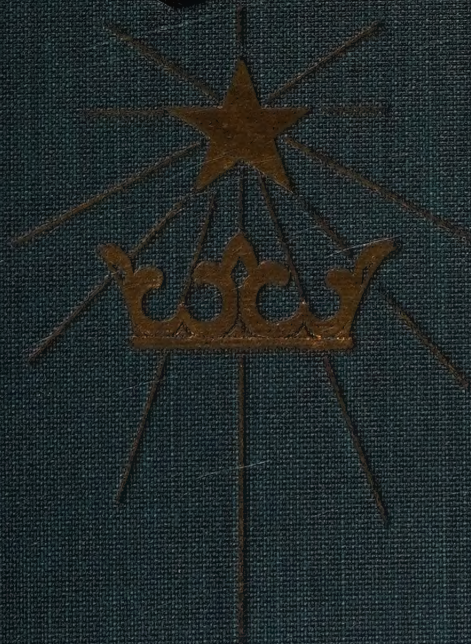


HEAVEN HOME AND HAPPINESS

MARY LOWE DICKINSON

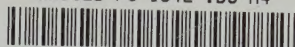


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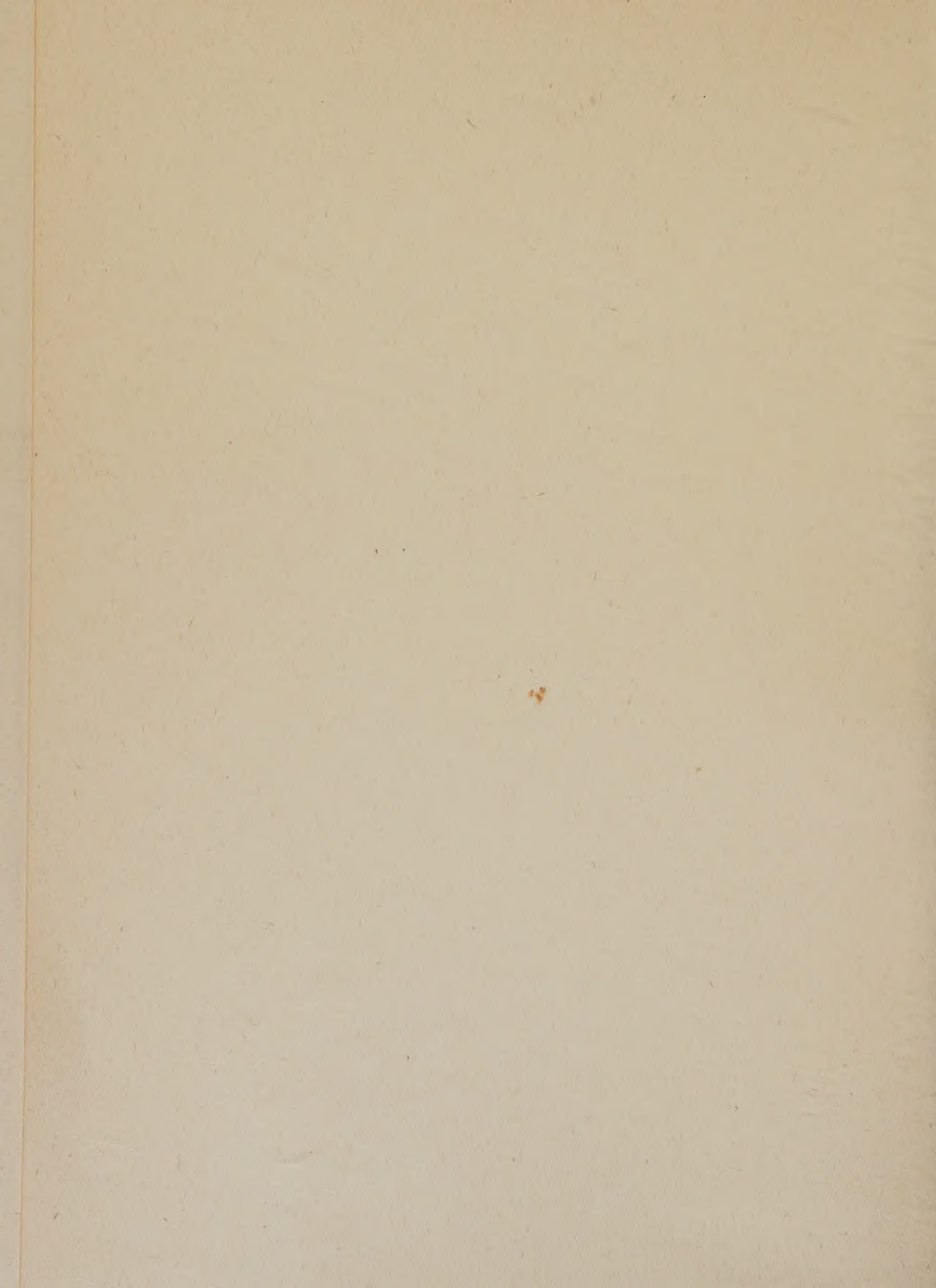
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From a Portrait Painted in 1870

Mary Lowe Dickinson.

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A Treasury of the World's Brightest Gems
of Thought, Song and Story, on the Three
Themes Dearest to the Human Heart = = =

Heaven, Home and Happiness

Edited by

Mary Lowe Dickinson

and

Myrta Lockett Avery

Introduction by

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D.



New York

The Christian Herald

Louis Klopsch, Proprietor

1901

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INTRODUCTION



T was a stroke of genius to name this book "Heaven, Home and Happiness," for the earthly home is a small heaven, and heaven is an eternal home, and happiness presides over both of them. Three strings to the same harp. Mrs. Dickinson, the editor of this book, was fitted for the duty by a life much of it devoted to the work of sympathy, and by her official position as General Secretary of the International Order of the King's Daughters and Sons, and editor of *The Silver Cross*.

This book shows that a house is not necessarily a home, a fact many forget.

Here are a man and wife; they agree in nothing else, but they agree they will have a home. Architects make the plan, and mechanics execute it; the house to cost one hundred thousand dollars. It is done. The carpets are spread, lights are hoisted, curtains hung, cards of invitation sent out. The horses in gold-plated harness prance at the gate; guests come in and take their places; the musical instruments sound; the dancers go up and down; and, with one grand whirl, the wealth and the fashion and the mirth of the great town wheel amidst the pictured walls. Ha! this is happiness. Float it on the smoking viands; sound it in the music; whirl it in the dance; cast it on the snow of sculpture; sound it up the brilliant stairway; flash it in the chandeliers! Happiness, indeed! Let us build on the centre of the parlor floor a throne to Happiness; let all the guests, when they come in, bring their flowers and pearls and diamonds, and throw them on this pyramid, and let it be a throne; and then let Happiness, the queen, mount the throne, and we will stand around and, all chalices lifted, we will say: "Drink, O Queen! live forever!"

But the guests depart, the flutes are breathless, the last clash of the impatient hoofs is heard in the distance, and the twain of the household come back to see the Queen of Happiness on the throne amid the parlor floor. But, alas!

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as they come back the flowers have faded, the sweet odors have become the malodor of a charnel-house, and instead of the Queen of Happiness there sits the gaunt form of Anguish, with bitten lip and sunken eye and ashes in her hair. The romp and joyous step of the dancers who have left seems rumbling yet like jarring thunders that quake the floor, and rattle the glasses of the feast, rim to rim. The spilled wine on the floor turns into blood. The wreaths of plush have become wriggling reptiles. Terrors catch tangled in the canopy that overhangs the couch. A strong gust of wind comes through the hall and the drawing-room and the bedchamber, in which all the lights go out. And from the lips of the wine-beakers come the words: "Happiness is not in us!" And the arches respond: "It is not in us!" And the silenced instruments of music, thrummed on by invisible fingers, answer: "Happiness is not in us!" And the frozen lips of Anguish break open, and, seated on the throne of wilted flowers, she strikes her bony hands together and groans: "It is not in me!"

That very night a clerk, with a small salary of a thousand dollars a year—only one thousand—goes to his home, set up three months ago, just after the marriage-day. Love meets him at the door; love sits with him at the table; love talks over the work of the day; love takes down the Bible and reads of Him who came our souls to save; and they kneel, and while they are kneeling—right in that plain room, on that plain carpet—the angels of God build a throne, not out of flowers that perish and fade away, but out of garlands of heaven, wreath on top of wreath, amaranth on amaranth, until the throne is done. Then the harps of God sounded, and suddenly there appeared one who mounted the throne, with eye so bright and brow so fair that the twain knew it was Christian Love. And they knelt at the throne, and, putting one hand on each head, she blessed them, and said: "Happiness is with me!" And that throne of celestial bloom withered not with the passing years; and the queen left not the throne till one day the married pair felt stricken in years—felt themselves called away, and knew not which way to go, and the queen bounded from the throne, and said: "Follow me, and I will show you the way up to the realm of everlasting love." And so they went up to sing songs of love, and walk on pavements of love, and to live together in mansions of love, and to rejoice forever in the truth that God is love.

God bless our homes! If we are right there we are all right, if we are wrong there we are all wrong. Home! it is a charmed word. Through that one syllable thrill untold melody, the laughter of children, the sound of well-known footsteps, and the voices of undying affection. Home! I hear

HEAVEN, HOME AND HAPPINESS

in that word the ripple of meadow brooks in which knee-deep we waded, the lowing of cattle coming up from the pasture, the sharp hiss of the scythe amid thick grass, the creaking of the hay-rack where we trampled down the road. Home! I see in that word the suggestion of boyhood and girlhood days, and the shadow of tender sorrows and the reflection of ten thousand fond memories. Home! when I see that word in book or newspaper, the word seems to rise and sparkle and weep and whisper and thunder and pray. It twinkles like a star. It springs up like a fountain. It trills like a song. It leaps like a flame. It glows like a sunset. It sings like an angel; and if some lexicographer, urged on by a spirit from beneath, should seek to cast forth that word from the language, the children would come forth and cover it up with garlands of wild flowers, and the wealthy would come forth to hide it under their diamonds and pearls, and kings would hide it under their crowns, and after Herod had hunted its life from Bethlehem to Egypt and utterly given up the search, some bright warm day it would flash from among the gems, and breathe from among the flowers, and toss from among the coronets, and the world would read it bright and fair and beautiful and resonant as before, Home! Home! Home!

Heaven, Home and Happiness! May this volume cheer and illuminate the tens of thousands of homes which it shall enter, and may men, women and children be blessed—thrice blessed—in its perusal.

T. De Witt Talmage

"His home, the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest."—JAMES MONTGOMERY.

"If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breasts this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam;
The world hath nothing to bestow—
From our own selves cur bliss must flow
And that dear hut, our home."—COTTON.

"Heaven is indeed our true fatherland—that wondrous home where
everything is waiting for us and everyone loves us."—GASPARIN.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

For courtesies extended to us in the making of this book, we are sure our readers will join with us in thanking Messrs. Harper & Brothers, Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., The Fleming H. Revell Co., Messrs. Eaton & Mains, Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls; and also Messrs. Putnam's Sons, for the extract from *Life of Audubon*, Edited by His Widow, and Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, for "Martha," from Julia C. Dorr's poems. We are also indebted for similar courtesies to the many authors, extracts from whose writings add interest to this volume.



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HOME



MARRIAGE IN EDEN

Morning without a cloud. Atmosphere without a chill. Foliage without a crumpled leaf. Meadows without a thorn. Fit morning for the world's first wedding. It shall be in church, the great temple of a world, sky-domed, mountain-pillared, sapphire-roofed. The sparkling waters of the Gibon and the Hiddekel will make the font of the temple. Larks, robins and goldfinches will chant the wedding march. Violet, lily and rose burning incense in the morning sun. Luxuriant vines sweeping their long trails through the forest aisles—upholstery of a spring morning. Wild beasts standing outside the circle looking on, like family servants from the back door gazing upon the nuptials. The eagle, king of birds; the locust, king of insects; the lion, king of beasts; waiting. Carpets of grass-like emerald for the human pair to walk on. Hum of excitement, as there always is before a ceremony. Grass-blades and leaves whispering, and the birds a-chatter, each one to his mate. Hush all the winds, hush all the birds, hush the voices of the waters, for the king of the human race and his bride advances, a perfect man leading to the altar a perfect woman. God, her father, gives away the bride, and angels are her witnesses, and tears of morning dew stand in the eyes of the violets, and Adam takes the round hand that has never been worn with work, or stung with pain, into his own stout grasp, as he says, "This is now bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh."

Tumults of joy break forth, and all the trees of the wood clap their hands, and all the galleries of the forest sound with carol and chirp and chant, and the circle of Edenic happiness is complete; for while every quail hath answering quail, and every fish answering fish, and every fowl answering fowl, and every beast of the forest appropriate companion, at last man, the immortal, has for mate woman, the immortal.

I want to adjure you to-day by the cradle in which you were rocked, and by the family altar where you knelt, and by the family Bible out of which you were instructed, and by the graves of your parents, if they have gone to their last sleep, to war against everything that would bring the marriage relation into disrepute. The best eulogy you can pronounce upon it is by making your own home relation right and beautiful.—*Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.*

STAY AT HOME, MY HEART

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest!
Home-keeping hearts are happiest.
For those that wander they know not where
Are full of trouble and full of care.

To stay-at home is best.
Weary and home-sick and distressed
They wander East and wander West,
And are baffled and beaten and blown about
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt.

To stay at home is best
Then stay at home, my heart, and rest;
The bird is safest in the nest.
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky.

To stay at home is best.—*Longfellow.*

THE CHEER-GIVING FATHER

Give your home your loving attention and interest. Money does not take the place of these. Nothing can fill the gap made in the home circle by the father's unnecessary absence. Spend as much of your time as possible at your own fireside. You have no idea how much you can add to its cheer and happiness and the home-folks' sense of dignity, by showing that you had rather be there with them than anywhere else in the world.

* * * * *

Your wife's step will be lighter, her hand will be busier all day, expecting the comfortable evening at home when you return. Household affairs will have been well attended to. A place for everything, and everything in its place, will, like some good genius, have made even an humble home the scene of neatness, arrangement, and taste. The table will be ready at the fireside. The loaf will be one of that order which says, by its appearance, "You may come and cut again." The cups and saucers will be waiting for supplies. The kettle will be singing; and the children, happy with fresh air and exercise, will be smiling in glad anticipation of that evening meal when father is at home, and of the pleasant reading afterwards.—*Sir Arthur Helps.*



THE BOUNTIFUL MOTHER

She need not be rich to be bountiful. A mother may be very poor in this world's goods and yet be able to give her children life's most precious and beautiful things, which shall enrich them forever. Houses and lands and gold are not the eternal verities, but faith, hope and charity are. A mother may live in a palace and own jewels and laces and have much gold, and give her children

fine raiment and delicate food and costly playthings; yet their better natures may starve because she has not the highest and best things to impart. Her soul may be poor.

Our illustration is the reproduction of a famous painting. Beautiful Lotte Buff, later Frau Kestner, was greatly admired and revered by Goethe, the great German author, because of her motherliness to her little brothers and sisters. Through her true character of daughter, sister, wife and mother, she influenced Goethe for good. Herself and husband were faithful friends to the poet. This picture, though portraying a commonplace scene, and such as happens daily in millions of homes the world over, yet shows woman in the exercise of a high and sacred office—that of the bread-giver and the love and life dispenser.

THE KINGDOM OF HOME

Dark is the night, and fitful and drearily
 Rushes the wind like the waves of the sea.
 Little care I, as here I sit cheerily,
 Wife at my side and my baby on knee.
 King, king, crown me the king.
 Home is the kingdom, and Love is the king.

Flashes the firelight upon the dear faces,
 Dearer and dearer as onward we go.
 Forces the shadow behind us, and places
 Brightness around us with warmth in the glow.
 King, king, crown me the king.
 Home is the kingdom, and Love is the king.

Flashes the lovelight, increasing the glory,
 Beaming from bright eyes with warmth of the soul,
 Telling of trust and content the sweet story,
 Lifting the shadows that over us roll.
 King, king, crown me the king.
 Home is the kingdom, and Love is the king.

Richer than miser with perishing treasure,
 Served with a service no conquest could bring:
 Happy with fortune that words cannot measure,
 Light-hearted I on the hearthstone can sing,
 King, king, crown me the king.
 Home is the kingdom, and Love is the king.

—J. R. Duryea, D.D.

The first sure symptoms of a mind in health is rest of heart and pleasure felt at home.—*Young's Night Thoughts.*

CHRISTIAN MOTHERHOOD

John Quincy Adams, till the day of his death, said the little prayer his mother taught him: "Now I lay me down to sleep." Lincoln said: "All I am on earth I owe to my sainted mother." General Grant's mother went into a room at a certain hour each day during the war to pray for her son Ulysses, and he wrote to his parents a letter every week from the field when it was possible.

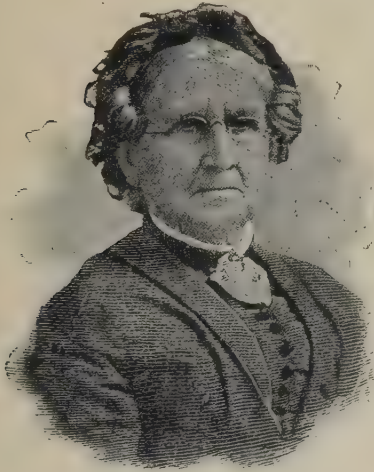
Garfield kissed the wrinkled face of his mother on the day of his inauguration and said: "Mother, you have brought me to this." Grover Cleveland often expressed his debt of gratitude for his Christian parents. President McKinley left the capital and the affairs of State to watch at the bedside of his dying mother, to receive her last blessing, and to give her his last kiss.

There are facts connected with Mother McKinley's life more significant than those of fortunate circumstance. She was an humble, sincere Christian mother, who taught her children the principles of truth, honesty, bravery, patriotism and piety. She bore, and in humble sainthood fitted for leadership, the ruler of the people. It is such homes that have made the nation great.

The German empire is great because German homes are good, because Ger-

man mothers are industrious, economical, honest and virtuous. Great Britain is great because it has model homes, because British mothers are intelligent, virtuous and pious. In the spectacular display of the Victorian jubilee, nothing was so beautiful or so glorious as the queen kneeling at the altar taking communion, throwing her arms around her children and grandchildren as they came one after another to kneel by her side, kissing, and crying like a child over them. She never rose so high in her royalty as when she knelt, a simple mother, crying over her children at the altar of her God. English ships and soldiers, and gold and colonies, are the incidents; the real secret of a nation's greatness is a sanctified Christian motherhood. Tennyson's genius reaches its highest point when he sings of Christian womanhood. The Anglo-Saxon peoples will continue to march to the mastery of the world so long as they shall preserve the purity and piety of the home.

In these days, when woman is compelled, in justice to herself, to enter the doorways into the new callings, into learned professions, or business, or art, or some other employment, it might be well to remember that there is no calling so high nor so influential as that of Christian motherhood.—*Rev. F. C. Iglehart.*



MOTHER MCKINLEY

MY LOVERS

I have four noble lovers,
 Young and gallant, blithe and gay,
 And in all the land no maiden
 Hath a goodlier troupe than they!
 And never princess, guarded
 By knights of high degree,
 Knew sweeter, purer homage
 Than my lovers pay to me.

One of my noble lovers
 Is a thoughtful, self-poised man,
 Gravely gay, serenely earnest,
 Strong to do, and bold to plan.
 And one is sweet and sunny,
 Pure as crystal, true as steel.
 With a soul responding ever,
 When the truth makes high appeal.

And another of my lovers,
 Bright and debonair is he,
 Brave and ardent, strong and tender,
 And the flower of courtesie.
 Last of all, an eager student,
 Upon lofty aims intent,
 Manly force and gentle sweetness
 In his nature rarely blent.

But when of noble lovers
 All alike are dear and true,
 And her heart to choose refuses,
 Pray, what can a woman do?
 Ah, my sons! For this I bless ye,
 Even as I myself am blest,
 That I know not which is dearest,
 That I care not which is best.

—*Julia C. R. Dorr.*

A TRUE HOME

Whenever a true wife comes, this home is always around her. The stars only may be over her head, the glowworm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot; but home is yet wherever she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far, for those who else were homeless.—*Ruskin.*



FLOWERS FOR GRANDPA'S BIRTHDAY

COMMONPLACE COURTESIES

"Be courteous," said St. Peter, and he stipulated that we were to be courteous to one another "as brethren." The character of a people, their degree of advancement in civilization and religion, can be rated by the manner in which they practice the small amenities of daily life. As the savage becomes informed, he asks: "What is the right thing for me to do?" As he advances farther, he questions: "What is the right way in which to do the right thing?" Barbarians have said: "Speak the truth." It remained for the Christian apostle to command that the truth be spoken "in love." The more advanced, the more cultivated the home, the finer will be the grace with which the small courtesies of every-day life are performed; little amenities may be perpetually recurring helps and benedictions—constant reminders that

Love and faith are at our side,
And common life is glorified.

Take the cheerful breakfast room, for instance, however humble—every meal and room can be cheerful, you know—and let everybody enter it with a

hearty, ringing, loving "Good morning"—meaning just that—good morning; and does not the whole day run more smoothly for being started right?

THE MOTHER'S ROOM

The core of the house, the dearest place, the one that we all love best,
Holding it close in our heart of hearts, for its comfort and its rest,
Is never the place where strangers come, nor yet where friends are met
Is never the stately drawing-room, where our treasured things are set.
Oh, dearer far as the time recedes in a dream of colors dim,
Breathing across our stormy moods like the echo of a hymn,
Forever our own, and only ours, and pure as a rose in bloom,
Is the centre and soul of the old home nest, the mother's darling room.

We flew to its arms when we rushed from school, with a thousand things to tell;
Our mother was always waiting there, had the day gone ill or well.
No other pillow was quite so cool, under an aching head,
As soft to our fevered childish cheek, as the pillow on mother's bed.
Sitting so safely at her feet, when the dewy dusk drew nigh,
We watched for the angels to light the lamps in the solemn evening sky.
Tiny hands folded, there we knelt, to lisp the nightly prayer,
Learning to cast on the Loving One early our load of care.
Whatever the world has brought us since, still pure as a rose in bloom,
Is the thought we keep of the core of the home, the mother's darling room.

We've not forgotten the fragrant sheaves of the lilacs at the door,
Nor the ladder of sunbeams lying prone on the shining morning floor.
We've not forgotten the robin's tap at the ever friendly pane,
Nor the lilt of the little brook outside, trolling its gay refrain.
How it haunts us yet, in the tender hour of the sunset's fading blush
The vesper song, so silvery clear, of the hidden hermit thrush!
All sweetest of sound and scent is blent, when, pure as a rose in bloom,
We think of the spot loved best in life, the mother's darling room.

Holding us close to the best in life, keeping us back from sin,
Folding us yet to her faithful breast, oft as a prize we win,
The mother who left us here alone to battle with care and strife
Is the guardian angel who leads us on to the fruit of the tree of life.
Her smile from the heights we hope to gain is an ever-beckoning lure;
We catch her look when our pulses faint, nerving us to endure.
Others may dwell where once she dwelt, and the home be ours no more,
But the thought of her is a sacred spell, never its magic o'er.
We're truer and stronger and braver yet, that, pure as a rose in bloom,
Back of all struggle, a heart of peace, is the mother's darling room.

HOMES OF GREAT MEN

General Washington, our first President, was a model of domestic virtues; Mrs. Washington was the ideal wife for such a man—which is saying much. Their home was an excellent pattern for the homes of their times.

The home life of our late noble President, Mr. McKinley, is one of the jewels of American history. If the American people had to set comparative values upon this and his best approved act of statesmanship, they could not give up aught of that shining record which shows how he tended and revered the fragile woman bearing his name. They smiled with tender pride in him when after that last speech in Buffalo he forgot their own plaudits, and turned first to her. No, they would not lightly exchange for anything you could offer, the pure, beautiful, pathetic story of the home-life of their dead ruler. Humanity precedes politics, and the domestic virtues outrank statesmanship.

When Garfield was dying what absorbed the people most? Not his political record, but the devotion of his wife. What an honest, homely satisfaction the people took in the happy companionship of General and Mrs. Grant! What a paternal pride in sweet Frances Cleveland, the girlish bride who made so gracious and discreet a mistress of the White House, so perfect a wife and mother! Interest in a Chief Executive's political career has never dwarfed public interest in his hearthstone. Much, too, is expected of leaders in thought and literature, for a high mark has been set for these.

"At Emerson's home, it is always like morning," a visiting friend wrote. Perhaps the most beautiful home-life ever pictured, in truth or fiction, was Hawthorne's. In the Old Manse, which his pen has immortalized; in London, in Italy, it was the same exquisite story of married lovers, happy children, peace, harmony, hospitality (with straitened means sometimes), and simple pleasures.

After her husband's death, Mrs. Hawthorne said, "Pain passed away when my husband came. Poverty was lighter than a thistle-down, with such felicity to uphold it."

Longfellow's home in Cambridge, a place of pilgrimage, breathes yet of the serene, harmonious life of the great singer, his gentle mate, and their merry children. Whittier's home is no less a shrine upon which a pure and beautiful life left its consecration. He had no wife; his sister was its mistress; and their lovely friendship and good comradeship made their dwelling a magnet which drew continually to its cheer and shelter Lucy Larcom, Celia Thaxter, the Alcotts, and other gifted spirits.

Of Lowell and his beautiful wife, Edward Everett Hale has written, "The truth is their union was made in heaven, it was a perfect marriage; they belonged together and lived one life." Even Poe—poor Poe—is almost as well known for tenderness to his wife as for genius that wrote "The Raven." To her mother he made himself as dear as if he had been her own son. So, all through the shining story of our great ones, we find this golden record of pure lives and happy married love.—*Myrta Lockett Avery.*



ONE HONEYMOON

From this hour the summer rose
Sweeter breathes to charm us;
From this hour the winter snows
Lighter fall to harm us:
Fair or foul, on land or sea,
Come the wind or weather,
Best and worst, whate'er they be,
We shall share together.—*Winthrop Præd.*

CHRISTIAN TRAINING

I have no doubt some parents have got discouraged and disheartened that they have not seen their children brought to the Saviour as early as they expected. I do not know anything that has encouraged me more in laboring for children than my experience in the inquiry room. In working there I have found that those who had religious training, whose parents strove early to lead them to Christ, have been the easiest to lead toward him. I always feel as if I had a lever to work with when I know that a man has been taught by a godly father and mother; even if his parents died when he was young, the impression that they died praying for him has always a great effect through life. I find that such men are always much easier reached, and though we may not live to see all our prayers answered, and all our children brought into the fold, yet we should teach them diligently, and do it in love. There is where a good many make a mistake, by not teaching their children in love—by doing it coldly or harshly. Many send them off to read the Bible by themselves for punishment. Why, I would put my hand in the fire before I would try to teach them in that way. If we teach our children as we ought to do, instead of Sunday being the dreariest, dullest, most tiresome day of the week to them, it will be the brightest, happiest day of the whole seven. What we want to do is to put religious truths before our children in such an attractive form that the Bible will be the most attractive of books to them. Children want the same kind of food and truth that we do, only we must cut it up a little finer, so that they can eat it. I have great respect for a father and mother who have brought up a large family, and trained them so that they have come out on the Lord's side. Sometimes mothers are discouraged, and do not think they have so large a sphere to do good in as we have; but a mother who has brought up a large family to Christ need not consider her life a failure. I know one who has brought up ten sons, all Christians; do you think her life has been a failure? Let us teach our children diligently, in season and out of season. They may be converted so early that they can't tell when they were converted. I do not believe, as some people seem to think, that they must wander off into sin first, so that they may be brought back to Christ. Those who have been brought up in that way from their earliest childhood, do not have to spend their whole life in forgetting some old habit. Let us be encouraged to bring our children to Christ.

—D. L. Moody.

BE YOUR CHILD'S CONFIDANT

Always allow your child to tell you all that has happened to interest or annoy while absent from home. Never think anything which affects the happiness of your children too small a matter to claim your attention. Use every means in your power to win and retain their confidence. Do not rest satisfied without some account of each day's joys or sorrows. It is a source of great

comfort to the innocent child to tell all its troubles to mother, and do you lend a willing ear. For know you, that as soon as they cease to tell you all these things, they have chosen other confidants, and therein lies the danger. O mother! this is the rock on which your son may be wrecked at last. I charge you to set a watch upon it. Be jealous of the first sign that he is not opening all his heart to you.—*Anonymous*.

MY MOTHER'S HANDS

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're neither white nor small;
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they are fair at all.
I've looked on hands whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be;
Yet are those aged, wrinkled hands
Most beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
Though heart were weary and sad,
Those patient hands kept toiling on,
That the children might be glad.
I always weep, as looking back
To childhood's distant day,
I think how those hands rested not
When mine were at their play.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're growing feeble now,
For time and pain have left their mark
On hands, and heart, and brow.
Alas! alas! the nearing time,
And the sad, sad day to me,
When 'neath the daisies, out of sight,
These hands will folded be.

But oh, beyond this shadow-land,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear;
Where crystal streams through endless years
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old grow young again,
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

HOME IN THE WHITE HOUSE

Mrs McKinley made no concealment of her pride in her distinguished husband. Their marriage was a love-match, and they were always "sweethearts." After the President was shot, his first thought was for her, "Cortelyou," he



THE LATE PRESIDENT AND MRS. MCKINLEY IN THE WHITE HOUSE

said to his faithful secretary, "be careful how you tell Mrs. McKinley." When she first came to his bedside after the attack, he smiled into her face and said, "This isn't the hardest fight we've had, dear." The words indicate the depth of tenderness so noticeable always by those who saw the two together.

Two little daughters, Ida and Kate, died when young, and the sorrowing

mother loved all children for their sakes. The poorest woman with a baby was sure of attention from the Mistress of the White House.

It was one of Mrs. McKinley's delights to watch the children in the time-honored custom of rolling eggs on the White House grounds on Easter Monday. The White House conservatories were made to contribute to the delight of her child-friends, as well as of others, and the choicest blossoms were sent regularly to be placed on the little graves at Canton. The carnations transplanted from "Mother McKinley's" garden at Canton to the greenhouse at Washington were treasured as the source of the President's favorite flower.

Of "Housekeeping," in the usual sense of the word, the Mistress of the White House has little to do—for times are changed since thrifty Abigail Adams hung the week's wash in the great East Room. But so much of the building has been claimed for purposes of state, that the room needed for family use is sadly limited, and the necessity of making some other provision for properly housing our Presidents is increasingly apparent. Mrs. McKinley's favorite resting-place was in the hall of the wing leading to the conservatory. In the afternoon, she often drove with the President, and whenever the busy head of the nation could make it at all possible, he was sure to spend the evening with her—she with her dainty crocheting of worsted slippers and he reading his papers or talking to Cabinet members, or Senators, or other public officials and friends who might drop in. Especially fond of music, Mrs. McKinley always welcomed the visits of her nieces, for their musical gifts as well as for their sunny presence that brightened the official mansion.

In spite of her delicate health, Mrs. McKinley never allowed her illness to close the doors of the White House to social life, either private or official, and her welcoming smile made sunshine on the darkest day.

FAMILY PRAYERS

What has become of family prayers? What has become of the old-fashioned home where they all gathered about a common centre. . . .

When evening's calm pleasures were nigh,
When the candles were lit in the parlor
And the stars in the calm azure sky?

when the big Bible was brought out and the family were called together, children and servants as well, and the gray-haired father read to them, and all knelt and prayed, and rose up and sang together? How many homes do we find now with altars in them? How many fathers and mothers kneeling in prayer with their children around them? Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations should begin at home. After the day's work is done, men and women, bound by ties of blood or relationship, should pause for a moment and take counsel and rest together and the refreshment of loving companionship and the stimulus of mutual sympathy.

DON'T SNUB YOUR LITTLE BROTHER

I'll tell you why. If you want a selfish reason—here is one that comes right home. Don't snub your little brother, because he is going to be your big brother by and by.

Just as sure as legs grow too long for knickerbockers, this lad—who doesn't care a pin how he looks or who sees him tumbled and soiled—is coming to a day when the crease in his trousers and the height of his collar will be as vital to him as it is to you to have the feather in your hat topple the stylish way.

He is twelve; you, his sister, are fifteen. He likes to hang around you; sure to stay when you want to talk girl things that you don't see why a boy should care to hear. You send him off, up stairs and down, for things he knows you don't want, but he is back again in the very midst of your good time, and stays because he knows you wish he was in Ballyhack—wherever that may be. You are going with the other girls, and maybe with the other boys a trifle older than brother, and of course brother wants to go along. You don't want him, and are not over delicate about letting him see it. He takes himself off with the lads, and wouldn't for the world let you know he cared. But brother isn't stupid; on the contrary, he is just as sensitive and proud on the inside as any one of you girls. Why shouldn't he be? The same mother that rocked and comforted and coddled you cradled him also on her heart. He may whistle and make a racket to show that he doesn't care, but he will not forget. Some day, and not far off, you may find it your turn to be snubbed. At fifteen, when he is twelve, you are head and shoulders above him and he is just a little both-eration of a boy. Three or four years further on you are an inch or two taller than you are now, but he is a foot or two higher and far more than head and shoulders above you.

Now you would like very much to have him love to be near you and be your escort. But he doesn't care now to come back to the place from which you drove him out when he was a little, careless, snub-nosed fellow, who hadn't much of anything to love but his mother and yourself.

If this experience, dear girls, is yours—I would, if I were you, begin at once and love the dear big fellow back to the place where once more he loved me. You can do it, hard as it seems—and who knows from what hard things in life his love for you may save him?

And those of us who still keep in our homes and by our firesides the rough, untidy, don't-care sort of little chap, who tears his clothes faster than we can mend them, and keeps us in terror lest he hurt himself or others, should remember that we may do what we will with these dear troublesome scraps of humanity so long as we bear in mind that they are never to be snubbed.

A little four-year-old did not obey when her mother first called her. So her mother spoke rather sharply. Then she came in and said: "Mamma, I've been very kind to you to-day, and I don't want you to speak so large to me."



THE HOUR OF SONG

MUSIC IN THE FAMILY

Cultivate music in your family. Begin when the child is not yet three years old. The songs and hymns your childhood sang, bring them all back to your memory, and teach them to your little ones; mix them all together to meet the varying moods that in after life come over us so mysteriously at times. Many a time, in the whirl of business, in the sunshine and gayety of the avenue, amid the splendor of the drive in the park, some little thing wakes up the memories of early youth—the old mill, the cool spring, the shady tree by the little schoolhouse—and the next instant we almost see again the ruddy cheeks, the smiling faces, the merry eyes of schoolmates, some of whom are gray-headed now, while most have passed from amid earth's weary noises. And, anon, "the song my mother sang" springs unbidden to the lips, and soothes and sweetens all these memories. At other times, amid the crushing mishaps of business, a merry ditty of the olden time breaks in upon the ugly train of thought, and throws the mind into another channel; light breaks from behind the cloud in the sky, and new courage is given us. The honest man goes gladly to his work; and, when the day's labor is done, his tools are laid aside and he is on his way home, where wife and child and the tidy table and cheery fireside await him, how can he but have music in his heart to break forth so often into the

merry whistle or the jocund song? Moody silence, not the merry song, weighs down the dishonest tradesman, the perfidious clerk, the unfaithful servant, the perjured partner.

ONE YOUNG GIRL'S HOME

Her daily life was lived behind a counter. Her nights were passed in the bed with a young sister, and close beside the bed stood her little brother's cot. She loved them both, but even through her sleep there ran a thread of anxious care lest Mollie should be "croupy" or Johnnie kick the clothing off and take cold. Her evenings were passed—where we are apt to say a girl belongs—"in the bosom of her family." That meant that she sat with her sewing at the table—after she had helped to clear it and to wash and wipe the dishes. Near the one kerosene lamp sat her father, never once turning his head to save her the smoke of his vile tobacco. Here was the tired and fretful mother, nursing the equally tired and fretful baby; the grandmother, feeble and fault-finding, and two rough young brothers, who never lingered long after the food was removed. But while they stayed they grumbled because the supper was not more plentiful, and the father grumbled back that "if they brought home more of their earnings they might expect more food." The mother said "things would be better if the daughter gave her more help;" and the daughter—busy darning the boys' stockings or making garments for the younger children, set her teeth hard to hold back the angry answer, that *her* wages came to the home, while her brothers kept whatever they liked from their own.

To this girl the cruelty of the situation was not the hard work. She had been used to that ever since, at thirteen years of age, she found a "place" in a store. But it hurt, that no matter how much she earned, it was never enough; no matter how much she gave, there was always the need for more. Things had grown to seem hopeless to her. In the whole household there seemed to be no genuine tenderness and love. No one was comfortable, and each had grown into the habit of laying the blame for discomfort upon the others, and all, in a way, leaned upon the girl, who was always trying and always failing, to make things better. Even the mother, to whom the years had been cruel, had come to pity instead of sparing her child.

CHARITY AND CHARM

To acquire a charming manner, I would advise you to guard your hearts against impure thoughts, and to live much in the good company of the best books and the most high-minded people. Not to think too highly of self, not to be very sensitive, not to insist too strenuously on receiving attention and regard, are the negative qualities which the best manner implies. As for the positive qualities, they are all wrapped up, as the rose in its bud, in one beautiful word—charity, or love.

HOME, SWEET HOME

' Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to follow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

' Home, home! Sweet, sweet home!

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!



MONUMENT OVER THE REMAINS OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE AT OAK HILL,
CEMETERY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gaily, that come at my call:
Give me these, and the peace of mind dearer than all.

Home, home! Sweet, sweet home!

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!

—John Howard Payne.

THE AUTHOR OF "SWEET HOME"

"How often," said he once, "I have been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, London, or some other city, and heard persons singing, or the hand-organ playing, 'Home, Sweet Home,' without a shilling to buy the next meal, or a place to lay my head. The world has literally sung my song until every heart is familiar with its melody. Yet I have been a wanderer from my boyhood."

Often he would complain of his hapless lot, and say that his only wish was to die in a foreign land and sleep in obscurity. Poor Payne! The wish was granted. He was made Consul to Tunis, after a long period of "office-seeking," and there he died. But his remains were brought to this country, some years later, and interred in Oak Hill cemetery, Georgetown, D. C.

JANE

Never knew her? How very queer! Why, nobody had a pain,
Or got into trouble, far or near, but knew Aunt Jane.
Spry as a kitten, still as a mouse, awkward, and old and plain,
All alone in a little brown house, lived Aunt Jane.

Half the children for miles around called Aunt Jane their own;
Half the dead neighbors under the ground, her care had known.
Into the world or out of the world, in hours of loss or gain,
Helping the poor folks live or die, went Aunt Jane.

Back and forth in her old brown hood, in whirling snow or rain,
Always doing some poor soul good, went Aunt Jane.
She never was known to shrink or shirk, yet Parson Slocum found
She had a religious "kink" or "quirk," and wasn't "sound."

She couldn't believe in a heaven without ever a "pain or curse,"
For what could the good Lord set *her* about, if she couldn't "nurse"?
If, after living to toil and trot, for sick, and sad, below,
Heaven couldn't use her—she'd rather not be asked to go.

"Lots of trouble went out of the world," she "didn't know where,"
But instead of "settin' reound" in heaven, she'd take her share.
The Parson said when Jane lay dead, "Let's hope she lives again,"—
When out of the crowd a voice broke loud, "Parson, we're sure of Jane,
We poor folks all love Jane."

—*Mary Lowe Dickinson.*

It was the policy of the good old gentleman to make his children feel that home was the happiest place in the world; and I value this delicious home-feeling as one of the choicest gifts a parent can bestow.—*Washington Irving.*

THE MOTHER'S KISS

Always send your little child to bed happy. Whatever cares may trouble your mind, give the dear child a warm good-night kiss as it goes to its pillow. The memory of this, in the stormy years which may be in store for the little one, will be like Bethlehem's star to the bewildered shepherds; welling up in the heart will rise the thought: "My father, my mother—*loved me!*" Lips parched with fever will become dewy again at this thrill of useful memories. Kiss your child before it goes to sleep. In the morning, let it wake to see a smile upon your face, that it may lift its little heart in cheerful praise to God.

CHILDREN'S PRAYERS

It sometimes seems to me that God is far more greatly pleased with the prayers of young children than with those offered by adults. This story is told of a poor German boy who was anxious to attend a Moravian school. He wrote a letter and put it into the post office, addressed to the Lord Jesus in heaven. It read thus: "My Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, I have lost my father—we are very poor; but I know that thou tellest in thy Word that whatsoever we shall ask God in thy name he will give it to us. I believe what thou sayest, Lord Jesus; I pray, then, to God, in the name of Jesus, that he will give my mother the means of placing me in the Moravian school; I should like so much to continue to be taught."

The postmaster, being impressed by the queer address, opened the letter. It was read at a meeting of the Moravian Society, when the Baroness de la Leiffe became the boy's patroness and sent him to the school to which he aspired to go. In the simplicity of that boy's heart and faith he believed that in answer to his prayer God would somehow open the way for him to go to that school.

A GREAT LADY'S BEDCHAMBER

I once visited an elegant home in Paris, in which the bedchambers were gorgeous with hangings of damask and velvet, and all the belongings were palatial in their exquisite beauty. Opening a door from one of these bedrooms, the mistress ushered us into a room whose walls were covered with a paper of a simple, bright pattern. There was not a picture on the wall. Above a spotless white quilt, on a plain little bedstead, lay a pillow which had no adornment except that given it by the hands of the laundress. Upon the bureau were brush and comb, a simple pincushion without bows or lace, and such other articles as were essential and could be used every day. From this room opened a bathroom, equally simple and plain. At the window there was only a common, soft-tinted shade, but the window itself was wide open and the sunlight swept across the floor, bare at every point except before the bed, where it was covered by a fur rug. There were no ornaments on the mantelpiece, and no draperies to gather and hold the dust.



"LET BABY WAKE TO SEE A SMILE UPON YOUR FACE"

In answer to my look of surprise the owner said, "Such a room as this I had when I was a little country girl in my father's home on the farm. It was clean and white as a convent cell. I can seem to breathe here. The other rooms are made as modern taste and circumstances require them to be, but this is the place where I come to pray, and to rest and sleep."

This brings me to say that the very first essential for a girl's room is not decoration, but perfect purity and cleanliness. There should be absolutely nothing crowded into the corners of the closet or tucked away under the bed. Every girl should take some leisure hour and sift out of the room all the things that are *not* necessary to the daily life. Soiled bed linen is none the cleaner for being hidden under a lace counterpane or embroidered pillow-shams. Avoid, if possible, a carpet upon the sleeping-room; it gathers lint and dust. If the floor must be covered, let it be with mattings or with rugs.

THE DAUGHTER'S ROOM

It seldom happens that a girl has a charming room given her, with a liberal sum for furnishing it. Generally she has a chamber already furnished. How she longs to pull it to pieces, to cast out the carpet that has perhaps seen its best days on the parlor floor, to tear down the paper, whose colors "swear" at those in the curtains, to bundle off to an auction-room the furniture that is so ungraceful, and alas! so substantial, and to replace all these by pretty rugs, artistic paper and hangings, a little brass-and-iron bedstead, a quaint dressing-table and odd chairs and tables! Rarely, indeed, can a girl do this. But, perhaps she can manage her room little by little, and so gradually to bring it up to her ideal. If it is known that the daughter of the house is planning for this change other members of the family will be interested. The father will make her birthday gift a check or a crisp bill that will repaper the walls, or buy a rug for the floor, or put new curtains at the windows. When the mother does her spring and fall shopping she will be on the lookout for remnants that will serve as drapery for a table or a picture, or to cover a sofa cushion or a chair back. She will pick up a few pretty towels or a dainty bedspread for the little daughter's room. And when the big brother is buying Christmas gifts, if he knows his sister's desires, he may speak a word to Santa Claus that will result in a new picture, or lamp, or a fine cast.—*Christine Terhune Herrick.*

THE DOMESTIC MAN

It is the man with many interests, with engrossing occupations, with plenty of people to fight, with a struggle to maintain against the world, who is the really domestic man, in the wife's sense, who enjoys home, who is tempted to make a friend of his wife, who relishes prattle, who feels in the small circle where nobody is above him and nobody unsympathetic with him, as if he were in a heaven of ease and reparation.



"BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE, THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME"

"BECAUSE OF GOD AND MY MOTHER"

"Once on a time," there was a boy who was very, very poor. He lived in a foreign country and his mother said to him one day that he must go into the great city and start in business. She took his coat and sewed between the lining and the outside forty golden dinars, which she had saved up for many years to start him in life. She told him to take care of robbers as he went across the desert; and as he was going out of the door she said, "My boy, I have only two words for you—'Fear God and never tell a lie.'"

The boy started off, and toward evening he saw glittering in the distance the minarets of the great city, but between the city and himself he saw a cloud of dust. It came nearer; presently he saw that it was a band of robbers. One of the robbers left the rest and rode toward him, and said: "Boy what have you got?" And the boy looked him in the face and said: "I have forty golden dinars sewed up in my coat." The robber laughed and wheeled round his horse and went away back. He would not believe the boy. Presently another robber came, and he said: "Boy, what have you got?" "Forty golden dinars sewed up in my coat." The robber said: "The boy is a fool," and wheeled his horse and rode away back. By and by the robber captain came, and he said: "Boy, what have you got?" "I have forty golden dinars sewed up in my coat." And the robber dismounted and put his hand over the boy's breast, felt something round, counted one, two, three, four, five, till he counted out the forty golden coins. He looked the boy in the face, and said: "Why did you tell me that?" The boy said: "Because of God and my mother." And the robber leaned on his spear and thought, and said, "Wait a moment." He mounted his horse, rode back to the rest of the robbers, and came back in about five minutes with his dress changed. This time he looked not like a robber, but like a merchant. He took the boy up on his horse and said: "My boy, I have long wanted to do something for my God and for my mother, and I have this moment renounced my robber's life. I am also a merchant. I have a large business house in the city. I want you to come and live with me, to teach me about your God; and you will be rich, and your mother some day will come and live with us."

It all happened by seeking first the kingdom of God all these things were "added unto" him.—*Drummond*.

THE SECRET OF A BEAUTIFUL LIFE

There lived once a young girl whose perfect grace of character was the wonder of those who knew her. She wore on her neck a gold locket which no one was ever allowed to open. One day, in a moment of unusual confidence, one of her companions was allowed to touch its spring and learn its secret. She saw written these words—"Whom having not seen, I love." That was the secret of her beautiful life.

LEE'S LETTER TO HIS DAUGHTER

The following letter was written by General Lee to one of his daughters during the Petersburg campaign. It is peculiarly interesting, inasmuch as it shows how a busy soldier, in stress and peril of war, and weighted down with grave responsibilities, was thoughtful in small matters of his dear ones at home. The poverty and hardships of the sad times only furnish the background upon which a beautiful tenderness shines out the more brightly

“My precious Life:

“I received this morning, by your brother, your note, and am very glad to hear your mother is better. I sent out immediately to try and find some lemons, but could only procure two—sent to me by a kind lady, Mrs. Kirkland, in Petersburg. These were gathered from her own trees; there are none to be purchased. I found one in my valise, dried up, which I also send, as it may be of some value: I also put up some early apples, which you can roast for your mother, and one pear. This is all the fruit I can get.

“You must go to market every morning and see if you cannot find some fresh fruit for her. There are no lemons to be had here. Tell her lemonade is not so palatable or digestible as buttermilk. Try to get some for her—with ice it is delicious, and very nutritious. I hope she will continue to improve, and be soon well and leave that heated city. It must be roasting now. Tell her I can only think of her and pray for her recovery. I wish I could be with her to nurse her and care for her. I want to see you all very much, but cannot now see the day when we shall be together once more. I think of you, long for you, pray for you: it is all I can do. Think sometimes of your devoted father,

R. E. LEE.”

TIDY HABITS

Have your sleeping-room, if possible, to yourself. The habit of putting two sisters into the same bed is now followed only in cases of necessity on account of lack of room. Have no hangings over your bed. Let nothing interfere with the pure light of heaven.

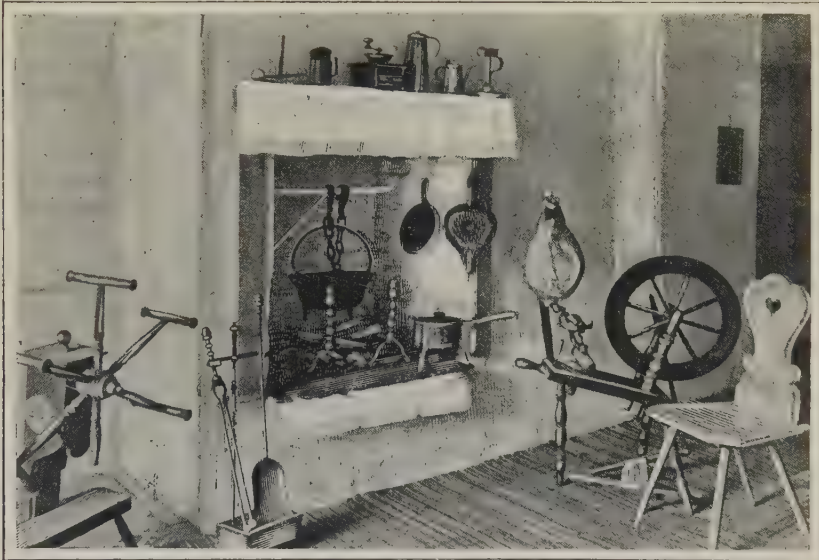
If you have three times the underclothing that you can use during a season, select from it enough to meet the ordinary changes. Keep also at hand one set that may be needed for more special occasions.

If the habit of keeping garments in perfect order is acquired, the beauty of that order goes all through the after life. Have enough, not too much; no overcrowded drawers, or closets with six garments on one nail; no crammed boxes or stuffy, crowded corners; no dirt, or darkness or disorder.

Here is a hint as to the way the true decoration should begin. Have one place in your bedroom, one little table or shelf, for your Bible and your books of devotion. Keep there, in a tiny vase or cup, a flower or a cluster of flowers—violets to-day, buttercups to-morrow, a daisy of the field in its season, by and by a morning glory, or a bunch of roses.—*Mary Lowe Dickinson.*

EARLY AMERICAN HOMES

In our pioneer homes, social intercourse was less formal, more hearty, more valued, than at present. Friendships were warmer and deeper. Relationship, by blood or by marriage, was more profoundly regarded. Men were not ashamed to own that they loved their cousins better than their neighbors, and their neighbors better than the rest of mankind. To spend a month in the dead of winter in a visit to the dear old homestead, and in interchanges of affectionate greetings with brothers and sisters, married and settled at distances of twenty to fifty miles apart, was not deemed an absolute waste of time. The woods were alive with game, and nearly every boy and man between fifteen and sixty years of



AN OLD-FASHIONED FIREPLACE

age was a hunter. The rivers fairly swarmed with fish. Almost every farmer's house was a hive, wherein the "great wheel" and the "little wheel"—the former kept in motion by the hands and feet of all the daughters, ten years old and upward, the latter plied by their not less industrious mother—hummed and whirled from morning till night. In the back room, the loom responded day by day to the movements of the busy shuttle, whereby the fleeces of the farmer's flock and the flax of his field were converted into homely cloth, sufficient for the annual wear of the family, and often with something over, to exchange at the neighboring merchant's for his groceries and wares.

A few bushels of corn, a few sheep, a fattened steer, with perhaps a few saw-logs or loads of hoop-poles, made up the annual surplus of the husbandman's

products, helping to square accounts with the blacksmith, the wheelwright, the minister, and the lawyer, if the farmer was so unfortunate as to have any dealings with the latter personage. His life during peace may well seem to us tame and limited; but the sun which warmed him was identical with ours; the breezes which refreshed him were like those we gladly welcome; and while his roads to mill and to meeting were longer and rougher than ours, he doubtless was as contented as we, and with small suspicion of his ill fortune in having been born in the eighteenth instead of the nineteenth century.—*Horace Greeley*.

"THE DRESSY TONE"

After an afternoon away from home a young mother found her little daughter somewhat excited and eager to talk. "What has happened since mamma went?" asked the mother.

"Nothing happened," said the child, "but Mrs. ——— came to pay you a visit and she waited a little while."

"I am sorry that I was absent, but I hope my little daughter tried to make it pleasant for her."

"Oh yes I did, mamma. I talked to her in just the same dressy tone that you do when you have company."

The mother laughed, but she took the lesson to heart as a good many of us might do with profit to our manners. I do not mean our company manners. Those are apt to be dressy enough. I do not say they are too dressy, for true politeness and true hospitality will make it natural for the face to wear a smile and the voice a cordial tone. There is no hypocrisy in this if there is in the heart a real welcome for the guest and a genuine desire that the visit shall be a pleasant one to her. But the dressy tone meant to the child something sweeter and more courteous than she heard in the ordinary home conversation. The lesson we need to learn is not to withdraw the courteous tone from our company, but to put it into the every-day home life.

At the heart of good manners lies good feeling, and the lack of good manners in our homes is not altogether due to lack of kindness and love. It is one of the evils that is wrought by want of thought rather than by want of heart. We answer our own gruffly when the utmost courtesy would mark our answer to a stranger. There are families not a few that claim to love their homes, but the freedom of the home means to them the freedom to be indifferent, rude or ungracious, according to the **changing mood**.

This happens to be one of the things which is largely in the hands of the young women of a household. The boys in a family are more apt to be influenced by the manners of the girls than are the girls by the example of the boys. Girls who are thinking about the ways in which home may be made happier will find this one of the points demanding and deserving our serious attention.

MY NEIGHBOR

Our domiciles stand side by side
 With but a step between,
 My trees their cooling shadows throw
 Across her plat of green;
 And often, when she saunters forth
 To view her snug domain,
 I watch to catch her eye, but all
 My scheming is in vain.

She will not look at me; perhaps
 She thinks it is a sin
 That I should stand beneath my tree
 And drink earth's beauties in;
 Or, if she turns my way at all,
 'Tis with a glassy stare
 That makes me wonder at my cheek,
 For being anywhere.

She moves majestically along—
 That is, as best she may;
 For she is neither tall nor fair
 And just a trifle gray;
 I fancy she was pretty in
 The dim, dim long ago,
 But now—ah, well, what matters it;
 She holds me as her foe.

Sometimes I think how nice 'twould be
 To dwell in concord sweet,
 To nod and smile, as neighbors do
 Whene'er we chance to meet;
 But, ah! alas, I know 'tis vain,
 We never can be friends—
 She cultivates a garden, and
 I keep a flock of hens.

A little boy who was accustomed to say grace in the absence of his father, had a younger brother who found it hard to wait until grace was over without helping himself to some of the good things near. On one occasion, when company was present, the young master of ceremonies observed the small boy helping himself liberally to cake before the blessing was asked, so he deliberately said: "For what we are about to receive, and for what Charlie has already helped himself to, the Lord make us truly thankful. Amen."



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THE BAD DOSE

"When I was a child," said a dear old English lady, whose hair is white with the snow of nearly eighty winters, "it was thought necessary in my mother's family to give each child at regular intervals a little dose of senna. I was a tiny rebel when my turn for the bitter dose came around. I tried hiding behind the bed. I rolled myself under the sofa. I said I was ill, refused to be dressed, insisted that I did not want any breakfast. Yet the maternal authority was strong enough to disregard all my little subterfuges, and to bring me face to face with that dreaded tablespoon. In private, mother chided me, and sometimes at family prayers my father asked that a very wilful little girl might be made obedient and good. Yet neither prayers nor punishments availed. Now and then my kicks and struggles ended in the nurse holding my nose and pour-

ing the medicine anywhere but down my unhappy little throat. A most unpleasant and disagreeable state of affairs!

"Upon this unhappy state of things broke one fair June morning the knowledge that my heavenly Father, to whom I had been praying for a little sister, had sent one to be mother's darling and my own delight. Never can I forget the feeling with which, standing on tip-toe by the bed, I reached my hand up to touch the red and wrinkled cheek of this dear little morsel of humanity, sent, as I thought, straight from God to make me a happy child.

"As my father, who after watching my awe-struck face, led me on tip-toe from the room, he took me on his knee and said, 'God has sent you this darling little sister to help you to be happy. She will grow to be a beautiful little girl, and by and by she will talk and walk and play with you, and I want you to remember that just such a child as you are she will be. If you are kind and sweet, the little sister will be so, too. If you are cross and naughty and spiteful to nurse when she wishes to give you your medicine, then we shall have two naughty little children in the house. Would you like to see her behaving as you do over the unpleasant medicine that mamma believes will do you good?'

"The little lesson sank deep. Before my father died, he told me that from that talk he dated the change from the little rebel to the obedient and gentle daughter. It was pathetic, he said, when my little face puckered up with disgust at the sight of the dreadful dose, to see the change when he said, 'now take it, dear, as you would want little sister to take it.' And I remember myself how, even far into my girlhood, I watched my words and ways, striving to be what I would have the little sister be."

This was an old-fashioned family, and an old-fashioned and very foolish way of keeping the children well; but there is a lesson here for the elder children of a household, especially for elder girls. It is true that not even the mother's influence is greater than that of the big sister. There is here a question affecting the future lives of those dear to us and the happiness of our home.

Speaking of pleasing ways of giving medicine, calls to mind the case of a good grandmother who had a clever way of administering the baby's powders in spoons of porridge. "Was that bad, dear?" she would ask, when the little lass made a wry face. "Here's another to take the taste out." So, when reproofs had to be administered, she would always add something pleasant in the same way.

HOW LITTLE CHILDREN LOVE

Our little friends try to show how much they love us. A child holds up his hands high, and says, "I love you all that!" Well, there is a measure of human love; there is limit—an "all that."

A little boy once called out to his father, who had mounted his horse for a journey, "Good-bye, papa, I love you thirty miles long!" A little sister quickly added, "Good-bye, dear papa, you will never ride to the end of my love!"

HOME-LIFE OF THE CZAR.

The home life of the Russian ruler is said to be one of simplicity, domestic peace and happiness. From their bridal day, Nicholas has deferred much to the judgment and wishes of the gentle and good Czarina. It has been her habit to sit near him when he is engaged in looking over the many papers submitted to him, or in similar duties of state. There is no more arduous worker in the world than the Czar of all the Russias; and if it were not for this custom of the Czarina's, Nicholas would have seen comparatively little of his wife.

When officials would come in to see him, the Czarina, taking up her work-basket, would start to go out, but her husband would say: "Stay, Sasha,"—"Sasha" being his pet name for her. As each little princess came, all Russia was sorry

because the baby was not a boy, but the Czar has tenderly welcomed his little daughters, and is very proud of them. It is sad to think of the shadow of uneasiness that anarchism has cast over this royal home, and in some measure over their sovereigns' relations with their people. The Czar and Czarina used to go, unattended, into any little church they came across, and kneel down at communion side by side with their peasant subjects.



CZAR NICHOLAS, HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTERS

The strength of a nation is in proportion to the number of its virtues, that is, of its natural homes, founded upon supreme affections.—*Joseph Cook.*

A LESSON OF PATIENCE

An interesting group of women, from widely differing homes, and from varied stations in life, sitting one sunny morning on a hotel piazza, fell into an interchange of experiences concerning the discipline through which each had come to her knowledge and practice of patience.

"I used to be a very impatient woman, and I think my children have been my best teachers," said a fair, young matron; as she glanced over the piazza rail at her two boys and a gentle girl, strolling on the sands below.

"I was an only daughter and rather spoiled at home, and spoiled again by my husband, who took my irritable words and ways very amiably; either laughing at them, or leaving me to get over my impatience at my leisure."

"A very remarkable specimen of a husband," said a plain old lady, whose cap-strings kept up an energetic flutter, as if keeping time to the click of her knitting needles.

"Yes," answered the speaker gently, "but even his unceasing goodness didn't cure me. His soft answer often turned away wrath, but I needed something to keep it from turning back again. But I began to get my lesson through my children as early as they were old enough to talk, and even earlier."

"How in the world could the children help you?" asked the lady, whose embroidery had dropped on her lap.

"When my boy Bertie was only a baby, he began my cure. Sometimes if he cried or resisted, I gave him a little shake, or a sharp, loud, word, or put him down a little roughly. This went on until the child was taken ill, and then I found he would not stay in my arms a moment if his nurse or his father were in the room. Their voices soothed him, mine seemed to make him feverish and irritable. Not once during weeks of watching, did he reach up his little wasted hands for me to take him. Now, you can judge what this meant to a mother's anxious heart. But that was not all. Bertie was the baby of three, and Helen, his sister, was six years old. One day her father had taken her to walk, and pausing on the piazza as they returned, he said: 'Now, run away and take the flowers to mamma, Helen, and ask her to come up with us to see if brother Bertie is awake.'

"I was sitting just within, by the window, and heard every word of the little girl's reply. 'I don't want to go for mamma. Let me go with *you*, I want to give the flowers to Bertie.'

"'But papa bought the roses for mamma, and surely her little girl would like to take them to her with a kiss?' said her father gently.

"'No, no, I *don't* want to go to mamma,' broke out the child, throwing down the flowers with an impatience of gesture so exactly like my own, as to make me feel for a moment as if I could shake her well, if she were within reach of my hand. But instead, her father drew the excited, trembling child within his arms. He did not ask her why she did not want to come to me. He knew too well, I fancy; but he stroked her hair gently, and when the angry

tears subsided, he gathered up the flowers, and, taking her by the hand, came on into the house. When he gave me the roses I could not trust myself to look in his face. And I felt, rather than saw, the little, shrinking creature hanging back instead of rushing gladly to her mother's arms. I assure you, ladies, it was a lesson never to be forgotten, and I never needed another of that kind.

"You may wonder how I can bear the humiliation of telling it, but I came so near wrecking all my influence over my children, that I am glad if my experience can be a warning to any one. They were such good children. They ought to have had the best mother and their father the best wife in the world."

"What's this I hear," said a tall, broad-shouldered man, coming down the piazza from the billiard-room. "Is my wife giving you the key to our skeleton closet?"

"She is saying your children ought to have had the best mother in the world," said the old lady with the quivering cap-strings.

"And God knows they have," he answered, with a look of such pride and trust, as brought the swift color to the cheek of his wife. "When you see what nice children they are, you will know that only the best mother in the world could have made them so." And he passed on, while the little group broke up, laughing, but with tears suspiciously near the eyes of some of them.

—*Mary Lowe Dickinson.*

"NOT AT HOME"

In very ancient times it seems that the excuse "Not at home" was, as now, in readiness for unwelcome callers, or callers who came at inconvenient hours or times.

Cicero relates that Nasica called upon Ennius, and was told by the servant that he was out. Shortly afterward Ennius returned the visit, when Nasica exclaimed from within that he was not at home. "What," replied Ennius, "do not I know your own voice?" "You are an impudent fellow," retorted Nasica; "when your servant told me that you were not at home I believed her, but you will not believe me, though I tell you so myself."

This custom, which confused the ancients and gave them play for wit, has by no means ceased from such offices, as witness the following dialogue from modern life:

Mistress—(arranging with future servant). "Above all things I shall require of you obedience and truthfulness."

Maid—"Very well. And if you ask me to say you are *out* when you are *in*, shall I obey you or tell the truth?"

Bright is the beautiful land of our birth,
The home of the homeless all over the earth.—*Street.*



“THE KIND TO LOVE”

THE SEWING MACHINE

“Got one? Don’t say so! Which have you got?
One of the kind to open and shut?
Own it, or hire it? How much did you pay?
Does it go with a crank, or a treadle? Say—
I’m a single man, and somewhat green.—
Tell me about your sewing machine.”

“Listen, my boy, and hear all about it
I don’t know what I could do without it;

I've owned one now for more than a year,
And like it so well, I call it 'dear';
'Tis the cleverest thing that ever was seen,
This wonderful family sewing machine.

"It's none of your angular Wheeler things,
With steel-shod beak and cast-iron wings;
Its work would bothèr a hundred of his,
And worth a thousand! Indeed, it is;
And has a way—you needn't stare—
Of combing and braiding its own back hair!

"Mine is not one of those stupid affairs
That stands in a corner, with what-nots and chairs,
And makes that dismal, head-achy noise,
Which all the comfort of sewing destroys;
No rigid contrivance of lumber and steel,
But one with a natural spring in the heel.

"Mine is one of the kind to love,
And wear a shawl and a soft kid glove;
None of your patent machines for me,
Unless Dame Nature's the patentee;
I like the sort that can laugh and talk,
And take my arm for an evening walk.

"Tut, tut—don't talk. I see it all:
You needn't keep winking so hard at the wall:
I know what your fidgety fumblings mean;
You would like, yourself, a sewing machine!
Well, get one, then, of the same design;
There were plenty left when I got mine!"

IT TAKES TWO TO MAKE A QUARREL

Be the injurious person never so quarrelsome, the quarrel must fail if the injured person will not fight.—Fire sometimes goes out as much for the want of being stirred up as for want of fuel. And perhaps the greatest unquietness of human affairs is not so much chargeable to the injurious as the revengeful. A storm could not be hurtful but for the trees and houses by which it is withstood and repelled. It has the same force when it passes over the rush or the yielding osier; but it does not roar or become dreadful till it grapples with the oak, and rattles upon the tops of the cedars.—*South.*

HOME ARTISTS

Only two peasants working in a field. A bell rings out, they bow their heads in prayer—a common-place scene witnessed in the Old World at every set of sun. Yet, one day, an artist seeing it, found beauty in the common-place, transferred it to canvas, and gave the world the lovely painting called "The Angelus." The artist finds beauty and gives it to us in such common-place things as pots and pans, an old broom and a basket of vegetables. This is the way we should take life—find beauty in the common-place, give beauty out of the common-place. It is no great credit to make a home beautiful if we have unlimited means at our command; to keep a home in perfect order if we can hire all the servants we want; it is no great credit to make people happy if we have money to give all we wish, to do all we will. But out of nothing to give something; with limited means to make home so full of the radiance of a beautiful spirit that the rich might covet to dwell therein; this is really worth while. Of course, a musician, a poet, a sculptor, a painter, a great writer, a great preacher, can give pleasure and do good—extraordinary gifts make it an easy task. But one cannot be listening to music, or seeing pictures or reading books, all the time, while one must be living all the time. So our world's most necessary, most useful, most blessed artists are those who fill common-place, every-day home life with comfort and beauty. The well-made beds, the tidy parlor and the tidy kitchen, the flowers, and the sweet, light bread on the table; above all, the love that blesses the dinner of herbs, the smile that makes the humblest feast royal, the dear, every-day patience that converts uncongenial tasks, hard trials, and even bitter sorrows, into ministers of grace—these are the masterpieces of thousands of artists who seek no fame, but except for whom the most beautiful thing in the world, true home life, could not exist. "Whatsoever ye do, do it as unto the Lord," is a motto that will elevate the lowliest occupation into a dignity commanding recognition.

THE DAUGHTER-IN-LAW

The following tribute was paid to her mother-in-law by Mrs. Robert Tyler, in a letter to her own family, written while she was living in the home of her husband's parents.

Mrs. Tyler, it will be remembered, became "Lady of the White House" as her mother-in-law's representative during John Tyler's Presidential term. The letter below was reproduced in Halloway's *Ladies of the White House*:

"The room in the main dwelling furthest removed and most retired is 'the chamber,' as the bedroom of the mistress of the house is always called in Virginia. This last, to say nothing of others, or the kitchen, storerooms and pantries, is a most quiet and comfortable retreat, with an air of repose and sanctity about it; at least I feel it so, and often seek refuge here from the company, and beaux, and laughing and talking of the other parts of the house. For here mother, with a smile of welcome on her sweet, calm face, is always

found seated on her large arm-chair, with a small stand by her side, which holds her Bible and her prayer-book—the only book she ever reads now—with her knitting usually in her hands, always ready to sympathize with me in any little homesickness which may disturb me, and to ask me questions about all you dear ones in Bristol, because she knows I want to talk about you. Notwithstanding her very delicate health, mother attends to and regulates all the household affairs, and all so quietly that you can't tell when she does it. All the clothes for the children, and for the servants, are cut out under her



From the Painting by Thomas Hovenden

BRINGING HOME THE BRIDE

immediate eye, and all the sewing is personally superintended by her. All the cake, jellies, custards—and we indulge largely in them—emanate from her: yet you see no confusion, hear no bustle, but only meet the agreeable result.”

Mother, crooning soft and low,
 Let not all thy fancies go
 Like swift birds, to the blue skies
 Of thy darling's happy eyes.
 But on some fair ringlet's gold
 Let a tender prayer be told.

MOTHERS OF FAMOUS SONS

A lovely picture dear to all our hearts, is that of the mother keeping the cradle ajog with her foot, while her hands are busy with the tiny socks or the bigger socks, whose mending is sometimes the mother's only touch upon the household understanding. But the mother who would keep her hand upon the growing life must learn to deal with other points than those at the end of a needle, to weave stronger bonds than can be made of darning-cotton, and to sing the music to which the young new life keeps step, after the cradle is deserted and lullabies have ceased to charm.

That mothers have been doing these greater things all down the centuries is proved by the record of the noblest men of every nationality.

Notwithstanding everybody's familiarity with her history and characteristics, the name of the mother of Washington has rightful precedence.

When she heard of the surrender at Yorktown, she raised her hands and fervently thanked heaven that all was over. She had not seen her son for seven years. Now he was coming home. No word of "glory" or "honors" fell from his lips or hers. Yet this king among men had his reward. His mother had lived to welcome him back!

One has only to recall the familiar story of this noble mother's life to recognize its moulding power upon the patriot, the soldier and the statesman. His high temper and his habit of self-control were like her, as were his principles of equity and justice, his power of dealing with great and grave issues, and his habit of practical business detail. It was like her and like him, when she knew the world was regarding him as head of the nation, leader of victorious hosts, to say, "He has been a good son. I believe he has done his duty as a man."

Abraham Lincoln's mother possessed but one book in the world, the Bible; and from this she taught her children daily. Of quick mind and retentive memory, Abraham soon came to know it by heart, and to look upon his gentle teacher as the embodiment of all good precepts in the book. Afterward, when he governed thirty million people, he said: "All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother. Blessings on her memory!" When he was ten years old, this saintly mother died. For her boy the loss was irreparable. Day after day he sat on the grave and wept. A sad far-away look crept into his eyes, which those who saw him in the perils of his later life well remember.

The mother of the distinguished scientist, says a recent biography, was a woman of sweet and strong individuality, equipped with a solid, if unpretentious education, and endowed with rare abilities as a teacher. She was eminently qualified to deal with the plastic mind of her son, and it was to her judicious efforts, rather than to those of his father, that Edison owed that early impetus, which gave such admirable scope and direction to his dawning powers. Under her guidance, at the age of twelve, a period when most boys are inflaming their imagination and perverting their moral sense with trashy and sensational

fiction, Edison, partly from inclination, partly from over-consciousness, was wading through such ponderous tomes as Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Hume's *History of England* and *History of the Reformation*. We are justified in the inference that through such books as these, no boy, however remarkable, waded without the encouragement and companionship of the woman who could bestow not only the instructor's gift, but the mother's sympathy and love.

Henry Ward Beecher says of his mother: "I have only such a remembrance of her as you have of the clouds of ten years ago, yet no devout Catholic ever saw so much in the Virgin Mary as I have seen in my mother, who has been a presence to me ever since I can remember. Do you know why so often I speak what must seem to some of you rhapsody of woman? It is because I had a mother, and if I were to live a thousand years I could not express what seems to me to be the least that I owe to her. From her I received my love of the beautiful, my poetic temperament; from her, also, I received simplicity and childlike faith in God."

It was Garibaldi who says of his mother, a woman of humble station: "She was a model for mothers. I owe to her love, to her angel-like character, all the little good that belongs to mine? Often, amidst the most arduous scenes of my tumultuous life, when I have passed unharmed through the breakers of the ocean or the hailstorms of battle, she has seemed present with me. I have, in fancy, seen her on her knees before the Most High—my dear mother!—imploring for the life of her son, and I have believed in the efficacy of her prayers." "Give me the mothers of the nation to educate, and you may do what you like with the boys," was one of his favorite maxims.

The mother of Napoleon Bonaparte was the mother also of twelve other children, eight of whom were living when she was left a widow at the age of thirty-five. Napoleon said of her: "She managed everything, provided for everything, with a prudence which could neither have been expected from her sex nor from her age. She watched over us with a solicitude unexampled. Every low sentiment, every ungenerous affection, was discouraged and discarded. She suffered nothing but that which was grand and elevated to take root in our youthful understandings. She abhorred falsehood, and would not tolerate the slightest act of disobedience. None of our faults were overlooked. Losses, privations, fatigue, had no effect upon her. She endured all, braved all. She had the energy of a man, combined with the gentleness and delicacy of a woman." Such was Napoleon's love for her that he confessed to his friend, when in exile at St. Helena, that in all his vicissitudes, only once had he been tempted to suicide, from which he was saved by the loan of a sum of money from a friend, which sum he sent at once to relieve the distress of his mother.

Mrs Bolton says: "Mother-love was always a strong force in the heart of Phillips Brooks. It is related that when some one asked him if he was not

afraid when he first preached before Queen Victoria, he replied, 'Oh, no; I have preached before my mother.'

George Peabody was a poor little grocer-boy in a New England country store, who yet came to the place where he was able to leave nine millions to the needy and the homeless. When he went out into the world at eleven years of age to earn his living, he had already, through his beautiful devotion to his noble mother, earned the name of a mother-boy.

Of Bayard Taylor, it is said that his mother, a refined and intelligent woman, who taught him to read at four, and who early discovered her child's love for books, shielded him as far as possible from picking up stones and weeding corn, and kept him from the hard work of farm life by claiming his help in rocking the baby, that thus she might be free for other household tasks.

William Lloyd Garrison's mother, too, was a noble woman, deeply religious, willing to bear all and brave all for conscience sake. It was she who, through her long and loving letters, kept him in courage and gave him the inspiration to battle, that lasted long after the hand that penned them had ceased its work.

Of Wendell Phillips, it is said that his love for his mother was a passion. "Her earliest gift to him," says Carlos Marty, "was a Bible. Her one counsel for him was 'be good, do good.'" That Bible was his prized treasure for seventy years. From her knowledge and common sense in political and mercantile affairs, he judged that other women must be able to take part in the world's work, and asked for them an equal place in home and state.

It was Samuel Johnson's mother to whom he said in his last letter: "You have been the best mother, and, I believe, the best woman in the world. I thank you for your indulgence to me, and beg forgiveness of all that I have done ill, and of all that I have omitted to do well." It was to defray her funeral expenses that, in the evenings of one week, he wrote *Rasselas*, for which he received five hundred dollars.

In all the touching examples of the influence of motherhood, there is no story more tender than that of the devotion and the prayers that were rewarded finally by the conversion of St. Augustine. The heart-communion of son and mother was indeed "a fellowship of kindred minds."—*Mary Lowe Dickinson*.

THE NEW BABY

Here is a sweet, fragrant mouth to kiss; here are two more feet to make music with their pattering about my nursery. Here is a soul to train for God, and the body in which it dwells is worth all it will cost, since it is the abode of a kingly tenant. I may see less of friends, but I have gained one dearer than them all, to whom, while I minister in Christ's name, I make a willing sacrifice of what little leisure for my own recreation, my other darlings had left me. Yes, my precious baby, you are welcome to your mother's heart, welcome to her time, her strength, her health, her life-long prayers!—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps*.



"A SWEET MOUTH TO KISS"

EXPANSION OF HOME DUTIES

Generally, we are under an impression that a man's duties are public, and a woman's private. But this is not altogether so. A man has a personal work or duty, relating to his own home, and a public work or duty, which is the expansion of the other, relating to the state. So a woman has a personal work or duty, relating to her own home, and a public work or duty, which is also the expansion of that.

The man's work for his own home is to secure its maintenance, progress, and defense; the woman's to secure its order, comfort, and loveliness.

Expand both these functions. The man's duty as a member of a commonwealth, is to assist in the maintenance, in the advance, in the defense of the state. The woman's duty, as a member of the commonwealth, is to assist in the ordering, in the comforting, and in the beautiful adornment of the state.

What the man is at his own gate, defending it, if need be, against insult and spoil, that also, not in a less, but in a more devoted measure, he is to be at the gate of his country, leaving his home, if need be, even to the spoiler, to do his more incumbent work there.

And, in like manner, what the woman is to be within her gates, as the centre of order, the balm of distress, and the mirror of beauty; she is also to be without her gates, where order is more difficult, distress more imminent, loveliness more rare.—*Ruskin*.

THE BISHOP'S HOME

To afford an idea of the household of the Bishop of D——, and the manner in which two good women, subordinated their actions, thoughts, even their womanly instincts, so liable to disturbance, to the habits and projects of the bishop, so that he had not even to speak, in order to express them, we cannot do better than to copy here a letter from Mademoiselle Baptistine to Madame la Vicomtesse de Boischevron, the friend of her childhood:

"MY DEAR MADAME: Not a day passes that we do not speak of you; that is customary enough with us; but we have now another reason. Would you believe that in washing and dusting the ceilings and walls, Madame Magloire has made some discoveries? At present, our two chambers, which were hung with old paper, whitewashed, would not disparage a chateau in the style of your own. Madame Magloire has torn off all the paper: it had something underneath. My parlor, where there is no furniture, and which we use to dry clothes in, is fifteen feet high, eighteen feet square, and has a ceiling, once painted and gilded, with beams like those of your house. This was covered with canvas during the time it was used as a hospital; and then we have wainscoting of the time of our grandmothers. But it is my own room which you ought to see. Madame Magloire has discovered beneath at least ten thicknesses of paper some pictures, which, though not good are quite endurable.

Madame Magloire has cleaned it all, and this summer she is going to repair some little damages, and varnish it, and my room will be a veritable museum. She also found in a corner of the storehouse two pier tables of antique style; they asked two crowns to regild them, but it is far better to give that to the poor. I am always happy; my brother is so good, he gives all he has to the poor and sick. We are full of cares: the weather is very severe in the winter, and one must do something for those who lack. We at least are warmed and lighted, and you know those are great comforts. My brother has his peculiarities; when he talks he says that a bishop ought to be thus. Just think of it that the door is never closed. Come in who will, he is at once my brother's guest, he fears nothing, not even in the night; he says that is his form of bravery. He wishes me not to fear for him, nor that Madame Magloire should; he exposes himself to every danger, and prefers that we should not even seem to be aware of it; one must know how to understand him.

"He goes out in the rain, walks through water, travels in winter; he has no fear of darkness, or dangerous roads, or of those he may meet. Last year he went all alone into a district infested with robbers. He would not take us. He was gone a fortnight, and when he came back, though we had thought him dead, nothing had happened to him, and he was quite well. He said: 'See, how they have robbed me!' And he opened a trunk in which he had the jewels of the Embrun Cathedral which the robbers had given him. Upon that occasion on the return, I could not keep from scolding him, a little, taking care only to speak while the carriage made a noise, so that no one could hear us.

"At first I used to say to myself, he stops for no danger, he is incorrigible. But now I have become used to it. I make signs to Madame Magloire that she shall not oppose him, and he runs what risks he chooses. I call away Madame Magloire; I go to my room, pray for him, and fall asleep. I am calm, for I know very well that if any harm happened to him, it would be my death: I should go away to the good Father with my brother and my bishop. After all, what is there to fear in this house? There is always One with us who is the strongest: Satan may visit our house, but the good God inhabits it."

Victor Hugo.

THE NEWS OF THE DAY

Three wise heads o'er a paper bend,
And each one tries to read the news—
"Young Jack is staying with a friend."
"Tom's father's going for a cruise."

So wag the little tongues, and we
Might think such gossip of the town
Scarce worthy print, did we not see
They read the paper *upside down*.

THE LITTLE SOLDIER

"Mamma, may I be a soldier boy?"

"Yes, my little man;
Shoulder your musket and off to the wars,
Fast as ever you can."

The musket was only a housemaid's broom
But he gallantly marched around,
With a bright tin-pan in place of a drum,
And my room for his battle-ground.

"Mamma, there's nothing for me to kill,"
My baby wearily said;
And casting the broomstick far away,
In my lap laid his curly head.

And then with fear my heart stood still.
"Dear Christ, be it always so!
Nothing to kill through his whole sweet life
May my baby ever know."

But then—"Would I have him a coward?"—No!
I lifted his golden head;
"Oh, my baby dear, there are things to kill—
Hatred and wrong," I said.

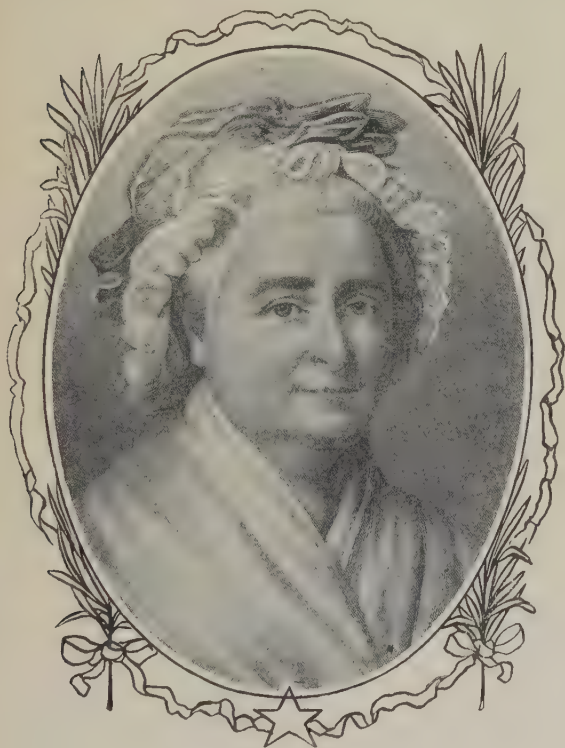
"For it is not men we will kill, dear heart,
When all fight these foes so dread;
There will never again be cause for strife,
For sin will, indeed, be dead."—*Myrta Lockett Avery.*

FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE

It was Saturday night in Philadelphia many years ago; Girard, the millionaire, was ordering his employces to return next day to unload a ship. One young fellow said, "I cannot, Mr. Girard." "Why?" "I cannot work on Sundays." "You know our rules." "Yes, sir, and I have a mother to support; but it is against my conscience to obey your order." "Step up to the desk and the cashier will settle with you. My men must obey the rules." But a few days after Mr. Girard recommended this young man to a friend for the position of cashier in a bank. "But you dismissed him," said the banker. "Because he would not work on Sundays, and yet a man who will lose his place for conscience sake would make a trustworthy cashier."

AT WASHINGTON'S TABLE

New Year calls had their origin in Continental Europe. The custom was brought to New York by the Dutch and Huguenots as one of their peculiar institutions. On Friday, the first of January, 1790, the Government of the



MARTHA WASHINGTON

young United States being then located in the city of New York, the first President, George Washington, was waited upon by the principal gentlemen of the metropolis. Mrs. Washington held her levee as on other Friday evenings, but this special reception was one of unusual elegance. The weather was almost as gentle as May, and the full moon shone brightly into the chambers of the President's stately mansion. It was not the general custom for visitors to the President to sit, but on this particular evening, as I learn from a diary of the period, there were chairs in the rooms where Mrs. Washington met her friends, and, after they were seated, tea and coffee and plum and plain cake were served. Mrs. Washington afterward remarked that none of the proceedings of the day so pleased "the General" as the

friendly greeting of the gentlemen who called upon him.

Washington asked if New Year's visiting had always been kept up in New York, and when he was answered in the affirmative, he paused a moment and said, "The highly favored situation of New York will in the progress of years attract numerous emigrants, who will gradually change its customs and manners; but, whatever changes take place, never forget the cordial and cheerful observance of New Year's day." Mrs. Washington stood by his side as the visitors arrived and were presented, and when the clock in the hall struck nine she advanced and said, with a pleasant smile, "The General always retires at nine, and I usually precede him," upon which the company made their parting salutations and said good-night.

An English gentleman, a manufacturer, Mr. Henry Wansey, breakfasted with Washington and his family on the 8th of June, 1794. He was greatly impressed. The first President was then in his sixty-third year, but had little appearance of age, having been in his life exceedingly temperate. Mrs. Washington herself made tea and coffee for them; on the table were small plates of sliced tongue and dry toast, bread and butter, but no broiled fish, as was generally the custom. Miss Eleanor Custis, Mrs. Washington's granddaughter, a very pleasant young lady, in her sixteenth year, sat next to her, and next, her grandson, George Washington Parke Custis, about two years older. There were but few slight indications of form; only one servant attended.

Mrs. Washington seemed somewhat older than the President, although they were both born the same year. She was short in stature, rather robust, extremely simple in her dress, and wore a very plain cap, with her hair turned over it. This description corresponds exactly with the portrait painted by Trumbull, now in the Trumbull gallery, at New Haven, Connecticut.

In 1793 Washington left Philadelphia for nearly three months, during the prevalence of yellow fever, and stayed at Mount Vernon. The disease broke out in August, but he continued at his post until the 10th of September. He wished to stay longer, but Mrs. Washington was unwilling to leave him exposed, and he could not, without hazarding her life and the lives of the children, remain.
—*Anonymous.*

THE QUIET HOUR

If we will yield ourselves to the still hour's influence, we shall be helped to find ourselves. We lose our real selves, and it takes time, and thought, and prayer to get home again—home to God and home to our own better nature, to which we are in danger of becoming strangers in the rush of our crowded lives. We want, like little children, to get back into the closest and most loving relation to our Father.

We should take the quiet hours alone day after day till we have a clear vision of what we are and what we ought to be. What are the things, in the daily character and life, that ought to be got out of the way if we would make straight paths for the Master's feet? It's the same plain, old-fashioned road, but by no other are we coming either to happiness or success. No structure that we may build will stand without foundation, and the only foundation is Christ. For this year, for any year, there must be, first, the absolute surrender to truth, the absolute devotion to being, whether the doing fail or succeed; the steady readjustment of the life till everything ignoble or unworthy in word or deed is removed, and the entire willingness that God, if he but make us good, give us success in measure that seems best to him.

Who among the circle of friends who will gather for the quiet hour in the firelight are ready to pledge themselves to this new life for the year already begun?—*Mary Lowe Dickinson.*



“THE FISHERMAN COMES TO HIS REST AT LAST”

THE FISHERMAN'S HOME

A singing breeze in the yellow sail, crisp white foam on the summer sea;
 Sunset shadows and moonlight pale on yonder haven where I would be.
 The toils of the day are over and past; the fisherman comes to his rest at last.

The lighthouse flashes the beacon high, a golden path on the darkening sea,
 A star shines out in the dusky sky and faint light glimmers along the quay.
 And I know what the star of Home is worth when the heart of heaven beats
 close to earth.

—E. E. Ohlson.

WOMAN AT HOME

Thank God, O woman, for the quietude of your home, and that you are queen in it. Men come at eventide to the home; but all day long you are there, beautifying it, sanctifying it, adorning it, blessing it. Better be there than wear a queen's coronet. Better be there than carry the purse of a princess. It may be a very humble home. There may be no carpet on the floor. There may be no pictures on the wall. There may be no silks in the wardrobe; but, by your faith in God, and your cheerful demeanor, you may garniture that place with more splendor than the upholsterer's hand ever kindled.—*Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.*

EVANGELINE'S DOWER

In silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,
 Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.
 Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men
 Laughed at each lucky hit or unsuccessful manœuvre,
 Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the king-row
 Meanwhile, apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,
 Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding the moon rise
 Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows.
 Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
 Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.
 Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell from the belfry
 Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway
 Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the household.
 Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the doorstep
 Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.
 Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearthstone,
 And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.
 Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed,
 Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,
 Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.
 Silent she passed the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.
 Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothes-press
 Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded
 Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.
 This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in marriage,
 Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a housewife.

—*Longfellow.*

BROTHERS AND SISTERS

The young man who is accustomed to kiss his sweet, innocent, loving sister night and morning as they meet, shows its influence upon him, and he will never forget it, and when he shall take some one to his heart as his wife, she shall reap the golden fruit thereof. The young man who was in the habit of giving his arm to his sister as they walked to and from church, will never leave his wife to find her way as best she can. The young man who has been taught to see that his sister had a seat before he sought his, will never mortify a neglected wife in the presence of strangers. And that young man who always handed his sister to her chair at the table, will never have cause to blush as he sees some gentleman extend to his wife the courtesy she knows is due from him.

I lay this down as a self-evident proposition: a woman of sense, married to the right man, can do anything.—*Gail Hamilton.*



CROWN PRINCE WILHELM AND HIS SISTER

Wilhelm, Kaiser of Germany, is said to be a very devoted husband and father, and the Kaiserin is a model wife and mother. There are seven children, and only one of them a daughter. The whole family are naturally very fond of this little woman. Her eldest brother, the Crown Prince Wilhelm, and his sister are reported to be great chums.

GRANDMOTHERS

The place which a grandmother fills in the hearts of her grandchildren, and which they hold in hers, belongs to life's galaxy of beautiful things. In the lives of the little ones, grandmother is "the rose without a thorn," her visits are the angel's visits, which, were they every day, would yet seem few and far between. Mother must sometimes look a trifle serious—if not stern—for to her belongs government and discipline. Grandma feels that she has served her time at that in raising one family.

On this second growth of her house, these latest flowers of her life, she feels that she has won the hard-earned right of spending only the sunshine of loving smiles. Perhaps, too, her long experience has taught her that little flowers grow best in much sunshine. At any rate, when she comes, sunshine and love come with her. Her daughter, proud to honor such a guest, draws forward the armchair; the little grandson, with sturdy care, lugs a hassock to her feet. The baby is asleep on its mother's shoulder, and grandma will not have it waked, though it would surely smile if its eyes should open on that kind face. That lately dethroned king, the baby displaced, is expectant. He knows that good things happen when grandma comes. Mother will be sure to set forth her best dainties, and grandma will be quite sure to see that little folks are helped to their liking—unless they like decidedly too much, when even grandma will have to draw a line and divert appetite with a story. It is not at all improbable that grandma will have brought some "goodies" herself in a mysterious pocket or a benign satin bag. In fact, it passes any mind to predict just what may happen when grandma comes. She will be sure to bring a letter from one of the good aunts or uncles far away, who always remember to send loving messages to little folks.

Perhaps mother will teach the oldest grandson a little speech to say, and then stand behind grandma's chair and prompt him through it. Grandma will be so proud of that speech. Never in all the years to come will any young lady to whom he may offer flowers accept them more graciously, or prize them more. Perhaps, as grandma looks on the little throng, a tender mist gathers in her loving eyes. She is thinking of her own young wifehood and motherhood, of the husband who has gone before her, of the time when she will be reunited to him and her little ones gone before.

There is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame and exult in his prosperity; and if misfortune overtake him . . . and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.—*Washington Irving.*



"THESE LATEST FLOWERS OF HER LIFE"

LUCRETIA MOTT'S HOME

"The most perfect wedded life to be found on earth," was what a friend said of that of James Mott and his wife Lucretia, the pioneer "woman's right woman." It was through intellectual pursuits that she and James came to know and love each other. They were schoolfellows and when school days were over, took up, the study of French together. They married young, worked hard and were very happy. Their first child died, saying, "I love thee, mother."

When Mrs. Mott was twenty-five, there were four little ones. She kept her home exquisitely clean, did all the family sewing, studied her Bible, read John Stuart Mill, Dean Stanley and various books of philosophy and science, and spent many happy hours with her baby on her lap, her sewing in her hand, her book open on her bed. When the Motts became prosperous, their large house was always full to overflowing; they were hospitality itself. Two of their married children with their families lived with them, and the home was delightfully harmonious. Two armchairs in the hall, called "beggars' chairs" by the children were in constant occupation by people who came to Mrs. Mott for help. Everything was cheerful and sunny. The Golden Wedding, in 1861, well deserved the descriptive adjective, so joyous was it. Mr. Mott was very proud of his wife; seventy years had not robbed the Quakeress of her marvelous beauty, and the charm of her soul had grown with the years.

In his last illness, when Mrs. Mott had watched her husband through the night, her daughter came in the morning to find her mother sitting beside the bed, asleep from weariness, her head on the pillow with that of her husband, who was sleeping the sleep that knows no waking. When dying herself, she murmured, "If you resolve to follow the Lamb wherever you may be led, you will find all the ways pleasant and the paths peace."

A CHILD'S HAND

Perhaps there are tenderer, sweeter things
Somewhere in this bright land;
But I thank the Lord for his blessings,
And the clasp of a little hand.
A little hand that softly stole
Into my own one day,
When I needed the touch that I loved so much
To strengthen me on the way.
Softer it seemed than the softest down
On the breast of the gentlest dove;
But its timid press and its faint caress
Were strong in the strength of love.

—*Frank L. Stanton.*

THE GARRET

It is an old garret with big, brown rafters; and the boards between stained darkly with the rain-storms of fifty years. As the sportive April shower quickens its flood, it seems as if its torrents would come dashing through the shingles, upon you, and upon your play. But they will not; for you know that the old roof is strong, and that it has kept you, and all that love you, for long years from the rain, and from the cold: you know that the hardest storms of winter will only make a little oozing leak, that trickles down the brown stairs—like tears.

You love that old garret roof; and you nestle down under its slope, with a sense of its protecting power that no castle walls can give to your maturer years. Under the roof-tree of his home, the boy feels safe; and where, in the whole realm of life, with his bitter toils, and its bitterer temptations, will he feel safe again?

I know no nobler forage ground for a romantic, venturesome, mischievous boy, than the garret of an old family mansion, on a day of storm. It is a perfect field of chivalry. The heavy rafters, the dashing rain, the piles of spare mattresses to carouse upon, the big trunks to hide in, the old coats and hats hanging in obscure corners, like ghosts—are great! And it is so far away from the nursery, that there is no possible risk of a scolding. There is no baby in the garret to wake up. There is no “company” in the garret to be disturbed by the noise.

Old family garrets have their stocks, as I said, of castaway clothes, of twenty years gone by; and it is rare sport to put them on, buttoning in a pillow or two for the sake of good fulness, and then to trick out Nelly in some strange-shaped head-gear, and old-fashioned brocade petticoat caught up with pins; and in such guise to steal cautiously down stairs, and creep slyly into the sitting-room—half afraid of a scolding, and very sure of good fun—trying to look very sober, and yet almost ready to die with the laugh that you know you will make. Your mother tries to look severely at little Nelly for putting on her grandmother’s best bonnet; but Nelly’s laughing eyes forbid it utterly; and the mother spoils all her scolding with a perfect shower of kisses.

—*Donald G. Mitchell.*

SIR ISAAC NEWTON’S HOME

Isaac Newton’s father was a farmer, and died some months before Isaac’s birth. After the death of her husband, Mrs. Newton married again, and Isaac was sent to live with his grandmother. When old enough, he attended school, but all of his spare time was devoted to the making of water-wheels, windmills, kites and numerous little mechanical contrivances. When Isaac was fifteen years of age, his stepfather died, and the boy was called to help take care of the farm. In this work he showed very little interest,—he would rather go off to the hay-loft and read a book, or ponder over some question in mathematics.

His uncle, the Rev. W. Ayscough, found him in the loft one day, reading Euclid and the laws of Kepler, and decided to send him to Trinity College. Here Newton took up the study of mathematics. In 1664 he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts.

While he was at college a plague broke out in Cambridge, which necessitated his leaving the place for a short time. During this vacation, while sitting in his orchard, the famous "fall of the apple" incident occurred, which has become a part of history, and which was the indirect means of leading to his theory of the law of gravitation. Returning to college, Newton, after obtaining a fellowship and professorship, became a member of the Royal Society and was knighted in 1705.

In the old house at 35 St. Martin's street, Newton spent some fifteen years in study. On the roof he had an observatory, where he delighted to carry on his studies.

THE MENDING BASKET

When the clothing comes from the laundry, confide such of it as needs the "stitch in time" to the work basket. And by the work basket I do not mean the little basket that holds the spool and thread and the light sewing materials, but a basket large enough to hold whatever needs to be repaired, or whatever piece of unfinished work may be on hand. Never let an unmended article get back into the drawer of clothing that is ready for service.

And when the repairs have been made, place the fresh article at the bottom of its own pile, using for your next occasion the article on the top of the pile. In this way none of the clothing will be allowed to remain in the drawer until it becomes yellow from lack of use, and the wear will be about equal on all the suits. One of our objects is to dress well, and, at the same time, to avoid great accumulation of garments—too good to be thrown away, not good enough for comfortable use, yet endured for economy's sake.

Never fall into the mistake of supposing that it is of no importance that any garments be nice except those worn in sight. Fineness of texture, daintiness of trimming, these can be dispensed with, but perfect cleanliness and perfect wholeness are indispensable. There is an intangible ethical influence, or, as a good country mother put it, "There's a sight of good manners comes jest with bein' dressed up. My children always behave better in their best clothes." She was right. The girl who "don't care what she puts on" doesn't care for some other things that she ought not to forget.

That same good country mother used to say, "Always wear what you would be willin' to be brought home in if somethin' dreadful should happen." Nothing dreadful ever did happen, but her children all grew up feeling that nothing could be more "dreadful" than to be found in soiled or ragged attire. The right sort of mending basket is a moral influence in the house.

GOSSIP

'Twas but a breath—
And yet a woman's fair fame wilted,
And friends once fond grew cold and stilted;
And life was worse than death.

One venomed word,
That struck its coward, poisoned blow
In craven whispers, hushed and low,
And yet the wide world heard.

'Twas but one whispered—one—
That muttered low, for very shame,
The thing the slanderer dared not name,
And yet its work was done.

A hint so slight,
And yet so mighty in its power,
A human soul, in one short hour,
Lies crushed beneath its blight.

HOMES A LONG TIME AGO

The rough and wattled farm-houses were being superseded by dwellings of brick and stone. Pewter was replacing the wooden trenchers of the early yeomanry, and there were yeomen who could boast of a fair show of silver plate. The chimney-corner, so closely associated with family life, came into existence with the general introduction of chimneys, a feature rare in ordinary houses at the beginning of this reign. Pillows, which had before been despised by the farmer and the trader as fit only "for women in childbed," were now in general use. Carpets superseded the filthy flooring or rushes. The loftier houses of the wealthier merchants, their carved staircases, their quaintly figured gables, marked the rise of a new middle class which was to play its part in later history.

A social as well as an architectural change covered England with buildings where the thought of defense was abandoned for that of domestic comfort and refinement. We still gaze with pleasure on their picturesque line of gables, their fretted fronts, their gilded turrets and fanciful vanes, their castellated gateways, the jutting oriels, from which the great noble looked down on his new Italian garden, on its stately terraces and broad flights of steps, its vases and fountains, its quaint mazes, its formal walks, its lines of yews cut into grotesque shapes in hopeless rivalry of the cypress avenues of the South.

Nor was the change less within than without. The life of the Middle

Ages concentrated itself in the vast castle hall, where the baron looked from his upper dais on the retainers who gathered at his board. But the great households were fast breaking up; and the whole feudal economy disappeared when the lord of the household withdrew with his family into his "parlor" or "withdrawing-room," and left the hall to his dependants. The prodigal use of glass became a marked feature in the domestic architecture of the time, and one whose influence on the general health of the people can hardly be overrated. Long lines of windows stretched over the fronts of the new manor halls. Every merchant's house had its oriel. "You shall have sometimes," Lord Bacon grumbled, "your houses so full of glass that we cannot tell where to come to be out of the sun, or the cold."—*John Richard Green*.

MAKE HASTE IN ORDER TO MAKE LEISURE

I knew a woman who was heard to say, "It seems to me that I have begun to live my life by the clock. I work by the clock, talk by the clock, walk by the clock, and perhaps am in danger of saying my prayers and loving my friends by the clock."

At first thought such condition of things seemed altogether and absolutely bad. When we come to regulate our prayers and our affections by the clock the mischief is evident, but there might be two opinions with reference to our outward and mechanical duties.

There is a certain amount of wear and tear on the nervous system that comes from being in a hurry. There is an old Spanish problem that, translated, says, "hurry is the devil," and if we consider the mischief that is done by the resultant irritation of temper, we might feel that hurry is not misnamed. It is a demon that, because of their natural nervous activity, besets women when it lets men alone.

Now this sort of hurry is wrong; but the other kind of which we spoke is simply the training of the whole nature into the habit of doing quickly whatever can be hastened without harm. It is astonishing what can be accomplished by one who knows what she wants to do and knows how to set about doing it. No woman has a right to worry herself and other people until the beauty goes out of her life and the comfort out of theirs, yet she should learn to do as much as can be done in a short space of time.

"Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." That is, it is better to have peace without plenty than plenty without peace; that, where there is but a slender subsistence, yet an uninterrupted interchange of mutual endearments, among those of the same family, imparts a more solid satisfaction than to fare sumptuously every day, or to live in great and pompous buildings, great and noble apartments, everything great but perhaps the owners themselves.—*Jeremiah Sead*.

LONG ENGAGEMENTS

Long engagements are to be deprecated. Quite often they come to nothing. As a rope stretched out too long grows thin at its weakest part, so the engagement which is protracted over years finally becomes a burdensome thing,



"NOTHING MERCENARY SHOULD ENTER INTO
THE PLANS OF TRUE LOVE"

or the love of one or the other seems to wear out; and, yet, I knew a couple who were engaged for forty years. They never married. Promptly at eight o'clock in the evening of a certain night in the week, the young man's horse was seen tied at the gate of his lady-love. Time passed; the brown hair and the golden hair both grew white; the young people were transformed into middle-aged and then into old people, and they were lovers always, he treating her with a grand courtesy and politeness, she most friendly and beautiful in her devotion to him; but they never married. Nobody knew why. It was supposed that they thought that while each had money enough to live on alone, neither had quite enough

Hail! ye small sweet courtesies of life, for smooth do ye make the road of it; like grace and beauty, which beget inclinations to love at first sight, it is ye who open the door and let the stranger in.—*Sterne*.

THE MOTHER OF D. L. MOODY

No woman was ever more loved and honored by a son than was Mrs. Betsey Holton Moody. Of her Mr. Moody said: "It is a great honor to be the son of such a mother. I do not know where to begin; I could not praise her



D. L. MOODY'S MOTHER

enough. In the first place, my mother was a very wise woman. In one sense she was wiser than Solomon; she knew how to bring up her children. She had nine children, and they all loved their home. She won their hearts, their affections; she could do anything with them.

"Whenever I wanted real sound counsel I used to go to my mother. She so bound her children to her that it was a great calamity to have to leave home.

"There was another remarkable thing about my mother. If she loved one child more than another, no one ever found it out. Isaiah, he was her first boy; she could not get along without Isaiah. And Cornelia, she was her first girl; she could not get along without Cornelia, for she had to

take care of the twins. And George, she couldn't live without George. What could she ever have done without George? He stayed right by her, through thick and thin. She couldn't live without George. And Edwin, he bore the name of her husband. And Dwight, I don't know what she thought of him. And Luther, he was the dearest of all, because he had to go away to live. He was always homesick to get back to mother. And Warren, he was the youngest when father died; it seemed as if he was dearer than all the rest. And Sam and Lizzie, the twins, they were the light of her great sorrow.

"I remember the first thing I did to earn money was to turn the neighbors' cows up on Strowbridge Mountain. The money went into the common treasury. And I remember when George got work, we asked who was going to milk the cows. Mother said she would milk. She also made our clothes, and wove the cloth, and spun the yarn, and darned our stockings; and there was never in all those years, any complaining.

"That dear face! There was no sweeter face on earth. When I got within fifty miles of home I always grew restless, and walked up and down the car. For sixty-eight years she lived on that hill, and when I came back after dark I always looked to see the light in mother's window. When I got home

on the Saturday night she died, I was so glad I got back in time to be recognized. I said, 'Mother, do you know me?' She said, 'I guess I do!' I like that word, that Yankee word, 'guess.' The children were all with her when she was taking her departure. At last I called, 'Mother! mother!' No answer. She had fallen asleep; but I shall call her again by and by.

"Now I have the old Bible—the family Bible—it all came from that book. That is about the only book we had in the house when father died, and out of that Book she taught us. And if my mother has been a blessing to this world, it is because she drank at that fountain."

THE WELFARE OF SERVANTS

These seem to be regarded as necessary evils, and yet they should be comforts. If you can once get a servant to regard you as her friend, your task is half done. You can never make a friend of your servant by treating her familiarly, and joking and gossiping with her. She may, at first, be pleased with this, but she will lose her respect for you. Suppose that you had with you a young girl, the daughter of a friend, would you allow her to have associates of whom you knew nothing, and to go out in the evening with young men, and stay until nearly midnight, without knowing where she was going, and the character of her escort? Extend, then, the same surveillance and authority over the young servant girl, who is as much a member of your family as your young lady visitor, without the careful culture to keep her from evil; and who, perhaps, has not a friend in the whole country capable of advising her.

She will resent it, you say. That is very probable. Young girls, of all classes, resent the authority that interferes with their pleasures. But that is not a sufficient reason for giving them a loose rein to do as they please. When the servant goes out in the evening, insist upon her return before the regular hour of closing the house; and, if she is young, inform yourself of the character of her associates, and what families she visits. Teach her how to dress in a neat and becoming manner. Show her how to select goods, and to harmonize colors; if possible, sometimes go shopping with her. Take pains to induce her to safely invest her surplus money, instead of spending it on cheap jewelry and cotton laces. Put into her mind the ambition to excel in her work.

Some ladies do not allow any "followers" at all, but this is going to the other extreme. An occasional visit from a young man of good principles will do your servant no harm. It helps a servant very far towards doing well when her mistress takes an interest in whatever most engages her thoughts and affections. She has her hopes and ambitions; her cares and sorrows; and, above all, she has her family ties; and sympathy and affectionate interest are as dear to her as to other women.

Try, too, as far as your means will allow, to make your servant comfortable. It must be somewhat discouraging to a woman who has finished a hard

day's work to go up on a cold winter night to her room where the temperature is forty degrees, and to go shivering to sleep on a "lumpy" mattress on which she could not sleep at all if she were not so tired. Even if your means are somewhat straitened, you can, by the exercise of a little ingenuity, manufacture articles of furniture that will be quite comfortable, and will give the room an attractive appearance. Above all, there should be a good bed.

—*Frank R. and Marion Stockton.*

"OUR OWN"

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
 The words unkind
 Would trouble my mind
I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
 Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone
 We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
 Yet it might be
 That never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning
 That never come home at night,
And hearts have broken,
For harsh words spoken,
 That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest,
 But oft for "our own"
 The bitter tone,
Though we love "our own" the best.
Ah! lips with the curve impatient,
 Ah! brow with that look of scorn.
'Twere a cruel fate,
Were the night too late
 To undo the work of the morn.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*



" IF I HAD KNOWN IN THE MORNING "

STUDY IN THE HOME

The family that does not employ a part of its evenings in study misses an opportunity for great pleasure and profit. Let each member of the family join in the study, and all will find it a pleasure rather than a task.

Choose for study some subject in which all the family are interested. Procure some standard work on the subject, and let one of the family read aloud from it for a half hour or longer. As the reading progresses, if any thought or question is suggested to any hearer, let it be mentioned at once. Suspend the reading and discuss the thought or question. If it is a question, and no one can give the answer offhand, search for it in cyclopedia or gazetteer or other authority. If not readily found, let some one be appointed to look it up later and report when the family gathers for the next evening of study.

Recent troubles in China suggested the Chinese empire as a subject for study to a family that had adopted the home study idea. From the daily paper the father read aloud the progress of events. Hardly a sentence failed to suggest a question. The mention of a river or city called for its location with the help of a geography and a gazetteer. The cyclopedia and biographical dictionary were in frequent use to furnish information about statesmen, generals and diplomats active in the conduct of affairs in the empire. A whole evening was given up to the Chinese Wall. Everybody in the family knew something about that wall, but when the questions were asked just when the wall was built, who built it, what was its length and height, just what territory did it enclose, and so on, none could give correct answers.

China's civil and religious history, the story of her rulers, her methods of government, foreign "spheres of influence," her wars and conquests and defeats, her great statesmen, the work of foreign missions in her territory, her ways of dealing with other nations, all these and numerous other topics came up and were thoroughly discussed in the family study circle, and a fund of valuable information was thus gained that was a constant source of pleasure to every member of the family.

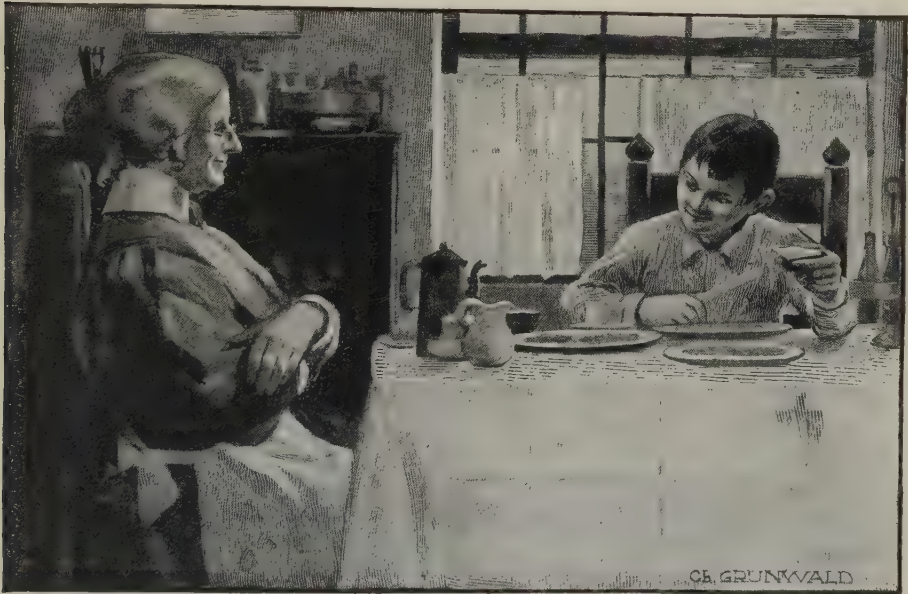
Other things being equal, the children of the family which adopts a home study hour will be apt to lead their classmates in school. In many ways the knowledge so pleasantly acquired at home will prove beneficial in their studies in school. In geography and history it will give them a distinct advantage, while the home study of current events will develop and strengthen the habit and power of research so useful in mastering their lessons in the schoolroom.

—*Frank A. De Puy, in "The New Century Home Book."*

LOVE AMONG THE POOR

If ever household affections and loves are graceful things, they are graceful in the poor. The ties that bind the wealthy and the proud to home may be forged on earth, but those which link the poor man to his humble hearth are of

the halls and lands of his inheritance as a part of himself, as trophies of his birth and power; the poor man's attachment to the tenement he holds, which strangers have held before, and may to-morrow occupy again, has a worthier root, struck deep into a purer soil. His household gods are of flesh and blood, with no alloy of silver, gold, or precious stones; he has no property but in the affections of his own heart, and when they endear bare floors and walls, despite of toil and scanty meals, that man has his love from God, and his rude hut becomes a solemn place.—*Dickens*.



"MY MOTHER LOOKED SO SMILING AND SO TENDERLY AT ME"

GOING OFF TO SCHOOL

Then they were all so kind, indoors! The cook made such nice things for my breakfast, because little master was going; Lilly *would* give me her seat by the fire, and would put her lump of sugar in my cup; and my mother looked so smiling, and so tenderly, that I thought I loved her more than I ever did before. The old nurse came to the door, and said I should have a capital time. She gave me such a hug! But it was nothing to my mother's. Tom told me to be a man, and study like a Trojan. I felt my heart leaping into my throat, and the water coming into my eyes. Let the father or the mother think long before they send away their boy—before they break the home-ties that make a web of infinite fineness around his heart.—*Donald G. Mitchell*.

GENERAL GRANT'S PARENTS

There was a trundle-bed in the two-room house in which General Grant's early boyhood was passed. Most frontier homes had trundle-beds, for large families and parcify of space in dwellings were alike fashionable. There was a great deal of work to be done about the house, and little "Lys" helped his mother, picking up chips faithfully and doing all his chores as sturdily and silently as he afterwards fought his battles.

When he became a commander of men and the master of the White House, the traits of his childhood showed themselves in various ways—traits inherited from his mother, the pious, silent Hannah. She was reticent, she never allowed her children to gossip about their neighbors—although it can not be said that their neighbors were always so considerate of the Grants. Grant, as General and President, set the seal of his disapproval on gossip. He never did any idle talking; he never listened to idle talking. Whenever he was one of a company of men, questionable jests were never uttered; he was pure-minded and clean-lipped. Thus the impress of that backwoods mother was felt in the camp of the American armies, the court of the American Republic.

His father, Jesse, was a good husband, so was Ulysses, his son; thus the backwoods tanner's example set domestic pattern for Washington. Jesse was a good father, a wise father. One day, Ulysses, while helping his father in the tannery, said, "Father, I do not like this work, but, as you want me to, I'll stick to it until I am twenty-one. Then I shall do something else."

"I do not want you to do it now, my son, if you dislike it and mean to leave it for something else," replied his father. "What would you like?" Ulysses said he would like an education. Jesse Grant was not able to give his boy the advantages he wished. "Would you like to go to West Point?" he asked. "It does not cost anything and the Government supports you."

"First-rate!" said Ulysses; naturally he liked it, for he came of good fighting stock; his great-grandfather and grandfather had been officers, respectively, in the Colonial and Revolutionary Wars. Yet, after winning warrior's laurels, he came to be the apostle of peace. His most famous utterance, "Let us have peace," is fast becoming the prayer of all the world.

Economy is a high, humane office; a sacred one when its aim is grand; when it is the prudence of simple tastes; when it is practised for freedom, or love, or devotion. Much of the economy which we see in houses is of a base origin, and is best kept out of sight. Parched corn eaten that I may have roast fowl to my dinner to-morrow is a baseness; but parched corn and a house with one apartment, that I may be free from all perturbations of mind, that I may be serene and docile to what the gods shall speak, and girt and road-ready for the lowest mission of knowledge or good-will, is frugality for gods and heroes.—*Emerson.*



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WATCHING FOR SANTA CLAUS

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH SANTA CLAUS?

The myths surrounding our beautiful Christian holiday are legion. In Spain, the children set shoes outside windows and doors on Christmas Eve, because of a legend that "wise men going to Bethlehem may drop gifts into little shoes they find along the way." Austrian children set lighted candles in the windows that "the Christ-Child in passing may find his way well lit." But the dearest to the child-heart, and the most universal, are the Greek and Russian *St. Nicholas*, the French *Noël*, the German *Kriss Kringle*—the world-wide Santa Claus, whose name in some form is heard in childhood's silvery babble almost everywhere.

What shall we do with Santa Claus? Parents, teachers, mother-clubs, are discussing the question pro and con, more openly and abundantly than ever

before. On the one hand, it is considered a pity to destroy a pretty myth and gift-name that has given, and continues to give, much wholesome fun to young generations; on the other, the position is well taken that truth is too precious to be sacrificed even to so beautiful and beneficent a fantasy.

Parents could explain to the child that the story of Santa is a legend—a pretty fancy, which will become clearer to them as they grow older. It is not necessary to the enjoyment of the little folks that they should be led into the error of supposing that it is any thing more than a fairy tale; the gifts they hope to receive will be none the less appreciated if they come through that mysterious channel whose tender love and sacrifice the child will learn all about by and by. Let the source of the gifts, meanwhile, be a mystery, if you will, but let it be an innocent mystery, so that when the disclosure does come—as come it will to every child in time—it may not come with the shock of a revelation of falsehood and duplicity, but rather as the divulgement of an innocent piece of pleasantry.

“The fault,” says one writer, “lies not in Santa Claus but in ourselves. We put too little fun and fantasy into our telling of the story. We must not seek to make reasonable or to prove what was never intended to be so treated. In telling about Santa Claus, you and the children are enjoying a play of fancy together; and if you make it truly a play of fancy for them, they will understand readily enough the difference between that and an earnest talk. Beware of dangerous asseverations. Don’t tell any lies. Don’t say that Santa Claus really does live. Don’t say that the story is true. Don’t try to ensure that the children shall believe the story. The impress of truth, which is so scrupulously not to be given in the telling of the Santa Claus myth, should be put upon the true Christmas tale as lovingly and deeply as possible.”

SPOILED CHILDREN

The old adage that a girl is worth a thousand dollars, and a boy worth fifteen hundred, is a depreciation of values. I warrant that the man who invented the theory was a bachelor, or he would not have set down the youngsters so far below cost. When the poorest child is born, a star of joy points down to the manger.

We are tired of hearing of the duty that children owe to their parents. Let some one write a disquisition on what parents owe to their children. What though they do upset things, and chase the cats, and eat themselves into colic with green apples, and empty the castor of sweet-oil into the gravy, and bedaub their hands with tar? Grown people have the privilege of larger difficulties, and will you not let the children have a few smaller predicaments? How can we ever pay them for the prattle that drives our cares away, and the shower of soft flaxen curls on our hot cheek, and the flowers with which they have strewn our way, plucking them from the margin of their cradles, and the opening with little hands of doors into new dispensations of love?

A well-regulated home is a millennium on a small scale—the lion and leopard nature by infantile stroke subdued—and “a little child shall lead them.” Blessed the pillow of the trundle-bed on which rests the young head that never ached! Blessed the day whose morning is wakened by the patter of little feet! Blessed the heart from which all the soreness is drawn out by the soft hand of a babe!

But there are children which have been so thoroughly spoiled they are a terror to the community. As you are about to enter your neighbor's door, his turbulent boy will come at you with the plunge of a buffalo, pitching his head into your diaphragm. He will in the night stretch a rope from tree to tree to dislocate your hat, or give some passing citizen a sudden halt as the rope catches at the throat, and he is hung before his time. They can, in a day, break more toys, slit more kites, lose more marbles than all the fathers and mothers of the neighborhood could restore in a week. They talk roughly, make old people stop to let them pass, upset the little girl's school-basket, and make themselves universally disagreeable. You feel as if you would like to get hold of them just for once, or in their behalf call on the firm of Birch & Spank.

It is easy enough to spoil a child. No great art is demanded. Only three or four things are requisite to complete the work. Make all the nurses wait on him and fly at his bidding. Let him learn never to go for a drink, but always have it brought to him. At ten years of age have Bridget tie his shoe-strings. Let him strike auntie because she will not get him a sugar-plum. He will soon learn that the house is his realm, and he is to rule it. He will come up into manhood one of those precious spirits that demand obeisance and service, and with the theory that the world is his oyster, which with knife he will proceed to open.

But if the child be insensible to all such efforts to spoil him, try the plan of never saying anything encouraging to him. If he do wrong, thrash him soundly; but if he do well, keep on reading the newspaper, pretending not to see him. There are excellent people, who, through fear of producing childish vanity, are unresponsive to the very best endeavor. When a child earns parental applause he ought to have it. If he get up head at school, give him a book or an apple. If he saw a bully on the play-ground trampling on a sickly boy, and your son took the bully by the throat so tightly that he became a little variegated in color, praise your boy, and let him know that you love to have him the champion of the weak. Perhaps *you* would not do right a day, if you had no more prospect of reward than that which you have given him. If on commencement-day he make the best speech, or read the best essay, tell him of it. Truth is always harmless, and the more you use of it the better. If your daughter at the conservatory take the palm, give her a new piece of music, a ring, a kiss, or a blessing.

Let children know something of the worth of money, by earning it. Overpay them if you will, but let them get some idea of equivalents. If they get

distorted notions of values at the start, they will never be righted. Daniel Webster knew everything except how to use money. From boyhood he had things mixed up. His mother gave him and Ezekiel money for Fourth of July. As the boys came back from the village, the mother said, "Daniel, what did you buy with your money?" and he answered: "I bought a cake and a candy, and some beer, and some fire-crackers." Then turning to Ezekiel she said, "What did you buy with *your* money?" "Oh," said Ezekiel, "*Daniel* borrowed mine."

On the other hand, it is a ruinous policy to be parsimonious with children. If a boy find that a parent has plenty of money, and he, the boy, has none, the temptation will be to steal the first cent he can lay his hand on. Oh, the joy that five pennies can buy for a boy! They seem to open before him a Paradise of liquorice-drops and cream candy. You cannot in after-life buy so much superb satisfaction with five thousand dollars as you bought with your first five cents. Children need *enough* money, but not a superfluity. Freshets wash away more cornfields than they culture.

Boys and girls are often spoiled by parental gloom. The father never unbends. The mother's rheumatism hurts so, she does not see how little Maggie can ever laugh. Childish curiosity is denounced as impertinence. The parlor is a Parliament, and everything in everlasting order. Balls and tops in that house are a nuisance, and the pap that the boy is expected most to relish is Geometry, a little sweetened with the chalk of blackboards. For cheerful reading the father would recommend *Young's Night Thoughts* and Hervey's *Meditations Among the Tombs*.

At the first chance the boy will break loose. With one grand leap he will clear the catechisms. He will burst away into all riotous living. He will be so glad to get out of Egypt that he will jump into the Red Sea.

A sure way of spoiling children is by surfeiting them with food. Many of them have been stuffed to death. The mother spoke of it as a grand achievement that her boy ate ten eggs at Easter. He waddles across the room under burdens of porter-house steak and plum-pudding enough to swamp a day-laborer. He runs his arm up to the elbow in the jar of blackberry jam, and pulls it out amid the roar of the whole household thrown into hysterics with the witicism. After a while he has a pain, then he gets "the dumps," soon he will be troubled with indigestion, occasionally he will have a fit, and last of all he gets a fever, and dies. The parents have no idea that they are to blame. Beautiful verses are cut on the tombstone, when, if the truth had been told, the epitaph would have read—KILLED BY APPLE DUMPLINGS!

Temperate in every place—abroad, at home,
 Thence will applause and thence will profit come,
 And health from either, he, in time prepares
 For sickness, age, and their attendant cares.—*Crabbe*.

THANKSGIVING AT GRANDPA'S

Kinsfolk from far and near come to grandpa's at Thanksgiving. Children and grandchildren, uncles and aunts, even cousins, several degrees removed, find their way to the big, hospitable farmhouse, and for a week before the event-



“WAS THERE EVER SUCH A DELIGHTFUL PLACE”

ful day, guests are arriving. Every nook and cranny of sleeping-room comes into requisition; the house overflows with babies and young people generally. The air is jubilant with song and laughter. Grandpa and grandma hear all

their old favorites and all the new Gospel hymns sung to their hearts' content in fresh, glad, young voices. Hide-and-seek, ring-around-rosy, and blindman's buff are in order every evening. Much corn-popping and chestnut-roasting goes on, interspersed with a little love-making.

Was any place ever so fragrant of good things, so wholesome and cheerful as grandpa's? The smell of apples greets you on the threshold; from the kitchen come spicy whiffs, aromatic and appetizing; lavender-scented beds infuse your slumbers with dreams of old-fashioned gardens. Great bunches of chrysanthemums in vases on parlor and sitting-room mantels breathe tribute to passing autumn. The very atmosphere welcomes you.

Grandma's kitchen! Was there ever such a delightful place? Big and sunny it is, with festoons of scarlet peppers, treasures of golden pumpkins, shining pots and pans, singing kettles, mighty, roaring stove—and a whole colony of cooks! Such merry cooks! One beauty of Thanksgiving dinner at grandpa's is the fun the young folks have in helping to get it. Grandma loves to have them around her, and she lets who will try their hand at pie and pudding making. And now, is not this the nicest school in the world to learn house-keeping in? Why, cooking is play in grandma's kitchen! Grandma praises everything one does, too, and if there are any failures, she says, "Never mind, you'll do better next time!"

A NEW LEAF

He came to my desk with a quivering lip—

The lesson was done—

"Dear teacher, I want a new leaf," he said,

"I have spoiled this one."

In place of the leaf so stained and blotted

I gave him a new one, all unspotted,

And into his sad eyes smiled—

"Do better now, my child."

I went to the throne with a quivering soul—

The old year was done—

"Dear Father, hast thou a new leaf for me?

I have spoiled this one."

He took the old leaf, stained and blotted,

And gave me a new one, all unspotted,

And into my sad heart smiled—

"Do better now, my child."—*Kathleen R. Wheeler.*

HOME DEFINED

Home's not merely four square walls,
 Though with pictures hung and gilded:
 Home is where affection calls,
 Filled with shrines the heart hath builded!
 Home! go watch the faithful dove,
 Sailing 'neath the heaven above us;
 Home is where there's one to love!
 Home is where there's one to love us!



From the Painting by Leon Morau

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS

Home's not merely roof and room,
 It needs something to endear it;
 Home is where the heart can bloom,
 Where there's some kind lip to cheer it!
 What is home with none to meet,
 None to welcome, none to greet us?
 Home is sweet,—and only sweet—
 When there's one we love to meet us!—*Charles Swain.*

It takes at least two to make a home. It takes at least two to make a cheerful table. Shun restaurants and dine with your wife.

DOING THINGS RIGHT

A rap at the door introduced a neighbor's little son, who handed me my letters. The first one I opened was from Mabel Duncan, a young girl who wanted to know how to set the table.

"I am the youngest girl at home," writes Mabel, "and I have to set the table. This is my work. And I want to do it just right."

"For pity's sake!" said Uncle James, "the child's daft. Anybody can set a table. It's only putting the dishes on."

"You are a man, James!" I said, dismissing him to his ignorance. "Mabel shall have the information she asks for."

"In the first place, Mabel, you need two table-cloths. A thick undercloth of felt or of canton flannel, firmly fastened on the table and pinned at the corners, should go under your white cloth. Then, if you have a pretty centre-piece of linen, daintily embroidered, put that in the middle of your table."

"Stuff!" ejaculated Uncle James, "and nonsense!"

"Jim, dear," I said, "read your book, and don't interrupt. When it comes to carving the roast you may speak, not before!"

"The next thing, Mabel, is to set plates all round the table. On these you will set the soup-plates. Lay knives on the right and forks on the left of every plate; also spoons beside the knives. If you use small butter plates, or larger plates for bread and butter, they should stand at the right of the place-plate. Set a goblet or tumbler at every place. Let the tray with cups and saucers, sugar-bowl, cream-jug, etc., stand before your mother. The principal meat-dish, turkey, roast beef, or whatever it is, may be set before your father. Unless you do not mind crowding up your table, you will set your vegetable dishes on a side table.

"This advice," said the minister's wife, "may help Mabel, but I want her to be told, too, that every family has its own way of serving food, consequently its own way of setting tables. Her mother's way is most likely the best one for her to follow."

Remarked the little school-ma'am:

"In the education of the period, our young girls should have a training in good housekeeping, and in the proper care of their possessions. Our grandmothers always washed their own teacups, and so do many careful housekeepers still. I confess that it always gives me a pang when I see young women who know a little of nearly everything under the canopy, except the science of house-keeping. Nobody can ever have things done as they ought to be, unless she has gone through a course of doing them herself."

Mothers should insist on making their daughters practical. Some mothers are foolishly afraid that work will ruin their daughters' hands. As if the very prettiest hands in the world were not those which have learned the fine art and beautiful accomplishment of ministering to the dear ones at home.

If mothers will allow their girls to take a little responsibility, and permit

them to keep house turn about, each daughter assuming the reins for a week or a fortnight, they will find themselves lightened of some of their burdens, and the young women will not only thank them in future, but acquit themselves very creditably, for the most part, in the present time.—*Margaret Sangster.*

LOVE BETTER THAN GOLD

Within my little cottage
Are peace and warmth and light,
And loving welcome waiting
When I come home at night.
The polished kettle's steaming,
The snowy cloth is spread—
And close against my shoulder
There leans a smooth, brown head!
Her eyes are lit with laughter
(They light the world for me)—
“For how much would you sell me?
Now tell me, sir!” cries she,
'Tis then I answer, somehow,
Between a smile and tear:
“Not for all the gold in Klondike!
The gold in Klondike, dear!”

BABY'S NURSE

Few nurses were as devoted as was Dean Swift's. In his infancy, the afterwards famous Jonathan was actually stolen away from his mother. His nurse loved the little boy passionately, and when one of her relatives died, leaving her a legacy which she was called to look after, she went away carrying little Jonathan with her, without so much as “By your leave,” to his mother. The child was delicate, his mother feared to have him run the risk of a second voyage and of separation from his nurse, and let the woman keep him three years. The nurse was so careful in teaching the boy that when he returned to Dublin he was able to spell, and when five years old he could read any chapter of the Bible.

No mother wants a nurse who would go to such extreme of devotion as stealing the baby; but if baby is to thrive and be happy, his nurse must be a woman who loves babies. She should be a cheerful person; baby is as responsive to a sunny temper as flowers are to sunshine, and gloom depresses him. Don't let your nurse sing doleful ditties to your child. Ask her to teach him bright ballads and tell him happy stories. People can be trained into habits of cheerfulness or the reverse. And it is in infancy that we should begin to develop the capacity for seeing the bright side of life. Of course, in asking so much of your nurse, you must try to do something for her. If she is to be cheerful, things

must be made as pleasant and comfortable for her as possible. When we realize how important child-culture is, in its physical, moral and spiritual aspects, it would look as if every nurse of little children should have a kindergarten course as preparation for her work.

AROUND THE DINNER-TABLE

A merely bounteous table is not always welcome or appetizing. Two or three dishes well prepared and daintily arranged are superior to a dozen carelessly and inartistically put on. Hospitality is often confounded with profusion; and some of us are apt to believe that we play the host ill unless we persuade our guests into eating a great deal. This sort of entertainment is simply material, though it is commoner than we think. The pleasures of the table should appeal to the eye and mind, as well as to the palate. Form should be consulted; grace should be indispensable. The savor of food gains much from its setting and its accompaniments.

Flowers have come to be indispensable to many tables, and they will be ere long, let us hope, indispensable to all. They need not be rare or costly. They are so beautiful, even the plainest and poorest of them, that nothing else can supply their place. A few green leaves, a dozen way-side daisies, a bunch of violets, impart a charm and awake in us the touch of nature. But more than all that is on the table is the spirit brought to it. There can be no high enjoyment of the senses unattended by sympathy. Disquietude of mind at the table is the precursor of indigestion. They who are invited to dinner and take thereto anxiety and discontent, defraud the host of a proper return for his hospitality. No one has a right to go socially where he does not hope to give some sort of compensation. The tablecloth should be the flag of truce in the battles of every-day life. We should respect it, and in its presence commend ourselves to peace. The dining-room is about the only place where all the family meet. Make reunions there occasions for giving and gathering food for moral and spiritual strength and refreshment, as well as for the upbuilding of the body—indeed, the latter end cannot well be accomplished unless the former is served. Let your bread be truly blessed as it is broken.

THE PUMPKIN PIE

Ah! on Thanksgiving Day, when from East and from West,
From North and from South, come the pilgrims and guest,
When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his board
The old, broken links of affection restored;
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before,
What moistens the lip, and what brightens the eye?
What calls back the past, like the rich pumpkin pie?—*Whittier.*



THE OLD-FASHIONED THANKSGIVING DINNER

THE "DOLL'S HOSPITAL"

A sign hanging from a second-story window in New York City reads that way, and the physician in charge is a cheery little German woman, wife of a man who made dolls in Saxony. "Putting a finger on," and "waxing a face over," are the two most difficult operations in doll surgery. The doctor treats fractures and wounds of every description, and importers who send dolls, damaged in transportation, are very particular that dolly's new head, hand, or hair shall match the rest of her; but children are her most numerous, and also her most exacting patrons—especially in the matter of heads. "The children know their little dolls," says the doll-mender, "and love them very dearly. When they grow old, and scratched, and broken, the little ones can't forget that they were once rosy, and whole, and beautiful. Oh, no! It isn't that my heads are not pretty. They are not compared with the old head, but with the old head as it was when the doll was found in the Christmas stocking. That is the dolly they want again.

"The sign is a great help to me in my business. It brings work from the children. It makes playing with the dolls more real, you see, to have a 'hospital' to take them to. Very fine fun it is for the children, as you would know if you could see them come here, playing all the while that the doll is in a dangerous state, and needs most careful attention. I play at the same thing with them, sometimes; it's good for business, and then it is fun for me, too." Touching incidents occur when little mothers bring children so hopelessly maimed that restoration is impossible, and yet so tenderly loved that it is hard to advise burial in the waste-can.

THE HIGHEST TASK

Great deeds are trumpeted, loud bells are rung,
And men turn round to hear
The high peaks echo to the pæans sung,
And some great victor cheer, and yet great deeds are few.

The mightiest men find opportunities but now and then.
The sweetest lives are those to duty wed.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells.
The Book of Life the shining record tells.

God help us mothers all to live aright,
And may our homes all truth and love enfold,
Since life for us no loftier aims can hold
Than leading little children in the light.

In daily life, good-temper will gain more victories than logic, just as one will catch more flies with honey than with vinegar.—*Dulce Domum.*

THE COUNTRY CHILD

The city child, who has no acquaintance with cows and calves and sheep and horses, with birds and bees and butterflies and daisied fields, has missed a lot of fun that it really seems every child ought to have. How wonderingly the little heads bend to watch the lovely miracle where the birth of the crocus breaks the brown crust of mother earth with a flash of gold. Small noses sniff delightedly the scent of violets empurpling a sunny border in the old-fashioned garden, with its southern exposure, its hot-beds and its multitude of wonders happening under glass. At one minute, the Southern children pity brothers and



THE CHILDREN'S PETS ON THE FARM

sisters living farther north where there is yet snow on the ground; the next minute they would love to be up there and help in the snow-balling.

The familiarity with domestic animals, which constitutes a part of farm-life, is another of the country child's blessings. What friends some of us who were raised in the country used to make of Bossy and Dimple, the good cows who gave us such rich milk! To bring the cows home was great fun, was it not? The writer found it so. The tinkle of the bells in the evening, the sweet smell of the meadows, the splash of the brook as we came through—Dimple and Bossy and Brindle and Sweet Buttercup and the whole bovine company, with

their human guardians and playmates in charge. What excitement there was in trying to learn to milk! "Soh! soh, Bossy, soh!" we'd say. Instead of "sohing" how often Bossy kicked us and our little pails over—never roughly enough to hurt us badly. Bossy understood children.—*Mary Jordan.*

THE HOME KEEPER

About her household moving glad each day,
 With heartfelt care of all the simplest things;
 And near her side a child voice coos and sings;
 She hears the noise of pattering feet at play,
 And pauses oft to kiss the lips that say
 "Mother!" and joys to feel the hand that clings
 Close to her heart, as to her apron strings—
 Nor would she chide that little hand away!
 Then, when the day hath drifted to the dark,
 And brightening stars loom through the twilight late,
 She feels the heart within her bosom stir
 At every leaf that strikes the lattice . . . Hark!
 Her life's reward—a footstep at the gate,
 And love that comes to claim the love of her!

—*Frank L. Stanton.*

BOARDING-HOUSE VERSUS HOME

Many a country boy in a city boarding house, not having known anything different, fancies he is seeing social life, and likes his chilly hall bedroom, where he can bring the other fellows up to have a smoke, even better than the sweet and sunny room at home, made dainty by his mother's loving care.

Indeed, if his maiden aunt, or the invalid sister, or the blessed mother herself, took a fancy for a visit to the city, he would hesitate to bring them just as they are into the atmosphere of this city boarding house which he calls home. He would not like his mother to be patronized or looked down upon, and he knows by a sort of instinct, that her Sunday shawl and best black silk would seem out of date at the table or in the parlor. He loves his maiden aunt, who, since he was a baby boy, has had nothing she liked better to do than to coddle and pet and spoil him, but he could not have her come for a visit with that little wisp of hair twisted up like a door-knob on the back of her head. And even the invalid sister has a stoop in her shoulders that effectually prevents her taking on "any kind of style." He isn't conscious of being ashamed of any one of them. He only thinks that it would be more comfortable for a fellow if they quietly stayed at home.

How all this changes when sickness seizes the city young man in his boarding house. Then he forgets the old-fashioned cut of the gown. Then he doesn't

mind that the strong, tender face that bends above him has only plain bands of thin hair twisted into a knob. He is glad enough to have somebody who loves him come down from the country to get a gas stove to warm up his room, to sit by his bedside and mend his stockings, to transfer his sloppy and cold boarding



THE BUSY INHABITANTS OF THE BARNYARD

house broth into something that he can take without disgust. He ceases to be ashamed of his relations, and if the sickness is long enough and severe enough, and there is good stuff at the bottom, he becomes ashamed of himself.—*Mary Lowe Dickinson.*

Where the chickens and the pigs and the pumpkins be,
Is the very best place good times to see!

THE HOME HEROES

Harry Ripley sat by the kitchen window with an open book in his hand : but he was not reading. His mother, in the buttery just beyond, was busy with her milk pans, and his sister Flora was outdoors tying up rose bushes and transplanting violets. Harry's book was about heroes, and the boy was lost in a dream of the great things he would have done had he lived in the days of the knights who went to and fro to assist people in distress, and who always fought on the side of the weak.

"But now," thought Harry, "there is nothing for a brave man to do. The same humdrum life every day, and no adventures or wonderful things happening. I am tired of it."

"Harry," called his father, from the barn, "the cows are in the garden. They are tramping down the turnips and breaking off the currant bushes. I am afraid you forgot to shut the gate. Run, my boy, and drive Whitefoot and Bess to pasture."

Harry made haste to obey. He remembered now that in his hurry to get to "Launcelot and Galahad," he had left the gate open, and one glance showed him that the cows had done some mischief. He felt vexed at them.

"I meant to have written a splendid composition this afternoon," he said to himself. "Now it will take a whole hour to put this garden to rights again. What hateful things cows are!"

Harry went down the lane, through the bars, across the dewy fields, and out to the clover meadow with the "creatures," and then turned round and came slowly home. All the way he was planning what noble things he would do if he were only a soldier, or a sailor, or a rich banker, or a king's son. As he approached the house he saw that something unusual had taken place. Flora was standing in the doorway with tears in her eyes. Mother was very pale, and where was father? Surely that was not father lying on the lounge and looking so white and deathlike. Yet it could be nobody else. Harry's heart stood still.

"My dear boy," said his mother, "where did you put those drops I asked you to bring from the shop yesterday? Father has had a bad turn, and I could not find the medicine anywhere."

Poor Harry! He blushed and fidgeted a moment before he answered.

"Oh, mother, I am so very sorry. I forgot to go to the shop. The bottle is still in the pocket of my best coat up-stairs."

"Well," said his mother, "your father is better, but his life might at some time depend upon having had medicine at hand. You must give the bottle to Flora, and let her go to the apothecary's with it. I can always trust my Flora, and Harry, I cannot always trust you. Do you know what made father ill to-day?"

"His heart?" said Harry.

"Yes, dear, his poor heart can endure so little over-exertion, and you forgot to chop the wood or bring down the hay last night; so while you were gone with the cows your father did those things himself."

"It was all that book," Harry began.

"Not the book, but the boy, Harry," said the gentle mother. "It is right to read about heroes, and to wish to be like them; but the real heroes, after all, are those who attend to the little duties faithfully just as they come along. God blesses the boys who do not forget the business he has given them to do."

I am glad to tell you that Harry resolved, with God's help, not to be a dreamer, but a worker, and God assisted him in his efforts to conquer his besetting sin. His mother to-day says that she depends a great deal on Harry.

THE PILOT'S WIFE

We went to housekeeping immediately upon our marriage, for mother said she "despised these boarding people; she went to housekeeping when she was married, and she meant all her children should do the same; and if their husbands weren't able to go to housekeeping, then they weren't able to be husbands, and there was an end of it; and no two people," she said, "brought up in different fashions, could unite their lives into one without some jarring, and a third party was sure to turn that jar into an earthquake; if there were fewer third parties, half the trouble would be done away with; for she believed half the divorces and separations and quarrels in the state were brought about by boarding-house intimacies with third parties." So to housekeeping as I said, we went—though I knew that by and by I should just perish with loneliness, and in the very pleasantest house, I am sure, that the whole city had to offer, if it was the smallest—the bay-window of the sunny little parlor looking out upon the water, so that we could see everything that came up the harbor, and, from my bird's-nest of a room above, with the glass that Bert mounted there, I could sweep the bay, and see Bert's boat when it was miles away.

Bert staid up with great contentment for a week or ten days, pottering and tinkering about the house, and finding little odd jobs to attend to, where he had thought everything perfect till experience proved the contrary, planting morning-glories and scarlet-beans round the basement to run up over the bay-window, and a prairie-rose for the lattice of the door, setting out a cherry tree and a dwarf-pear, and trimming up a grape-vine in the little yard, and arranging all manner of convenient contrivances in all manner of corners. Then when dark came we would light the drop-lamp, and have a little wood-fire on the hearth, for we were just beginning the cool May nights, and then we would draw around it—I with my worsteds, and he with the evening paper; and he would look at me over the paper, lay it down, and draw a long breath of pleasure, saying if we had been married a year we could not be more comfortable.—*H. P. Spofford.*

No one ever loved child, parent or sister too much. It is not the intensity of affection, but its interference with truth or duty, that makes it idolatry. Love was given, sanctioned, and encouraged that self might be annulled.

MRS. ROOSEVELT AT HOME

Clad in deep mourning, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt entered the Executive Mansion, September 26, 1901, under sadder circumstances than have ever marked the installation of a "Lady of the White House"—although no one



MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT

forgets how profoundly sorrowful were the times which called for Mrs. Lincoln's successor, nor of how the people grieved when Garfield died. With public buildings everywhere swathed in black, flags all over the Union flying at half-mast, a whole nation bowed in woe, herself as its representative wearing garments of grief, our "First Lady" needed some marks of cheer to greet her entrance into her new home; and one is glad to know that these were not lacking. Her husband met her at the door and led her to the dining-room, where a cozy luncheon was ready. With her came two of the children, Ethel and Kermit, and her housekeeper and her maid from Oyster Bay; so there was much to make her feel at home in her new abode.

A number of changes are under way in the mansion.

The big, canopied bedsteads have been relegated to the attic, and pretty white bedsteads have been placed in the rooms on the south side of the building, which will be occupied by the Roosevelt children. Much furniture from the house at Oyster Bay has been brought to the White House. Mrs. Roosevelt, it is said, will look personally after the ways of her household, superintending her own marketing, and giving much time to the education of her children.

There are six children in the Roosevelt family, Alice, Theodore, Kermit, Ethel, Archibald and Quentin. Alice, who is seventeen, is the daughter of Mr. Roosevelt's first wife. The household has always been a very happy one. At Oyster Bay and in the Governor's Mansion at Albany, Mrs. Roosevelt has sought to preserve the simplicity and privacy of the typical, democratic Amer-

ican home. Father and mother were comrades for their children; the little folks were jolly as jolly could be; guests were welcomed with hearty hospitality. Appointments of the house were daintiness and comfort combined. Elaborate entertainments and "swell" dinners with gorgeous decorations were not chronicled of the Roosevelts. They are not rich, and they lived well within their means. At Oyster Bay, Mrs. Roosevelt was fond of going about in a walking-skirt, and playing with her children. She is brown-eyed, brown-haired and rosy. It is a cause of congratulation to all Americans that the beautiful home-life of the McKinleys will be followed by that of another pair of wedded lovers, whose devotion to each other has made marriage the blessed relation it should ever be. Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt are the youngest couple who ever entered the White House; and with their troop of happy children they will make a merry place of the historic dwelling. The public will doubtless feel the same sort of affectionate interest and proprietorship in the little Roosevelts that they have extended to other White House children. Little folks of the Executive Mansion have always been regarded as the "nation's babies," so to speak.

CHILDREN'S SELF-DENIAL

At an early age children may be taught to forego little things, especially for the sake of others; for that shows a purpose. Afterwards they may be taught to bear disappointments and crosses as benefiting their own character, and preparing them for the heavier trials and sacrifices of mature age. It will help to self-conquest, if one distinct act of self-denial is practised every day; and then it should be entirely voluntary and cheerful, for thus it is like fruit with the bloom on it; but when self-denial is grudging and complaining, it is indeed sour and acrid fruit.—*Dulce Domum.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S STEP-MOTHER

The new Mrs. Lincoln, if she was disappointed in the home she found in Indiana never showed her disappointment to her step-children. She took hold of the duties and labors of the day with a cheerful readiness that was long and gratefully remembered by her step-son, at least. They were good friends at once. Of him she said, years after, "He never gave me a cross word or look, and never refused in fact or appearance to do anything I requested of him." Of her, he said, "She was a noble woman, affectionate, good, and kind; rather above the average woman as I remember women in those days."

—*Noah Brooks.*

Nor need we power or splendor,
Wide halls or lordly dome;
The good, the true, the tender—
These form the wealth of home.—*Lucretia P. Hale.*

THE FARMER'S HOME

Webster defines home as a "dwelling-place," but it admits of a broader meaning. There are brilliant and elegant homes. Some are wise, thrifty and careful, and others are warm and genial, by whose glowing hearths any one, at any time, may find enough and to spare. There are bright homes and gloomy homes. There are homes that hurry and bustle through years of incessant labor, until one and another of the inmates fall, like the falling leaves, and the homes turn to dust. Science has done much to remove the drudgery in our homes, introducing ease and comfort. An ideal home must first have a government, but love must be the dictator. All the members should unite to make home happy. We should have light in our homes, heaven's own pure, transparent light. It matters not whether home is clothed in purple and gold, if it is only brimful of love, smiles, and gladness.

Our boards should be spread with everything good and enjoyable. We should have birds, flowers, pets, everything suggestive of sociability. Flowers are as indispensable to the perfection of a home as to the perfection of a plant. Do not give them all the sunniest windows and pleasantest corners, crowding out the children. If you cannot have a large conservatory, have a small one. Give your children pets, so that by the care and attention bestowed upon them they may learn the habits of animals.

Of the ornamentation about a house, although a broad lake lends a charm to the scenery, it cannot compare with the babbling brook. As the little streamlet goes tumbling over the rocks and along the shallow, pebbly bed, it may be a marvelous teacher to the children, giving them lessons of enterprise and perseverance.

In our homes we must have industry and sympathy. In choosing amusements for the children, the latter element must be brought in. To fully understand the little ones, you must sympathize with them. When a child asks questions don't meet it with, "Oh, don't bother me." Tell it all it wants to know. Never let your angry passions rise, no matter how much you may be tried. For full and intelligent happiness in the home circle, a library of the best works is necessary. Do not introduce milk and water fiction, but books of character. Our homes should have their Sabbaths and their family altars. Around these observances cling many of the softest and most sacred memories of our lives.—*William H. Yeomans.*

Forenoon and afternoon and night; forenoon
And afternoon and night; forenoon, and what!
The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yes, that is life. Make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And time is conquered and thy crown is won.

—*E. R. Sill.*



“GIVE YOUR CHILDREN PETS”

THE BEST WIFE

Womanhood is greater than wifehood. It comprehends and embraces it. The best woman will make the best wife. If the mind of a woman is dwarfed, and her faculties are weakened by disuse, she will be an inefficient wife, because she is an inefficient woman. If, on the other hand, her mind is trained, her judgment cultivated, her powers developed, she will be adequate to any emergency as woman or wife. Let girls be taught to make the most of themselves. Let them fulfil present duties, and the future will take care of itself. She who walks grandly as a woman will not walk unworthily as a wife. She who stands upright alone, will not drag her husband downward. She who guides her own life wisely and well, will not rule her household with an erring hand. Familiarity with the details of domestic management will be a help, but want of familiarity will not be an insurmountable obstacle.—*Gail Hamilton.*

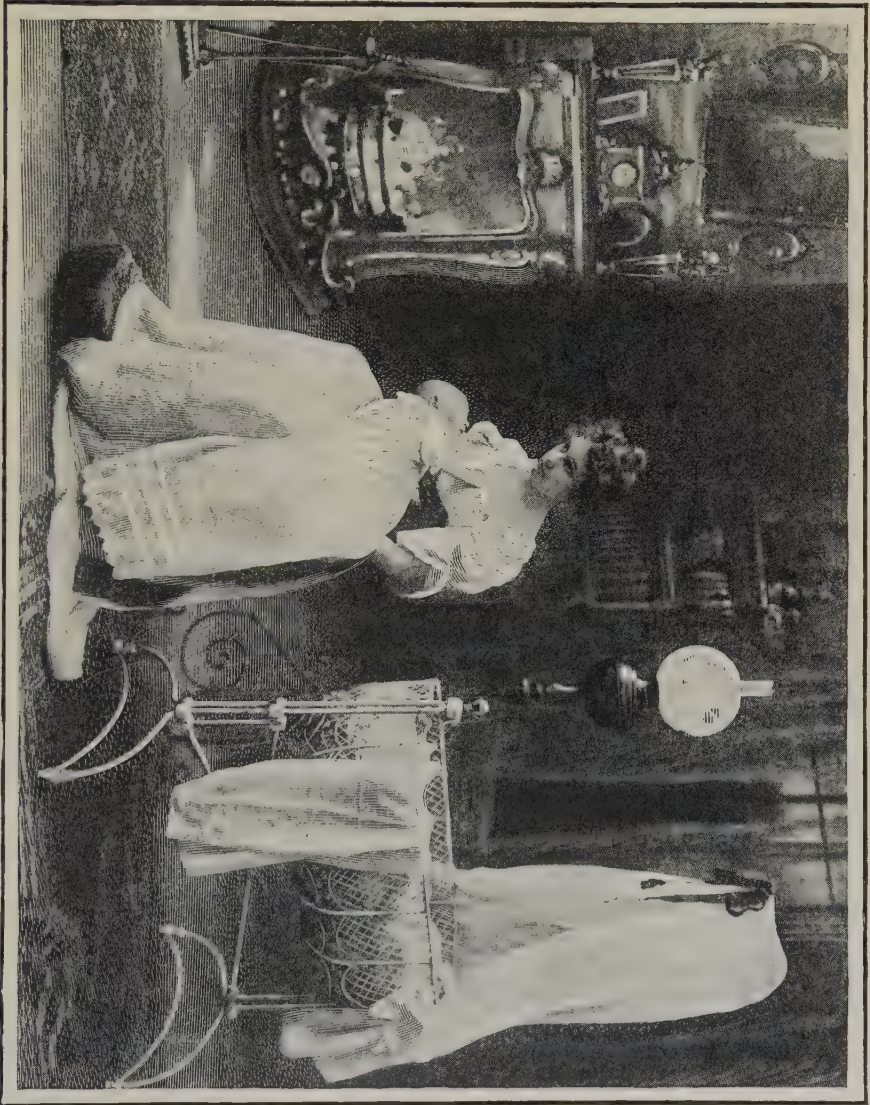
THE PRAISE OF SERVANTS

The most authentic witnesses of any man's character are those who know him in his own family, and see him without any restraint or rule of conduct but such as he voluntarily prescribes to himself. If a man carries virtue with him into his private apartments, and takes no advantage of unlimited power or probable secrecy; if we trace him through the round of his time, and find that his character, with those allowances which mortal frailty must always want, is uniform and regular, we have all the evidence of his sincerity that one man can have with regard to another; and, indeed, as hypocrisy cannot be its own reward, we may, without hesitation, determine that his heart is pure. The highest panegyric, therefore, that private virtue can receive, is the praise of servants.—*Dr. Samuel Johnson.*

HUSH THEE, MY BABY

Hush, hush thee, my baby, hush, hush thee to rest,
Be still! and I'll sing thee the song thou lov'st best,
For I'll sing of the mother whose blessing thou'lt be,
And of hearts that are glad when they think upon thee,
And of prayers which are rising that thou may'st be blest;
Then hush thee, sweet baby, hush, hush thee to rest.

Oh, weep not, my baby, weep, weep not to-day,
I'll sing till I charm thy young sorrows away;
For my song shall be all of those blessings divine,
Of the home, and the hope that, sweet baby, are thine,
Of Him who is waiting all bright things to give,
And of Him who has died that my baby may live!



“PRAYERS WHICH ARE RISING THAT THOU MAY’ST BE BLESSED”

OUR DEBT TO FENIMORE COOPER'S WIFE

It was his wife who "discovered" J. Fenimore Cooper, and so gave to the world its representative American novelist. Cooper had resigned his commission in the United States Army and was living in a quiet little house at Mamaroneck, New York, loving his books, his wife, his home; enjoying obscurity and the monotony of a country life, which must have been all the more pronounced to a man who had had acquaintance with wild beasts on Western frontiers, stirring experiences in Indian wars. One of his diversions was reading to his wife. One day, tossing a novel aside, he exclaimed, with the sort of impatience most of us feel after reading a book we don't like:

"Why, I could write a better book myself!"

"Do! I am sure you can!" said Mrs. Cooper.

The first chapter of "Precaution" was written. His wife listened to its reading, "Go on!" she said with enthusiasm. The book did not please the world as well as it had pleased the wife, but Mrs. Cooper only said, "Go on!" Cooper went on; and his books are classics here and abroad, and the story-world is full of delightful people whom we might never have known about but for Mrs. Cooper.

"Home ties are unfavorable to the development of genius," say many. Perhaps this is true; for we can not know how many people are kept from giving the world famous books, songs, statues, or pictures, because the pressing necessities of supporting a family forces them to do the first thing that presents itself. But we do know that the majority of the world's great men have been married men. How many bachelors have become great men? Nothing helps to bring one "up to the mark," so to speak, like the responsibility of having to care for a family.

FURNISHING THE DOLL HOUSE

Furnishing the doll house can be made a most entertaining business for little folks when rainy days keep them indoors. The doll house may be a paper box, or a series of paper boxes, connected by doors which Jack and Rosy may contrive for themselves. The catalogue books distributed by merchants supply the furniture. A store may be set up and stocked from these, and "shopping" is great fun. A pair of small, sharp-pointed scissors and a glue-pot are essentials; while paint boxes and colored crayons are useful if the little house-makers want to stain floors and paint windows. Stoves, hardware, tables, china, etc., for kitchen, pantry and dining-room; portieres for doors; cabinets, easy chairs, divans, lamps and vases for parlor; books and book-cases for library; plants for conservatory; even pictures to hang on the wall, and bolts of damask for the linen closet can be had just by cutting them out of the catalogues—or buying them with make-believe money at the catalogue store. Meanwhile, Jack and Rosy are learning something of the art of home-making.

LITTLE HOMES

Did you ever think that almost every living thing, no matter how tiny, has somewhere in the great world a place that, if it could speak, it would call its home? Some place that it runs to in time of danger—some place that it seems to love better than any other, and which at times it will protect, even to the cost of its life! Yes, the animals, great and small, the birds, some fishes even, and little insects—all find a spot dearer than any other to work for and to love.

Teach your children to respect the tiny homes of God's small creatures. Let your little boy feel that it is no more right for him to rudely intrude upon the privacy of a bird's nest than to rush into the apartments of your most distinguished lady and gentlemen friends uninvited; and that it is just as reprehensible for him to disturb a bird's babies as to carelessly

startle his own little brothers and sisters. Teach him to reverence the least home in the world—to be true to the least thing that trusts him.



MR. AND MRS. SQUIRREL
AT HOME

THE CHILD AND THE CHESTNUT BURRS

The chestnuts closed their houses tight,
But Jack Frost opened them all last night.
I think, some time, I'll sit up and see
When he opens the burrs, if he won't show me.
For I've wondered so, and I wish I knew
If he doesn't get pricked, as my fingers do.
And I can't see why, after all his fuss,
He leaves them here on the grass for us!

A CHRISTMAS HOME GATHERING

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for six-pence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt-collar (Bob's private property conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onions, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collar nearly choked him,) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan-lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father, then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha warn't as late last Christmas Day!"

"Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's such a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl; "and had to clear away this morning, mother!"

"Well! never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter exclusive of the fringe hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim. He bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming?" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper,

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had railed Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant for them to remember upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire.—*Dickens*.



THE OLD HOMESTEAD

The old house where our mother first taught us to pray, and where our father first set us the example of godliness. The little chamber which was the first thing that we could call our own. The school where we first acquired the taste for knowledge. The spot where we acquainted ourselves with God and were at peace. The bedside where we last felt "the touch of a vanished hand," and last heard "the sound of a voice that is still." God's acre, where all that is mortal of our loved ones lies. These are but memories now.

TIRED MOTHERS

A little elbow leans upon your knee—
Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers holding yours so tight!
You do not prize the blessing overmuch—
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day—
We are all so dull and thankless, and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me
That while I wore the badge of motherhood
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor—
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear it patter in my house once more;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky—
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I!
But, ah, the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest has flown—
The little boy I used to kiss—is dead.

Good temper has the same physical effect as hope; it makes life elastic and lengthens it. It saves from after regrets and shame. It makes one beloved and acceptable; it increases one's influence immensely; it disarms our opponents and mollifies their hatred. In this way we can all do something to augment good feeling; and if we cannot strew life's path with flowers, we can at least strew it with smiles.



"A CHILD'S DEAR EYES ARE LOOKING LOVINGLY"

NOT ONE CHILD TO SPARE,

"Which shall it be? Which shall it be?"
 I looked at John—John looked at me,
 (Dear, patient John, who loves me yet,
 As well as though my locks were jet),
 And when I found that I must speak,
 My voice seemed strangely low and weak:
 "Tell me again what Robert said!"
 And then I listening bent my head.
 "This is his letter:—'I will give
 A house and land while you shall live,
 If, in return, from out your seven,
 One child to me for aye is given.'"
 I look at John's old garments worn,
 I thought of all that John had borne
 Of poverty, and work, and care,
 Which I, though willing, could not share;
 I thought of seven mouths to feed,
 Of seven little children's need,
 And then of this.—"Come, John," said I,
 "We'll choose among them as they lie
 Asleep;" so, walking hand in hand,
 Dear John and I surveyed our band—
 First to the cradle lightly stepped,
 Where Lilian the baby slept.
 A glory 'gainst the pillow white;
 Softly the father stooped to lay
 His rough hand down in loving way,
 When dream or whisper made her stir,
 And huskily he said: "Not her, not her."
 And one long ray of lamplight shed
 Athwart the boyish faces there,
 We stooped beside the trundle-bed,
 In sleep so pitiful and fair;
 I saw on Jamie's rough, red cheek,
 A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
 "He's but a baby, too," said I
 And kissed him as we hurried by.
 Pale patient Robbie's angel face
 Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace.
 "No, for a thousand crowns, not him,"
 He whispered, while our eyes were dim.
 Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son,

Turbulent, reckless, idle one—
Could he be spared? "Nay, He who gave
Bid us befriend him to his grave;
Only a mother's heart can be
Patient enough for such as he;
And so," said John, "I would not dare
To send him from her bedside prayer."
Then stole we softly up above
And knelt by Mary, child of love.
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently,
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in wilful way,
And shook his head, "Nay, love, not thee,"
The while my heart beat audibly.
Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad—
So like his father. "No, John no—
I can not, will not, let him go."
And so we wrote, in courteous way,
We could not drive one child away;
And afterward toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed,
Happy in truth that not one face
Was missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in heaven!

THE BABY

The old fashion of bringing up children haphazard has been superseded in this enlightened day and generation. Matrons and physicians alike declaim against feeding a child at irregular intervals, permitting him to sleep when and how he will, taking him up because he cries, or any of the other highly improper, inconvenient and agreeable methods to the baby by which the youngsters of years gone by were brought to years of discretion.

Now the chief aim of mothers and nurses is to reduce a child's habits to something as nearly akin to clockwork as it is possible to bring a human being. There is no denying the fact that the baby and her mamma are both gainers by the new system. The little one is benefited by methodical habits, and the mother takes the better care of the child for not being worn out by incessant demands upon her time and attention. The custom of going to bed one night at eight, and another night at eleven, of taking a noontide siesta for a couple of

days, and then intermitting it; of eating how and when one wishes, would be highly detrimental to the health of a grown person. Why should it not be equally injurious to the well-being of a little baby? But while it is to the advantage of the child to be trained into a routine of life, there must be exceptions to this rule. The irregular baby is an unaccountable creature. Sometimes she makes her appearance in a family whose other juvenile members have submitted cheerfully to the precepts laid down for their government, but where she forthwith proceeds to set regulations at defiance. The time-honored method of letting her cry herself to sleep for a couple of nights, fails here. Instead of meekly yielding to the force of circumstances, dropping off at last into peaceful slumber and henceforth going to sleep obediently by herself, she screams herself into a state of nervousness which effectually banishes all drowsiness from her own eyes, and from those of every one else in the house. It is useless then to persist in the attempt at subjugation. There is nothing for it but to take up the excited little creature and soothe her into quiet by any means in one's power. If the experiment continues to prove unsuccessful after several trials, it is better to abandon it for a time than to run the risk of injuring the child by persisting in a *regime* which plainly does not suit her particular case. The child is an exception to the ordinary run of babies, and as such must be humored into strength and docility rather than forced into them. Do not give up the effort to induce regular habits. While it may be impossible to force her into systematic habits, she may be gently warped into them. Above all, never lose patience with the baby.—*Christine Terhune Herrick.*

BABY ARITHMETIC

Rosebud, dainty and fair to see,
Flower of all the world to me,
Come this way on your dancing feet—
Say, how much do you love me, sweet?

Red little mouth drawn gravely down,
White brow wearing a puzzled frown,
Wise little baby Rose is she,
Trying to measure her love for me.

"I love you all the day and the night,
All the dark and the sunshine bright,
All the candy in every store,
All the dollars, and more and more,
Over the tops of the mountains high,
All the world, way up to the sky."

Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low: an excellent thing in a woman.—
Shakespeare.

**TICK-A-TACK**

"Now what is the old clock saying?"

"I can't hurry up! Tick-a-tack!"

"I wonder if that pend'lum's playing

When I want my papa to come back."

"Tick-a-tack! Tick-a-tack! Tick-a-tack!"

OUT OF THE OLD HOUSE, NANCY

Out of the old house, Nancy—moved up into the new;
 All the hurry and worry is just as good as through.
 Only a bounden duty remains for you and I—
 And that's to stand on the door-step, here, and bid the old house good-bye.

What a shell we've lived in, these nineteen or twenty years!
 Wonder it hadn't smashed in, and tumbled about our ears;
 Wonder it's stuck together, and answered till to-day;
 But every individual log was put up here to stay.

* * * * *

Look up there at our new house!—ain't it a thing to see?
 Tall and big and handsome, and new as new can be;
 All in apple-pie order, especially the shelves,
 And never a debt to say but what we own it all ourselves.

Look at our old log-house—how little it now appears!
 But it has never gone back on us for nineteen or twenty years;
 An' I won't go back on it now, or go to pokin' fun—
 There's such a thing as praisin' a thing for the good that it has done.

* * * * *

Probably you remember how rich we was that night,
 When we was fairly settled, an' had things snug and tight:
 We felt as proud as you please, Nancy, over our house that's new,
 But we felt as proud under this old roof, and a good deal prouder, too.

Never a handsomer house was seen beneath the sun:
 Kitchen and parlor and bedroom—we had 'em all in one;
 And the fat old wooden clock that we bought when we come West,
 Was tickin' away in the corner there, and doin' its level best.

* * * * *

Out of the old house, Nancy—moved up into the new;
 All the hurry and worry is just as good as through;
 But I tell you a thing right here, that I ain't ashamed to say,
 There's precious things in this old house we never can take away.

Here the old house will stand, but not as it stood before:
 Winds will whistle through it, and rains will flood the floor;
 And over the hearth, once blazing, the snow-drifts oft will pile,
 And the old thing will seem to be a-mournin' all the while.

Fare you well, old house! you're naught that can feel or see,
 But you seem like a human being—a dear old friend to me;
 And we never will have a better home, if *my* opinion stands,
 Until we commence a-keepin' house in the house not made with hands.
 —*Will Carleton.*

TRUE POLITENESS

First and foremost don't try to be polite. It will spoil everything. If you keep overwhelming your guests with ostentatious entreaties to make themselves at home, they will very soon begin to wish they were there. Let them find out that you are glad to see them by your actions rather than words. And to make them feel that they are welcome you must be glad to see them, and not merely seem glad. If you want guests to be at home with you, you must act as if you were at home yourself, and not make a great ado over them. If their coming has been inopportune or inconvenient you need not lie about it or deny it, but consider that Providence has some purpose of good in it, and plan to make all things as pleasant as you can. Watch for a quiet hour alone if you would speak a word in season to a sorrowing soul. Bear others' burdens on your heart, if you cannot bear them on your hands. Do not pester people with obtrusive acts or words.

Always remember to let bashful people alone at first. It is the only way to set them at ease. Trying to draw them out has sometimes the contrary effect of driving them out—of the house. Leading the conversation is a dangerous experiment. Better follow in its wake, and if you want to endear yourself to talkers, learn to listen well. Never make a fuss about anything—and always preserve composure, no matter what solecisms or blunders others may commit. Remember that it is a very foolish proceeding to lament that you cannot offer to your guests a better house, or furniture, or viands. It is fair to presume that the visit is to you and not to these surroundings. Give people a pleasant impression of themselves, and they will be sure to go away with a pleasant impression of your qualities. On just such slender wheels as these the whole fabric of society turns; it is your business, then, to keep them in revolving order.

Hospitality is a most gracious virtue—a very fine art, indeed; and to attain to its perfect exercise is worthy of our best thought and care.

MY LADY

In my poor cot there dwelleth not
 A lady lulled in laces
 And satins fine; none such is mine.
 But very sweet her face is:
 For God, when first her heart did beat,
 Smiled on her face and made it sweet.

—*Frank L. Stanton.*

HOMES OF AUDUBON'S YOUTH AND AGE

. . . He speaks of his life in Nantes as joyous in the extreme. His step-mother, being without any children of her own, humored the child in every whim, and indulged him in every luxury. The future naturalist, who, in the recesses of American forests, was to live on roots and fruits, and even scantier fare, was indulged with "carte blanche" on all the confectionery shops in the village where his summer months were passed, and he speaks of the kindness of his stepmother as overwhelming. His father had less weakness, and ordered the boy to attend to his education. The elder Audubon had known too many changes of fortune to believe in the fickle goddess; and notwithstanding his wife's tears and entreaties, determining to educate his son thoroughly, as the safest inheritance he could leave him, he sent the young gentleman straightway to school.

* * * * * *

. . . His habits were simple. Rising almost with the sun, he proceeded to the woods to view his feathered favorites till the hour at which the family usually breakfasted, except when he had drawing to do, when he sat closely to his work. After breakfast he drew till noon and then took a long walk. At nine in the evening he generally retired.

He was now an old man, and the fire which had burned so steadily in his heart was going out gradually. Yet there are but few things in his life more interesting and beautiful than the tranquil happiness he enjoyed in the bosom of his family, with his two sons and their children under the same roof, in the short interval between his return from his last earthly expedition, and the time when his sight and mind began to grow dim, until mental gloaming settled on him, before the night of death came. He was very fond of his grandchildren, and used often to take them on his knees and sing to them amusing French songs that he had learned in France when he was a boy.

His loss of sight was quite peculiar in its character. His glasses enabled him to see objects and to read, long after his eye was unable to find a focus on the canvas. The first day he found that he could not adjust his glasses so as to enable him to work at the accustomed distance from the object before him, he drooped. Silent, patient sorrow filled his broken heart. From that time his wife never left him; she read to him, walked with him, and toward the last she fed him. Bread and milk were his breakfast and supper, and at noon he ate a little fish or game, never having eaten animal food if he could avoid it.

The above account of the great naturalist's closing years is full of pathos. All that concerns him is of interest in the many homes where his beautiful *The Birds of America* is a favorite with old and young. His first portfolio of drawings, showing 1,000 birds in colors, was destroyed by rats. He had spent long years in its preparation; it was the fruit of many wanderings and of much patient toil.



BUSINESS RELATIONS

If one thing conduces more than another to the happiness and well-being of the home circle it is a thorough business understanding all around where financial matters are concerned.

It goes without saying—or ought to do so—that father and mother should be as careful and exact in their money dealings with each other as men who are partners in business are supposed to be. Nobody questions but that a business firm will go to pieces if such rule does not obtain. No matter how small a man's income is, he should seek to put a certain portion of it into his wife's hands to spend exactly as she pleases, "and no questions asked." If it is only twenty-five cents a week, it means a good deal to her to own outright just that much income. She can do more things with that twenty-five cents and get more fun out of it than you ever dreamed, my good man, could be purchased with so small a sum. Make it larger if you can. Make it equal to the amount you want to spend and "no questions asked." Ten to one, you'll get most of it back in Christmas presents and little comforts which she will provide for you.

Appreciate it if your wife takes an interest in your business. Have confer-

ences with her. Treat her as squarely as you treat a man who is your partner, and see if it does not pay.

And, now, for the younger members of the family, a word of friendly suggestion. Don't get into the borrowing habit. If, now and then, you must call on brother or sister for a trifling loan, pay it back as faithfully as you would pay a stranger. Don't treat home-folks worse than you treat outsiders. Give them the very best that is in you. Be true.—*Mary Jordan*.

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME

The first piece of charity you are bound to is to keep yourself from being a charge and burden on charity, that there may be the greater maintenance for such as are truly necessitous; and therefore it is a breach of this rule, instead of providing for futurity, to spend all at present, and leave yourself to be a burden. They do not know it, but it is the forethought of the mother. It is the touching of this one's disposition and that one's disposition, first on this side and then on the common charity, whenever age or sickness disables you. It is a duty owing as well to your poorer brethren as to yourself, to keep yourself, by the honest arts of labor and frugality, from preying on their maintenance, when your strength and labor forsake you. And hence it appears that, by the apostle's rule, you are bound as well to thrift and frugality as to labor; and therefore such as work hard, and spend freely all they get, are highly to be blamed, and may be found at last to have spent out of the poor's stock; since by squandering their own they come at last to a necessity of living on charity; by which means others are straitened that they may be supplied.—*Bishop Sherlock*.

WHY?

Why should we have a pleasant "good morning" for every person we meet outside the home and never a greeting for our own? Why should we march off to bed with no "good night"? We are anxious when any one of our own is ailing, but why should we be so careful to hide from the sufferer that we care? A little loving sympathy, and even a bit of petting when one is ill, would be a great healer in many homes.

The habit of hiding what one feels for one's own prevails in more families than would like to confess it. Shall we not see, each in our own homes, what we can do to break this barrier down? We must not begin by making a set of formal rules and holding ourselves and other people to the observance of better manners, but we can get into our hearts that real and loving courtesy that wants them to be happy, and that love in the heart will influence the smile and the look and the word, and even the touch of the hand.

We knew one mother who said she tried to be polite even to the baby, and she felt as if the baby understood. Human hearts are more or less child hearts, all of them, and they will understand and will respond to kindness.



"SISSY"

SISTERLY HELPFULNESS

Once upon a time, there was a young girl who did lots of missionary work while sitting in a company of hilarious youngsters, before ruddy, crackling hickory logs. Such stories as "Sissy" could tell! Always ready "to help a fellow get his lessons," to give an opinion and perhaps a helping stitch or two

on the latest costume for dolly. When mother was sick once, it was Sissy who went around and heard all the prayers and tucked everybody in bed.

When the boys were grown and away from home, they testified to the fact that the memory of Sissy's kind counsels, of her sweet, loving ways, kept them many a time out of harm. And, at last, when they were husbands and fathers, their wives and children were happier and better just because of the lasting influence of the dear old days, when Sissy made fireside fun so delightful and instructive.

PEACE

There are more quarrels smothered by just shutting your mouth, and holding it shut, than by all the wisdom of the world. The old Greeks said that a man had two ears and one mouth that he might hear twice and speak once; and there is a deal of good sense in it. You will find that if you will simply hold your peace, you will pass over nine out of ten of the provocations of life. "But what if men say and do things so provoking that you cannot hold your tongue?" Then, above all things, hold it!—*Beecher*.

PARENTAL APPRECIATION

No pleasanter sight is there, than a family of young folks who are quick to perform little acts of attention toward their elders. The placing of the big arm-chair of mamma, running for a footstool for auntie, hunting up papa's spectacles, and scores of little deeds, show the tender sympathy of gentle, loving hearts. But if mamma never returns a smiling, "Thank you, dear;" if papa's "Just what I was wanting, Susie," does not indicate that the little attention is appreciated, the children soon drop the habit. Little people are imitative creatures, and quickly catch the spirit surrounding them. So if, when the mother's spool of cotton rolls from her lap, the father stoops to pick it up, bright eyes will see the act, and quick minds make a note of it. By example, a thousand times more quickly than by precept, can children be taught to speak kindly to each other, to acknowledge favors, to be gentle and unselfish, to be thoughtful and considerate of the comfort of the family. The boys, with inward pride in their father's courteous demeanor, will be chivalrous and helpful to their own young sisters; the girls, imitating their mother, will be patient and gentle, even when big brothers are noisy and heedless. In the homes where true courtesy prevails, it seems to meet you on the threshold. You feel the kindly welcome on entering. No angry voices are heard upstairs. No sullen children are sent from the room. No peremptory orders are given to cover the delinquencies of house-keeping or servants. A delightful atmosphere prevades the house—unmistakable, yet indescribable.

Such a house, filled by the spirit of love, is a home indeed to all who enter within its consecrated walls.

In the case of grandparents, it is well for the old to remember that youthful

virtues thrive on appreciation. Try not to say to the heedless young folks around you: "I am old and nobody cares for me any longer." If you feel that, tell it to your God and ask him to lift the burden. And you meanwhile make cordial recognition of the least thing done for you by the children. If Mary



READING TO GRANDFATHER

reads for you, be quick to recognize the least sign of weariness, and gracefully suggest that she rest, thanking her for what she has done. Apply the same rule to every pretty service, and see how it works. Be patient. If in a year you reap the fruits of this plan, the trial was worth while.

Recognition of youthful efforts to give pleasure will encourage the young people to new endeavors. Everybody likes thanks and praises, you know



THE DARKENED NURSERY

There's room enough in the nursery now,
'Twas crowded a little before,—
For when the crib in the corner sat,
The rockers came close to the door;

But the light was sweet, and the air was soft,
 And the room was filled with cheer,
 For we all were chained to the chosen spot
 By the voice of the baby dear.

Where is the sunshine—where is the noise?
 Where are the playthings gone?
 What shall I do with my empty arms
 Sitting alone, alone!
 What shall I do with the empty crib?
 Where shall I set his chair?
 Must the darling little one's clothes come down!
 Oh, let me leave them there!

HOME RELIGION

A house may be full of persons who are very dear to each other, very kind to each other; full of precious things—affections, hopes living interests; but if God is not there as the Ruler and Father of the house, the original and true idea of home will not be realized; vacancy and need will still be at the heart of all. Good things will grow feebly and uncertainly, like flowers in winter, trying to peep out into sunshine, yet shrinking from the blast. Evil things will grow with strange persistency, notwithstanding protests of the affections and efforts of the will.

Home without Divine presence is at best a moral structure with the central element wanting. The other elements may be arranged and re-arranged; they will never exactly fit, nor be "compacted together," until it is obtained. We have heard of haunted houses. That house will be haunted with the ghost of an unrealized ideal,—the ideal of the perfect home, where the Holy Spirit, overruling all things, keepeth the members fitly joined in bonds of harmony and love. Family prayers, grace at the table, little home talks about spiritual matters—all these are precious and effective means of preserving the unity and sweetness of home-life.

OH, BAIRNIES, CUDDLE DOON

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht,
 Wi' muckle faucht an' din;
 Oh, try an' sleep, ye waukrife rogues,
 Your faither's comin' in.
 They never heed a word I speak,
 I try to gi'e a frown,
 But aye I hap them up an' say,
 "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid,
 He aye sleeps next to wa',
 Bangs up an' cries, 'I want a picce!'
 The rascal starts them a'.
 I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks—
 They stop a wee the soun'—
 Then draw the blankets up an' cry,
 "Noo, weanies, cuddle doon!"

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab
 Cries out, frae 'neath the claes,
 "Mither, mak' Tam gi'e owre at ance,
 He's kittlin' wi' his taes."
 The mischief's in that Tam for tricks,
 He'd bother half the toon:
 But aye I hap them up an' say,
 "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

At length they hear their faither's fit,
 An' as he steeks the door,
 They turn their faces to the wa',
 While Tam pretends to snore.
 "Hae a' the weans been gude?" he asks,
 As he pits aff his shoon;
 "The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
 An' lang since cuddled doon."

An' just before we bed oorsel's,
 We look at oor wee lambs;
 Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's neck,
 An' Rab his airm roun' Tam's
 I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
 An' as I straik each croon
 I whisper, till my heart fills up,
 "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
 Wi' mirth that's dear to me.
 But soon the big warl's cark an' care
 Will quaten doon their glee.
 Yet coom what may to ilka ane,
 May He wha rules aboon,
 Aye whisper, though their pows be bauk
 "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

BETTER THAN HUSTLING

Begin with the smallest things and form the habit of dealing with them quickly and quietly. Take care of the clothing at night, so that in the morning you can dress without running across your chamber twenty times after garments that are scattered all over the room. It is easy to put away once for all garments that are not to be worn again, and to so arrange those that are to be worn that they shall have the benefit of the fresh air from the open window, and so that they can be most speedily used.

Make if necessary a radical change in the arrangement of your room. Find a place for everything and keep everything in its place. Take, for example, the writing materials. There lies the paper on the table, the ink-stand is upon a shelf, that no careless hand may throw it down. There are plenty of penholders about, half of them holding old pens stiff with unwiped ink, but no *one* place where one is sure of finding a pen that is ready for use. The blotter is somewhere about the desk, the paper and the envelopes of the same size are hopelessly divorced, and when it comes to stamps, there must be a search in the box, in the drawer, in the portemonnaie, to end generally by rushing out to somebody else to borrow. The task of writing even a necessary note under these conditions is simply a frantic scramble to find things and to get them together. There is absolutely no comfort in the writing even that which is lovely to say.

These are only trifles, little hints. Think about them. See to what extent you can revolutionize your life by learning to make haste where haste is right, in order that you may make leisure for better things.

MOTHER'S BOY

There! everything's ready now, I guess.
Just straighten that bunch o' maiden hair,—
It lops a little. I got them ferns
In Hornby Hollow. There's plenty there,—
Tall and green as the leaves of June,
Hid away in the jungle's heart,
Though frost has shriveled the meadow grass
And broken the bechnut burrs apart.

I thought they'd freshen things up a bit;
Country fare is so plain, you know.
Boys that get wonted to city ways
Notice these little fixin's so.
Not but they're crazy to come each year
And spend Thanksgivin' with father an' me,
And praise my cookin' and say my pies
Are just as good as they used to be.

They're all good boys, and always was

Good to father an' kind to me,—

Steady, forehanded, an' doin' well.

We're proud of 'em all, as we ought to be—

John an' Harry, an' Will an' Joe.

"But there's plates for seven there," you say?

One is for father, an' one for me,

An' one for Jimmie that's far away.

Put them asters by Jimmie's plate;

That one is his'n, there, by mine.

"Pitty posies," he used to say,

Pickin' my roses an' eglantine.

Jimmie was mother's boy, you know;

Full of his mischief, fair an' tall,—

Just like his father. He went out West,

Ten years ago this very fall.

Just eighteen, but a healthy lad,

Eager to travel, an' bound to go.

"Heard from him?" No, not in many a year;

But a mother's a mother, I s'pose you know,—

Always a hope in her heart of hearts,

Under the worry and wear of life,

Always a prayer for the absent one,

That keeps him safe in the din an' strife.

Always a yearning to clasp the hand

Of the one that wanders far away;

Though many are safe in the dear home-fold,

It counts but little with one astray.

Strange how the boy has seemed to be

Here at my side this live-long day.

I've seasoned the stuffin' with onions, too,

'Cause Jimmie liked it the best that way.

Half-past one? I'm afraid they're late;

The turkey'll be tough a-waitin' so.

Is that a tramp in the garden there?

Give him his dinner an' let him go.

He's somebody's boy, so call him in;

Thanksgivin' day should be full of joy,

Welcome him in for his mother's sake:

Oh, Jimmie, my darling! It's mother's boy!

—*Mary E. Morrison.*

MOTHER'S VACANT CHAIR

I go a little farther on in your house, and I find the mother's chair. It is very apt to be a rocking-chair. She had so many cares and troubles to soothe, that it must have rockers. I remember it well. It was an old chair, and the rockers were almost worn out, for I was the youngest, and the chair had rocked the whole family.

It made a creaking noise as it moved, but there was music in the sound. It was just high enough to allow us children to put our heads into her lap. That was the bank where we deposited all our hurts and worries. It was different from the father's chair—it was entirely different. You ask me how? I cannot tell, but we all felt it was different. Perhaps there was about this chair more gentleness, more tenderness, more grief when we had done wrong. When we were wayward, father scolded; but mother cried.

It was a very wakeful chair. In the sick day of children, other

chairs could not keep awake; that chair always kept awake—kept easily awake. That chair knew all the old lullabies. That old chair has stopped rocking for a good many years. It may be set up in the loft or the garret, but it holds a queenly power yet. When at midnight you went into that grog-shop to get the intoxicating draught, did you not hear a voice that



THE WANDERER'S RETURN

said, "My son, why go in there?" and a louder than the boisterous encore of the theatre, a voice saying, "My son, what do you here?" And when you went into the house of sin, a voice saying, "What would your mother do if she knew you were here?" And you were provoked at yourself, and you charged yourself with superstition and fanaticism, and your head got hot with your own thoughts, and you went home and you went to bed, and no sooner had you touched the bed than a voice said, "What a prayerless pillow!" Man! what is the matter? This! You are too near your mother's rocking-chair.

"Oh, pshaw!" you say, "there's nothing in that. I'm five hundred miles off from where I was born—I'm three thousand miles off from the Scotch kirk whose bell was the first music I ever heard." I cannot help that. You are too near your mother's rocking-chair. "Oh!" you say, "there can't be anything in that; that chair has been vacant a great while." I cannot help that. It is all the mightier for that; it is omnipotent, that vacant mother's chair. It whispers. It speaks. It weeps. It carols. It mourns. It prays. It warns. It thunders. A young man went off and broke his mother's heart, and while he was away from home his mother died, and the telegraph brought the son, and he came into the room where she lay, and looked upon her face, and cried out, "O mother, mother, what your life could not do your death shall effect. This moment I give my heart to God." And he kept his promise. Another victory for the vacant chair. With reference to your mother, the words of my text were fulfilled: "Thou shalt be missed because thy seat will be empty."

—*Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.*

MARRIAGEABLE AGES

In different countries, the marriageable age varies greatly. In Austria, "man" and "woman" are supposed to be capable of conducting a home of their own from the ages of fourteen. In Germany the man must be at least eighteen years of age. In France the man must be eighteen and the woman fifteen; in Belgium the same ages. In Spain the intended husband must have passed his fourteenth year, and the woman her twelfth. In Hungary, for Roman Catholics, the man must be fourteen years old and the woman twelve; for Protestants, the man must be eighteen and the woman fifteen. In Greece the man must have seen at least fourteen summers and the woman twelve. In Portugal a boy of fourteen is considered marriageable and a woman twelve. In Russia and Saxony they are a little more sensible, and a youth must refrain from entering into matrimony till he can count eighteen years, and the woman till she can count sixteen. In Switzerland men from the age of fourteen and woman from the age of twelve are allowed to marry. In Turkey any youth and maid who can walk properly and can understand the necessary religious service, may marry. Among thoughtful people everywhere, it is beginning to be felt that a just comprehension of its high obligations ought to be demanded as essential qualifications for marriage.

HOW MAMMA PLAYS

Just the sweetest thing that the children do
Is to play with mamma, a-playing too;
And "Baby is lost," they think is the best,
For mamma plays that with a merry zest.

"My baby's lost!" up and down mamma goes,
A-peering about and following her nose;
Inside the papers, and under the books,
And all in between the covers she looks,
 "Baby! Baby!" calling.
But though in her way is papa's tall hat,
She never once thinks to look under that.

She listens, she stops, she hears the wee laugh,
And around she flies, the faster by half.
"Why, where can he be?" and she opens the clock,
She tumbles her basket, she shakes papa's sock,
 "Baby! Baby!" calling.
While the children all smile at papa's tall hat,
Though none of them go and look under that.

A sweet coo calls. Mamma darts everywhere,
She feels in her pockets to see if he's there,
In every vase on the mantel-shelf,
She searches sharp for the little elf,
 "Baby! Baby!" calling.
Another coo comes from papa's tall hat,
Yet none of them stir an inch toward that.

Somewhere he certainly must be, she knows,
So up to the china cupboard she goes;
The covers she lifts from the sugar-bowls.
The sweet, white lumps she rattles and rolls,
 "Baby! Baby!" calling.
But though there's a stir near papa's tall hat,
They will not so much as look toward that.

She moves the dishes, but baby is not
In the cream-pitcher nor in the tea-pot;
And she wrings her hands and stamps on the floor.
She shakes the rugs, and she opens the door,
 "Baby! Baby!" calling.

They stand with their backs to papa's tall hat,
Though the sweetest murmurs come from that.

The children join in the funny distress,
Till mamma, all sudden, with swift caress,
Makes a pounce right down on the old, tall black hat,
And brings out the baby from under that.

“Baby! Baby!” calling.

And this is the end of the little play,
The children would like to try every day.

—Ella Farman.

A FATHER'S LOVE

The steamship *Australia* was preparing to leave San Francisco for the Klondike, and two fathers were bidding farewell to their sons.

One strapping young fellow wrung the hand of an old man of military bearing. “Well, Jack,” the father said, “I wish you all kinds of good luck, and, my boy, whatever you do, don't drink!” A moment later, with a gulp in his throat, he said: “Good-bye. I can't stand about here, or I shall lose my courage and beg you to stay.” And with another handshake he was gone.

Another young chap was given “God-speed” by his old father, and the parent's voice broke as he said: “Now, George, you know there is always a good home to come to if you don't strike anything. Don't stay up there and suffer because of any false pride. If you can't get a fortune this season, come back. You will have as good a show here as many others, and you can always count on a good home!”

How much it means when the good Book says: “Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.”

THE LIBRARY

A library may very properly open out of a dining-room or be the intermediate apartment between the dining-room and the parlor or drawing-room. It should have good light. This is very important, as by day those who are reading should not have their eyes unduly taxed; by night the library is best equipped which has a pleasant central light and two or three good lamps, either in brackets or on tables. Cushioned window-seats add a touch of luxury, and a narrow divan running entirely around the room is also very appropriate and not beyond the most moderate purse, as it may easily be home-made. A few easy chairs, a table in the centre of the room, a desk, and low book-cases in recesses against the walls, and the library has all it needs in the way of what may be called its scaffolding.

In choosing books be as careful as you are in the selection of friends for yourself and children. Get good ones.



“YEA, LORD, YET SOME MUST SERVE”

MARTHA

Yea, Lord!—Yet some must serve,
Not all with tranquil heart,
Even at thy dear feet,
Wrapped in devotion sweet,
May sit apart.

Yea, Lord!—Yet some must bear
The burden of the day,
Its labor and its heat,
While others at thy feet
May muse and pray.

Yea, Lord!—Yet some must do
Life's daily task-work; some
Who fain would sing, must toil

Amid earth's dust and moil,
While lips are dumb.

Yea, Lord—Yet man must earn,
And woman bake the bread;
And some must watch and wake
Early, for others' sake,
Who pray instead.

Yea, Lord!—Yet even thou
Hast need of earthly care.
I bring the bread and wine
To thee, O Guest divine!
Be this my prayer.

—Julia C. R. Dorr.

A BOY'S GRANDMOTHER

A stitch is always dropping in the everlasting knitting,
And the needles that I've threaded, no, you couldn't count to-day;
And I've hunted for the glasses till I thought my head was splitting,
When there upon her forehead as calm as clocks they lay.

I've read to her till I was hoarse, the Psalms and the Epistles,
When the other boys were burning tar-barrels down the street;
And I've stayed and learned my verses when I heard their willow whistles,
And I've stayed and said my chapter with fire in both my feet.

And I've had to walk beside her when she went to evening meeting,
When I wanted to be racing, to be kicking, to be off;
And I've waited while she gave the folks a word or two of greeting
First on one foot then the other, and most strangled with a cough.

"You can talk of Young America," I say, "till you are scarlet,
It's Old America, I say, that has the inside track!"
Then she raps me with her thimble and calls me a young varlet,
And then she looks so woe-begone I have to take it back.

But! There always is a peppermint or a penny in her pocket—
There never was a pocket that was half so big and deep—
And she lets the candle in my room burn way down to the socket,
While she stews and putters round about till I am sound asleep.

There's always somebody at home when every one is scattering;
She spreads the jam upon your bread in a way to make you grow;
She always takes a fellow's side when every one is battering;
And when I tear my jacket I know just where to go!

And when I've been in swimming after father said I shouldn't,
And mother has her slipper off, according to the rule,
It sounds as sweet as silver, the voice that says, "I wouldn't—
The boy that won't go swimming such a day would be a fool!"

Sometimes there's something in her voice as if she gave a blessing,
And I look at her a moment and I keep still as a mouse—
And who she is by this time there is no need of guessing,
For there's nothing like a grandmother to have about the house.

THE GENTLEMAN AS GUEST

The gentleman never monopolizes conversation. "A civil guest," as George Herbert says, "will no more talk all than eat all the feast." He will not break into the speech of another, nor listen with ill-concealed impatience to be

relieved of his own say. He will bring others out, and so far from being like Rogers, who made ill-natured speeches to attract attention, he can be a listener even on subjects on which he is competent to speak. But when he does speak, he is calm and courteous in argument, self-restrained, patient, and open to conviction, and does not after dinner avail himself of the absence of the ladies to run into coarseness. Again, he is always truthful and sincere, and therefore will not agree from mere complaisance, and will condemn a fault without, however, being blunt and rude. He is never a humbug, yet when he truthfully can, he prefers to say pleasant things. Nor is he curious. If something of confusion reveal that a slip has been made, rather than pry into the secret that the unguarded word has partially uncovered, he will turn the conversation. He is consequently above gossip, and not the man to whom you would safely bring a petty tale.

The gentleman does not drop any of those attentions and courtesies to wife, sister, father, and mother, which he is in the habit of paying to other ladies and gentlemen in society. He is not brusque to any lady because she has the misfortune to be his wife or his sister.

A MOTHER'S LOVE

Like a cradle rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful, to and fro ;
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below,
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow ;
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down and watching us below.
And as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss and cry, and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best :
So, when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.
O, great heart of God, whose loving
Cannot hindered be—nor crossed,
Will not weary, will not even
In our death itself be lost.
Heart of God of such great loving,
Only mothers know the cost,
Cost of Love that all love sharing
Gave itself to save the lost.

—*Saxe Holm.*



FEATHERED FRIENDS

THE OLD FOLKS

If you would make the aged happy, lead them to feel that there is still a place for them where they can be useful. When you see their powers failing, do not notice it. It is enough for them to feel it, without a reminder. Do not humiliate them by doing things after them. Accept their offered services, and do not let them *see you* taking off the dust their poor eyesight has left undisturbed, or wiping up the liquid their trembling hands have spilled; rather let the dust remain, and the liquid stain the carpet, than rob them of their self-respect by *seeing you* cover their deficiencies. You may give them the best room in your house, you may garnish it with pictures, and flowers, you may yield them the best seat in your church-pew, the easiest chair in your parlor, the highest seat of honor at your table; but if you *lead*, or *leave*, them to feel that they have passed their usefulness, you plant a thorn in their bosom that will rankle there while life lasts. If they are capable of doing nothing but preparing your kindlings, or darning your stockings, indulge them in those things, but never let them feel that is because they can do nothing else, rather that they do this so well.

Do not ignore their taste and judgment. It may be that in their early days, and in the circle where they moved, they were as much sought and honored as you are now; and until you arrive at that place, you can ill imagine how it would be if your feelings should be considered entirely void of these qualities, be regarded as essential to no one, and your opinions be unsought, or discarded if given.

AN EMPTY NEST

Never a sign in this empty nest
 Of the love that mated, the love that sung;
 The birds are flown to the East and West,
 And the husk of their homestead has no tongue
 To tell of the sweet, still, Summer eves,
 Of the sweeter, merrier, Summer days;
 Only a nest in the falling leaves,
 And silence here in the wood's dark maze.

But I hold in my hand the dainty thing,
 Woven of feather and fluff and reed.
 Once 'twas the haven of breast and wing,
 And the shelter of callow and helpless need.
 It tells of a passionate gladness gone;
 It dumbly whispers that love is best;
 That never a night but has had a dawn—
 And I drop a kiss in the empty nest.

Margaret E. Sangster.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the hand above—
A woman's heart and a woman's life,
And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing
As a child might ask for a toy?
Demanding what others have died to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy.

You have written my lesson of duty out,
Man-like you have questioned me—
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul,
Until I shall question thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot,
Your socks and your shirts shall be whole;
I require your heart to be true as God's stars,
And pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef;
I require a far better thing;
A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirts—
I look for a man and a king.

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade
From my soft, young cheek one day—
Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves,
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds heaven or hell
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,
All things that a man should be;
If you give this all I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot do this—a laundress and cook
You can hire with little to pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not be won that way.—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

THE GUEST CHAMBER

A guest chamber, which fortunate people like to have always ready for the occupation of friends, should be, in the first place, entirely comfortable. Let me say in passing, that comfort is the prime requisite in sleeping rooms, and that ornament follows a long way after.

One may have a guest chamber which is a marvel of beauty in the freshness of the toilet table, in the ribbons and lace and beautiful pin-cushions and pretty knick-knacks scattered about, but in which the facilities for bathing are few and not satisfactory, and in which the bed is hard and lumpy. See that the accommodations which are essential are attended to first, and let the decorations follow.



A QUIET HOUR

Towels in plenty, not new and slippery, but soft and pleasant to the touch, rougher ones for bathing purposes, also a wash-cloth and delicate toilet soap, should be part of the appointments of the guest chamber. A few sheets of paper and envelopes, and a pen and ink, with a postal card or two, should be at the guest's disposal, and if you are very thoughtful you may add a few postage stamps, so that her letters may never have to wait for this convenience. Every bedroom should be furnished with a good strong lock and key, or a bolt, as many persons feel better for locking themselves in at night.

If the loving, closed heart of a good woman should open before a man, how much controlled tenderness, how many veiled sacrifices and dumb virtues would he see reposing there!—*Richter*.

BY BETSEY'S FIRE

"I have to treat my soul as I do my fire in the stove there," said the aged saint who had been telling of her struggles and comforts in what she called "the way of heaven."

She was old; she was poor; there was a cruel stoop in her shoulders that bowed her head downward until it cost her an effort to behold the sky.

She held a life interest in her little, one-story, brown house, and she eked out her scanty living by knitting mittens and socks for the busy mothers of the town. It was a good occupation for her weak eyes, for she could knit in the dark, and talk at the same time, as many of her visitors knew.

But there came a time when even the beloved knitting failed, for the poor old hands became more and more knotted with rheumatism until the very touch of the needles produced a thrill of pain.

We missed their steady click, click, and the bit of brightness some child's scarlet sock made on the gray of her woolen gown, and her black cat Tabby seemed to miss the ball of yarn that had been her plaything, and sat whisking her tail with an air of meekness and melancholy. But Betsey kept for us the same smile, and her voice had the same cheery ring as before the hands lay idly in her lap.

On this particular day she had been talking of the helps and hindrances in the heavenward journey, and so she remarked, smiling, "I find that I have to treat my soul as I treat my old stove there."

I looked at the shaky and rusty old cooking-stove which was Betsey's only dependence for warmth and food, and wondered, as I saw the economical fire, half smouldering in the grate, what that could have to do with Betsey's soul.

She smiled at my puzzled expression, and said:

"No doubt that seems to you not much of a fire, after your bright, crackling wood-fires at home; but I find a likeness to myself in it. It's the best God has given me, and that's true, too, of my poor old heart. Both are his gifts, and both have had warmth enough, thanks to his mercy, to keep my lips praising him till now. It was bright and nice enough—my poor old stove—forty years ago, and I was brighter then. It is rusty and cracked now, and so am I;" and she gave me a merry glance.

"It has to be fed," she added, nodding toward the stove, "and fed in a regular way. It will not answer to throw in a shovel of coal when I happen to remember it, and then to leave it until I have nothing else to do, any more than it will do to give my spirit its Bible and its prayers in that way. So I feed one as regularly as I do the other, and that seems to keep the fires going right along."

"But, Aunt Betsey, fires will not always burn evenly, no matter what care we take."

"True, dear child; all days are not alike. There's something in the way of the wind. Sometimes I keep the coal on and even use up my kindlings to

make a blaze, and yet the fire won't seem to give out any heat. And so sometimes the people who come in bring a spirit that is damp or chill, and that acts upon my soul like an east wind on my fire. It lives, but there's no glow. It wouldn't warm anything, not even itself."

"And what is the trouble then, Betsey?"

"Well, sometimes one thing, sometimes another. Now and then I find I kept stirring it, and made it burn faster than I ought, until it sort of tired itself out. How often have I done just that with my poor soul—worked and worried it into a glow by talking, reading or praying, when the Good Spirit would have warmed it gradually and would not have let it cool so quickly."

"But, Betsey, are there never times when, whatever you do, the fire won't burn?"

"Yes;" and then she added after a pause—"and when it is so, and I have tried everything else, I know that the old stove needs a thorough cleaning out. The ashes of the dead fire seem to settle down and choke up all the space, so that it is impossible to rekindle the old or to make a new flame. Now that is like me when I have worried a great deal and worked and waited a great while, till the dust of my dead prayers and works seems to choke up every new impulse of the Spirit."

She paused suddenly, and gave an apologetic look at the white face of her old clock, as if to beg its pardon for having talked so long. I turned away, surprised to see what lessons this poor creature had learned from the common things in her life. As I lingered, she continued to talk: "But, dear, when I feel this choking up of everything good, I go to work and clear out all my old odds and ends of faith and works, and all my dust and ashes of every kind, and start again all clean and new with only Christ to begin with. After it comes to this, the Holy Spirit lights the fire and I go on again with a glow that warms and lights me, too."

"And warms and lights every one who comes within its reach, also, Auntie."

"Well, that's the way it should be, it is all wrong for a soul to get so filled with itself that Christ has no chance to breathe upon it. When it does I have to open the draft and shut the door. I do that so as to keep whatever little life there is. The poor, cold thoughts and prayers *must* go upward—to God. I shut the door. I never open my stove-door unless it's becoming too hot, and I think the heat should be diffused through the room. It will not do to try that too often with the soul. But shut the door, open the drafts, let it heat up inside, then it will throw off heat to those who need it. Whoever needs it will draw near, and coming near the living, burning Spirit of Christ, will feel the warmth and the life. The door must be often shut, religion never warms other souls by cooling off its own; and it is great folly, also, for us to suppose we can let our heat warm 'all out doors.' It loses itself and cools itself in running around. We had a great deal better stand still and burn." And suiting the action to the word, Betsey arose, whisked the damper that opened

the draft with her crooked finger and shut the door of her stove. Soon the fire began to crackle and shine through the cracks of the old door.

I went my way marveling at this power to make teachers of such common things. As I went slowly down the lane, a cracked old voice followed me singing:

Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

I was not reared a Methodist, but something within or about me answered, "Amen! Amen!"—*Mary Lowe Dickinson.*

THE CITY HOME

With all these pleasures and distractions, even with their drawbacks, the city-dweller will tell you there is no place one-half so good, so bright, so cheery as the town. He will tell you that throughout sacred Scripture itself heaven is described as a city, the celestial city, and the most splendid vision of the Apocalypse is of a city descending from the sky. He will tell you that all great movements have their origin in the lively thought and action of the town. And he will tell you that in lesser matters the city, always in advance, has reached elegance and an inhabited appearance much earlier than the country at large, in city drawing-rooms there were paintings and statuary before these objects traveled farther, and there were portieres and screens and plaques and brass-work and bronze and old silver and china and beveled glass and needle painting, short curtains and long curtains, huge vases and little panels and the rest. And all this while the rural parlor was ornamented only with the framed sampler, and the family-tree, and the lady with the big handkerchief at the tomb under the weeping willows, with at best four prints in gilt frames, or possibly a couple of crude portraits or black silhouettes, always excepting, of course, those colonial mansions that rejoiced in "Symberts" and "Copleys." Surely the city parlor had the right of it. The moral forces are not necessarily strengthened by contact with bare and uninviting walls.

The age that has become famous for its unhealthy self-introspection could hardly do a better thing than make the surrounding material walls of its daily life diverting and interesting, while all that hangs upon them or lies between them leads the thought out to larger life and experience, to the past history of art, to its future hopes, and to its effect upon humanity; and if the harmony of all, the lovely and luxurious combination, excite the pleasure-loving senses, the controlling brain also is excited in memory, imagination, invention, and appreciation. One realizes the falsehood of that old, strict idea that one could not be good and be comfortable, understands that enjoyment of fine colors and fine contours does not belong exclusively to the wicked and worldly, and that beauty and brimstone are really not inseparable.

JERRY

Buy a paper, plaze! She's frozen, a'most.
 Here's *Commercial* and *News* and *Mail*,
 And here's the *Express* and the *Evening Post*!
 And ivery one has a tirrible tale,—
 A shipwreck,—a murther,—a fire-alarm,—
 Whichiver ye loike;—have a paper, marm?
 Thin buy it, plaze, av this bit av a gurrul—
 She's new in the business and all av a whirrul;
 We must lind her a hand," said little Jerry:
 "There's a plinthy av thrade at the Fulton Ferry.

"She's wakely for need of the tay and the toast—
 The price uv a paper—plaze, sir, buy a *Post*?
 Thrue as me name it is Jeremiah,
 There's a foine report av a dridful fire,—
 And a child that's lost,—and a smash av a train;—
 Indade, sir, the paper's just groanin' wid pain!
 Spake up, little gurrul, and don't be afraid!
 I'm schraichin' for two till I start yez in thrade.
 While I yell, you can sell," said little Jerry,
 Screeching for two at Fulton Ferry.

The night was bleak and the wind was high,
 And a hurrying crowd went shivering by;
 And some bought papers and some bought none,
 But the boy's shrill voice rang cheerily on:
 "Buy a *Post*, or a *News*, or a *Mail*, as you choose,
 For my arm just aches wid the weight av the news.
Express? Not a single one left for to-night—
 But buy one av this little gurrul, sir—all right.
 She's a reg'lar seller here at the ferry,
 And I reckomind her high," said Jerry.

In the whirl of the throng there paused a man.
 "The bell is ringing—I cannot wait;
 Here, girl, a *Commercial* as quick as you can!
 The boat is starting—don't make me late!"
 And on through the hurrying crowd he ran,
 The wee girl following close behind,
 After the penny he could not find;
 While, with a spring through the closing gate,
 After her money bounded Jerry,
 Ragged and panting at Fulton Ferry.

"One cint from the man in the big fur coat!
 Give me the change or I'll stop the boat."
 Up from the deck a laugh and a cheer.
 It changed to a shuddering cry of fear
 As he bent his head for the fearful spring,
 And then—like a wild bird on the wing—
 Over the whirling waters swung,
 Touched the boat with his hands, and clung,
 Gasping and white, to the rail, and cried:
 "Where is that mane old man, who thried
 To stale one cint from a gurrul at the ferry—
 A poor little gurrul, with no frind but Jerry?"

Over the side went a hundred hands,
 From a hundred mouths rang forth commands:
 "Pull him in!" "Stop the boat!" "Take his stock!"
 "Let us buy
 All the papers he has!" "Send him home to get dry."
 "No, indade," said the boy, "that's not w'at I meant;
 I doant want yer money. I want that *one cint*
 From the man in the warr'm fur coat an' hat,
 Who could shteel a cint from a gurrul like that!
 Av iver he thries that game agin,
 He'd betther take *me*, an' not Margery Flynn!"
 Then cheer on cheer for little Jerry
 Rang across the Fulton Ferry

Long ago, my youthful readers,
 Happened this that I have told;
 Long ago that sturdy newsboy
 All his daily papers sold.
 And the pluck that dared a ducking
 To set right a weak one's wrong
 Served him well in every struggle;
 And his life, both kind and strong,
 Is a blesing and a comfort
 To a world of needy boys
 Who, like him, must work at play-time,
 With their brushes for their toys.
 But around the Fulton Ferry
 Still the newsboys talk of Jerry.

—Mary Lowe Dickinson.

LITTLE HOME HELPERS

Among the children of the poor in our great cities is found a peculiar class which goes under the name of "little fathers" and "little mothers." They help bear the home burdens; carrying responsibilities naturally and nobly, and with strength and grace far beyond their years. It does not seem fair that childhood should be so taxed—and yet there are compensations, if the acquisition of beauties of character count. Rare loyalty to small brothers and sisters one finds among these little people, who put their shoulders to the wheel of hard fortune for the sake of those weaker than themselves. Little girls, and boys as well, brew and bake and cook and mend and wash and tend babies; or they go out as cash and errand boys and girls; or they cry papers at the street corners in all sorts



"JERRY"

of weather, faithfully taking proceeds home to help pay rent or fill the family larder. The children brought up in this school of privation, labor and devotion, are often found capable of any act of heroism possible to a child; and from their ranks have come some men and women who were fitted to make the whole world better through lessons they learned in the love-consecrated drudgery of the tenements. All is not misfortune that so appears.—*Mary Jordan.*

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE

On one of the shelves in my library, surrounded by volumes of all kinds, on various subjects and in various languages, stands an old book, in its plain covering of brown paper unprepossessing to the eye, and apparently out of place among the more pretentious volumes that stand by its side. To the eye of a stranger it has certainly neither beauty nor comeliness. Its covers are worn; its leaves marred by long use; its pages, once white, have become yellow with age; yet, old and worn as it is, to me it is the most beautiful and most valuable book on my shelves. No other awakens such associations, or so appeals to all that is best and noblest within me. It is, or rather it *was*, my mother's Bible—companion of her best and holiest hours, source of her unspeakable joy and consolation. From it she derived the principles of a truly Christian life and character. It was the light to her feet and the lamp to her path. It was constantly by her side; and, as her steps tottered in the advancing pilgrimage of life, and her eyes grew dim with age, more and more precious to her became the well-worn pages.

One morning, just as the stars were fading into the dawn of the coming Sabbath, the aged pilgrim passed on beyond the stars and beyond the morning, and entered into the rest of the eternal Sabbath—to look upon the face of Him of whom the law and the prophets had spoken, and whom, not having seen, she had loved. And now, no legacy is to me more precious than that old Bible. Years have passed; but it stands there on its shelf, eloquent as ever, witness of a beautiful life that is finished, and a silent monitor to the living. In hours of trial and sorrow it says, "Be not cast down, my son, for thou shalt yet praise Him who is the health of thy countenance and thy God." In moments of weakness and fear it says, "Be strong now, my son, and acquit yourself manfully." When sometimes, from the cares and conflicts of external life, I come back to the study, weary of the world and tired of men—of men that are so hard and selfish, and a world that is so unfeeling—and the strings of the soul have become untuned and discordant, I seem to hear that Book saying, as with the well-remembered tones of a voice long silent, "Let not your heart be troubled. For what is your life? It is even as a vapor." Then my troubled spirit becomes calm; and the little world, that had grown so great and so formidable, sinks into its true place again. I am peaceful, I am strong.

There is no need to take down the volume from the shelf, or open it. A glance of the eye is sufficient. Memory and the law of association supply the rest. Yet there are occasions when it is otherwise; hours in life when some deeper grief has troubled the heart, some darker, heavier cloud is over the spirit and over the dwelling, and when it is a comfort to take down that old Bible and search its pages. Then, for a time, the latest editions, the original languages, the notes and commentaries, and all the critical apparatus which the scholar gathers around him for the study of the Scriptures are laid aside, and the old Bible that was my mother's is taken from the shelf.—*Bishop Gilbert Haven.*

THE DEAR LITTLE WIFE AT HOME

The dear little wife at home, John,
With ever so much to do,
Stitches to set and babies to pet,
And so many thoughts of you—
The beautiful household fairy,
Filling your heart with light—
Whatever you meet to-day, John,
Go cheerily home to-night.

For though you are worn and weary,
You needn't be cross or curt;
There are words like darts to gentle hearts,
There are looks that wound and hurt.
With the key in the latch at home, John,
Drop troubles out of sight;
To the dear little wife who is waiting,
Go cheerily home to-night.

You know she will come to meet you,
A smile on her sunny face;
And your wee little girl, as pure as a pearl,
Will be there in her childish grace;
And the boy, his father's pride, John,
With eyes so brave and bright;
From the strife and the din to the peace, John,
Go cheerily home to-night.

What though the tempter try you,
Though the shafts of adverse fate
May bustle near and the sky be drear,
And the laggard fortune wait?
You are passing rich already,
Let the haunting fears take flight,
With the faith that wins success, John,
Go cheerily home to-night.

Selfishness has no place in a happy home. What right have you to ask for care and attention if you are unwilling to return them?

Let the child be taught to share with those around him the things that give his most pleasure—but let him be taught by your example rather than by precept. Do not always insist upon having your own way. Even if you feel that your way is the best, it is wise to be generous sometimes and give way to others.

HENS' NESTS

Born in the country, our amusements were few and simple, but what they lacked in themselves we supplied from a buoyant and overflowing spirit of enjoyment. A string and a stick went farther with us, and afforded more hearty enjoyment, than forty dollars' worth of trinkets to our own children. Indeed, it would seem that the enjoying part of our nature depended very much upon the necessity of providing its own pleasures. There are not many of our earlier experiences which we should particularly care to renew. We are content to renew our wading and grubbing after sweet flag-root only in memory. The nuttings were excellent in their way, the gathering of berries, the building of snow-houses, and the various games of summer and winter, on land, ice, or snow. We keep them as a pleasant background of recollection, without any special wish to advance them again into the foreground.

* * * * * *

One thing we shall never get over. We shall never lose enthusiasm for hens' nests. The sudden cackling outcry of a faithful old hen, proclaiming the wonder of her eggs, we shall never hear without the old flush and wish to seek and bring in the vaunted trophy. The old barn was very large. It abounded in nooks, sheds, compartments, and what-nots, admirably suited to a hen's love of egg-secretiveness. And no lover ever sought the post-office for an expected letter with half the alacrity with which we used to search for eggs.

The knowledge that a nest might dawn upon us at any time kept our youthful zeal more alert than ever Columbus was to discover this little nest of a continent. Sometimes we detected the sly treasure in the box of a chaise; sometimes an old hat held more in it when cast into a corner than in its palmy days. The ash-bin was an excellent spot. The fireplace under an old, abandoned Dutch oven was a favorite haunt.

* * * * * *

It sometimes happened that when busy about the "chores," foddering the horse, throwing down hay to the cows, we discovered a nest brimming full of hidden eggs. The hat was the bonded warehouse, of course. But sometimes it was a cap not of suitable capacity. Then the pocket came into play, and chiefly the skirt pockets. Of course we intended to transfer them immediately after getting into the house, for eggs are as dangerous in the pocket, though for different reasons, as powder would be in a forgerman's pocket. And so, having finished the evening's work and put the pin into the stable door, we sauntered towards the house, behind which, and right over Chestnut Hill, the broad moon stood showering all the East with silver twilight.

All earthly cares and treasures were forgot in the dreamy pleasure; and at length, entering the house,—supper already delayed for us,—we drew up the chair, and peacefully sank into it with a suppressed and indescribable crunch and liquid crackle underneath us, which brought us up again in the liveliest

manner, and with outcries which seemed made up of all the hens' cackles of all the eggs which were now holding carnival in our pockets! It is easy to put eggs into your pocket; but how to get them out again, that's the question.—*Beecher.*



MAKING THINGS SHINE

Singing away like a lark at her task,
And making the platters clean,
Polishing up the pots and pans;
A blessing to all is the kitchen queen!

EDNA AND HER BOYS

She resigned her little fur-slipped foot for the twins to cuddle—the rosy, fat, good-tempered twins, rolling about like Newfoundland puppies on the hearth-rug—laid one hand on Bob's light curls, suffered Will to seize the other, and leaned her head against the tall shoulder of her eldest son, who petted his mother just as if she had been a beautiful young lady. Thus, "subdivided," as she called it, Edna stood among her five sons; and any stranger observing her might have thought she had never a care. But such a perfect life is impossible; and the long gap of years that there was between Robert and the twins, together with one little curl—that, wrapped in silver paper, lay always at the bottom of the mother's housekeeping purse—could have told a different tale.

However, this was her own secret, hidden in her heart. When with her children, she was as merry as any one of them all. "Come now," said she, "you are such good boys, and give up cheerfully your pleasures, not because mother wishes it, but because it is right——"

"And also because mother wishes it," lovingly remarked Julius.

"Well, well, I accept it as such, and in return I'll make you all a handsome present—of my whole afternoon." Here uprose a shout of delight, for every one knew that the most valuable gift their mother could bestow on them was her time, always so well filled up, and her bright, blithe, pleasant company.

"It is settled then, boys. Now decide. Where will you take me to? Only it should be some nice warm place. Mother cannot stand the cold quite as you boys do. You must remember she is not so young as she used to be."

"She is—she is!" cried the sons in indignant love; and the eldest pressed her to his warm young breast almost with tears in his eyes. That deep affection—almost a passion—which sometimes exists between an eldest son and his mother, was evidently very strong here.

"I know what place mamma would like best—next best to a run into the country, where, of course, we can't go now—I propose the National Gallery." Which was rather good of Bob, who, of himself, did not care two-pence for pictures; and when the others seconded the motion, and it was carried unanimously, his mother smiled a special "Thank you" to him, which raised the lad's spirits exceedingly.

It was a lively walk through the Christmas streets, bright with holly and evergreens, and resplendent with every luxury that the shops could offer to Christmas purchasers. But Edna's boys bought nothing, and asked for nothing. They and she looked at all these treasures with delighted but unenvious eyes. They had been brought up as a poor man's children, even as she was a poor man's wife—educated from boyhood in that noble self-denial which scorns to crave anything which it cannot justly have. There was less need for carefulness now, and every time the mother looked at them—the five jewels of her matron's crown—she thanked God that they would never be dropped into the dust of poverty; that, humanly speaking, there would be enough forthcoming, both

money and influence, all of their father's own righteous earning, to set them fairly afloat in the world, before William and she lay their heads together in the quiet sleep after toil—of which she began to think perhaps a little more than she used to do, years ago. Yet when the boys would stop her before tempting jewelers' or linen-draper's shops, making her say what she liked best, Edna would answer to each boy's question as to what he would give her "when he got rich":

"Nothing, my darling, nothing. I think your father and I are the richest and happiest people in all this world."—*Miss Mulock.*



BE YOUR SON'S ADVISER

Your wife cannot make a good man of your son unless you help her. Your example is more potent than anything you can say or do towards molding his character. Teach him to think it manly to be pure—aye, pure as a woman—and as gentle. True courage and gentleness always go hand in hand..

The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.

Give him Bayard, the "knight without fear and without reproach," and Galahad, the "stainless knight of Arthur's Table Round," for models. As he

grows up, seek to be his confidant and adviser in his love affairs, as well as in his business matters. Think tenderly of the girl who is to be his wife. Try to preserve in him for her sake, for his own, for his future home's sake, the virtues you and their mother would not part with in your own daughters for all the gold of the Klondike. A boy has as much right to be trained up to purity of character as a girl—though we do not seem to think so always.—*Robert Goodloe Harper.*

HOW TO RAISE BOYS

Don't you, each one of you, know some man (I am sorry to say, perhaps more often some woman), who gives life an unhealthy turn for children by trying to spare them in the present the very things which would train them to do strong work in the future? Such conduct is not kindness. It is short-sightedness and selfishness; it means merely that the man or woman shrinks from the little inconveniences, to himself or herself, of making the child fit itself to be a good and strong man or woman hereafter. There should be the deepest and truest love for their children in the hearts of all fathers and mothers. Without such love there is nothing but black despair for the family; but the love must respect both itself and the one beloved. It is not true love to invite future disaster by weak indulgence for the moment.

What is true affection for a boy? To bring him up so that nothing rough ever touches him, and at twenty-one turn him out into the world with a moral nature that turns black and blue in great bruises at the least shock from any one of the forces of evil with which he is bound to come in contact? Is that kindness? Indeed, it is not. Bring up your boys with both love and wisdom; and turn them out as men, strong limbed, clear eyed, stout hearted, clean minded, able to hold their own in this great world of work and strife and ceaseless effort.

A BED IN A HAY LOFT

He lived in a low room over a coach-house.

There was hay at his feet and hay at his head, piled up in great trusses to the very roof. Indeed, it was sometimes only through a little lane with several turnings, which looked as if it had been sawn out for him, that he could reach his bed at all. For the stock of hay was of course always in a state either of slow ebb or of sudden flow. Sometimes the whole space of the loft, with the little panes in the roof for the stars to look in, would lie open before his open eyes as he lay in bed; sometimes a yellow wall of sweet-smelling fibres closed up his view at the distance of half a yard. Sometimes, when his mother had undressed him in her room, and told him to trot away to bed by himself, he would creep into the heart of the hay, and lie there thinking how cold it was outside in the wind, and how warm it was inside there in his bed, and how he could go to it when he pleased, only he wouldn't just yet, he would get a little

colder first. And ever as he grew colder, his bed would grow warmer, till at last he would scramble out of the hay, shoot like an arrow into his bed, cover himself up, and snuggle down, thinking what a happy boy he was.

THE MARRIAGE RELATION

Remember that this relation may soon end. Spare all the hard words, omit all the slights, for before long there may be a hearse standing at your door that will take away out of your presence the best friend you have on earth, and the richest boon which God in his omnipotence and infinity has capacity to bestow—a good wife. If the wife go, that desolates all the house and all the heart and all the world. The silences are so appalling when her voice is still; the vacancies are so ghastly. The little child runs around the room calling for mother who will not come, and at night asks for a drink, saying, “No, no, I want mother to bring it!” Reminiscences rush on the heart like a mountain torrent over which a cloud has burst. Her jewels, her books, her pictures, her dresses, some of them suggestive of banquet and some of burial, put into the trunk whose lid comes down with heavy thud as much as to say, “Dead!” The morning dead. The night dead. The air dead. The world dead.

Oh, man, if in that hour you think of any unkind words uttered, you would be willing to pay in red coin of blood, every drop from your heart, if you could buy back the unkind words, but they will not come back. Words gone from the lips do not fly in circles like doves coming back to their cote, but in a straight line, a million miles a minute across the eternities. They never come back.—*T. De Witt Talmage.*

SPIRITUAL FELLOWSHIP

Spiritual fellowship is essential to real conjugal happiness. I have never known a perfect marriage without this. A fair amount of happiness can, of course, be obtained without such sympathy; but the cup is never full. It is a vain delusion to enter on the married state with the hope of leading your husband or your wife to become a Christian. This matter ought to be settled before the affections are engaged; it is rarely settled after. Who can picture the joys of united love to God on the part of both husband and wife? Earth has no fairer sight to show than that of a Christian bride or bridegroom, pledging their troth one to the other. Christ is there to ratify the vows.

—*S. Pearson, M.A.*

Books of travel and adventure will probably be attractive to your servant, If she is neat and careful, you can safely give her permission to take books from your library. In too many cases the servant's evenings after her work is finished are the gloomiest hours in her day, because she must sit alone in her room or the kitchen. A good, entertaining book for such hours will make her happier and more contented.—*Frank A. De Puy.*

OUR HEROES

Here's a hand to the boy who has courage
To do what he knows to be right.
When he falls in the way of temptation,
He has a hard battle to fight.
Who strives against self and his comrades
Will find a most powerful foe.
All honor to him if he conquers.
A cheer for the boy who says "No!"

There's many a battle fought daily
The world knows nothing about.
There's many a brave little soldier
Whose strength put a legion to rout.
And he who fights single-handed
Is more of a hero, I say,
Than he who leads soldiers to battle
And conquers by arms in the fray.

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted,
To do what you know to be right.
Stand firm by the colors of manhood
And you will o'ercome in the fight.
"The right," be your battle cry ever
In waging the warfare of life,
And God, who knows who are the heroes,
Will give you the strength for the strife.

—*Phoebe Cary.*

BROTHER AND SISTER

Under the best of circumstances there will be frequent trials of temper amongst brothers and sisters. Our varying dispositions, our self-will, our disappointments, tend to express themselves in differences and wrangling, and in warm and discourteous words. Temptations of this kind will occur where there is no selfishness in the general sense of that term, and no real jealousy. But if family life is to be sunny and sweet we must carefully guard ourselves here. Our duty is to try to understand each other's dispositions, to put the most generous interpretation on each other's words and actions, even when we dislike them. We must cultivate, in order to the perfection of brotherly love, the virtues of lowliness and meekness, to endure, not once or twice, but with "long-suffering," to soothe another's irritable temper, and to curb our own, resolutely, persistently. Carefully cultivate that love which, unless it "suffereth long," is not love at all, much less that love which should prevail in families.—*W. Braden* (Adapted).



"WHERE IS THE BABY KING?" THEY SAID

THREE WISE MEN CAME

Over the hills of Bethlehem
A white star hung one night;
The low, gray walls of the little town
All lay in a silvery light.

HEAVEN, HOME AND HAPPINESS

Over the hills of Bethlehem
 Three wise men came from afar;
 "Where is the baby King?" they said,
 "Who leadeth us by His star?"

Over the walls of Bethlehem
 The great white star hung low;
 And they found the King on a manger throne,
 And the kine in a kneeling row.

And gentle shepherds were at his feet,
 And over the manger throne—
 A pale and radiant star of love—
 The face of the mother shone.

Around the Baby of Bethlehem
 The heavens once touched the earth,
 And choirs of angels came thronging down
 To carol the Saviour's birth.

Oh, where is the cradle of Bethlehem?
 And where is the baby King?
 Thy heart, dear child, is the cradle throne,
 And around it the angels sing.

And the King—the stars are under his feet,
 All worlds are within His hand,
 And when thou art grown to the grace of Him,
 Thy heart—it shall understand.—*Mary A. Lathbury.*

THE SECRET OF A HAPPY MARRIAGE

(It was the custom, so it is said, of Mrs. Phelps and her husband to pray together, that they might never love each other less.)

My married life has been a beautiful one. It is true that sin and folly and sickness and sorrow have marred its perfection, but it has been adorned by a love which has never faltered. My faults have never alienated my husband; his faults, for, like other human beings, he has them, have never overcome my love to him. This has been the gift of God in answer to our constant prayer that, whatever other bereavement we might have to suffer, we might never be bereft of this benediction. It has been the glad secret of a happy marriage, and I wish I could teach it to every human being who enters upon a state that must bring with it the depth of misery, or life's most sacred and mysterious joy.—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES

One hot summer day, I had the good fortune to be seated in a railway car near a mother and four children, whose relations with each other were singularly beautiful. It was plain that they were poor. The mother's bonnet alone would have been enough to condemn the whole in any one of the world's thoroughfares, but her face was one which it gave a sense of rest to look upon; it was earnest, tender, true, and strong. The children—two boys and two girls—were all under the age of twelve, and the youngest could not speak plainly.

They had had a rare treat. They had been visiting the mountains, and were talking over the wonders they had seen with a glow of enthusiastic delight which was to be envied; and the mother bore her part all the while with such equal interest and eagerness, that no one not seeing her face would have dreamed that she was any other than an elder sister. In the course of the day there were many occasions when it was necessary for her to deny requests and to ask services, especially from the elder boy; but no girl anxious to please a lover could have done either with a more tender courtesy. She had her reward, for no lover could have been more tender and manly than was the boy of twelve.

Their lunch was simple and scanty, but it had the grace of a royal banquet. At the last the mother produced with much glee three apples and an orange, of which the children had not known. All eyes fastened on the orange. It was evidently a great rarity. I watched to see if this test would bring out selfishness. The mother said: "How shall I divide this?"

"O, give Annie the orange! Annie loves oranges," spoke out the elder boy, with the air of a conqueror, at the same time taking the smallest and worst apple for himself. "O yes, let Annie have the orange," echoed the second boy, nine years old.

"Yes, Annie may have the orange, because it is nicer than the apple, and she is a lady and her brothers are gentlemen," said the mother, quietly. Then there was a merry contest as to who should feed the mother with the largest and most frequent mouthfuls; and so the feast went on. Then Annie pretended to want apple, and exchanged thin golden strips of orange for bites out of the cheeks of Baldwins; and as I sat watching her intently, she suddenly fancied she saw a longing in my face, and sprang over to me, saying, "Do you want a taste, too?"



The mother smiled understandingly when I said, "No, I thank you, you dear, generous little girl; I don't care about oranges."

At noon we had a tedious interval of waiting at a dreary station. We sat for two hours on a narrow, sun-scorched platform. The elder boy, the little lover, held the youngest child and talked to her, while the tired mother closed her eyes and rested. The other two children were toiling up and down the railroad banks, picking ox-eyed daisies, buttercups, and sorrel. They worked like beavers, and soon the bunches were almost too big for their little hands. They came running to give them to their mother.

"O dear!" thought I; "how that poor tired woman will hate to open her eyes! and she never can take those great bunches of wilting, worthless flowers in addition to her bundles and bags." I was mistaken.

"O, thank you, my darlings! How kind you were! Poor, hot, tired little flowers, how thirsty they look! If they keep alive till we get home, we will make them very happy in some water, won't we? And you shall put one bunch by papa's plate and one by mine."

Sweet and happy, the weary and flushed little children stood looking up in her face while she talked, their hearts thrilling with compassion for the drooping flowers, and with delight in giving their gift. She took great trouble to get a string and tie up the flowers; then the train came, and we were whirling along again. Soon it grew dark, and little Annie's head nodded. Then I heard the mother say to the elder boy, "Dear, are you too tired to let Annie put her head on your shoulder and take a nap? We shall get her home in much better case to her papa, if we can manage to give her a little sleep." How many boys of twelve hear such words as these from tired, overburdened mothers? Soon came the city, the final station, with its bustle and noise. I lingered to watch my happy family, hoping to see the father. "Why, papa isn't here!" exclaimed one disappointed little voice after another. "Never mind," said the mother, with a still deeper disappointment in her tone; "perhaps he had to go to see some poor body who is sick."

In the hurry of picking up all the parcels and the sleepy babies, the poor daisies and buttercups were left forgotten in the corner of the rack. I wondered if the mother had not intended this. May I be forgiven for the injustice! A few minutes after I had passed the little group, standing still just outside the station, I heard the mother say, "O my darlings, I have forgotten your pretty bouquets. I am so sorry! I wonder if I could find them if I went back? Will you all stand still and not stir from this spot, if I go?"

"O mamma, don't go! We will get you some more. Don't go!" cried all the children.

"Here are your flowers, madam," said I. "I saw you had forgotten them, and I took them as mementos of you and your sweet children." She blushed and looked disconcerted. She was evidently unused to people, and shy with all but her children.

However, she thanked me sweetly, and said, "I was very sorry about them. The children took such trouble to get them, and I think they will revive in water. They cannot be quite dead."

"They will never die!" said I, with an emphasis which went from my heart to hers. Then all her shyness fled. We shook hands, and smiled into each other's eyes with the smile of kindred as we parted.

As I followed on, I heard the two children who were walking behind, saying to each other, "Wouldn't that have been too bad? Mamma liked them so much, and we never could have got so many all at once again."

"Yes, we could, too, next summer," said the boy, sturdily.

They are sure of their "next summer," I think, all of those six souls,—children, and mother, and father. They may never get so many ox-eyed daisies and butter-cups "all at once." Perhaps some of the little hands have already picked their last flowers. Nevertheless their summers are certain to such souls as these, either here or in God's larger country.

THE MOTHER AT HOME

Archbishop Leighton says, "Fill the bushel with good wheat, and there will be no room for chaff and rubbish." This is a good thought for every mother while tending her children, and watching the growth of their power.

Children also should have time to *play*. Happiness is a great promoter of health. The Bible mentions "boys and girls playing in the streets," as one sign of national prosperity. They do not need expensive toys. A little French prince turned from his new year's present of toys from an empress grandmother to watch some peasants making dirt pies, and, it is said, begged the queen his mother to allow him to join in the sport which seemed so charming to his childish eye, as offering some scope to his ingenuity. A few old bits of wood, or scraps of broken crockery, stones, and oyster-shells afford inexhaustible amusement, cost nothing, and do not spoil; while if the mother will now and then put in a word to show an interest in her little one's games, her own spirit will be refreshed and cheered by their light-heartedness.

Children are wonderful imitators, so that it is comparatively easy to lead them early into good ways. They are never so happy as when trying to do what they see older people do. Their plays chiefly consist in copying elders. The little cottager "makes believe" to go to market, to plant a garden, to make hay, to wash, to build, to cook, and to teach in school. The boys are never merrier than when playing at horses, or in some other way aspiring to be like their elders. Many of these games bring the bodily organs into excellent exercise, and strengthen and build up the system wonderfully. These amusements, too, often really prepare the children for the actual business of life, so that they the sooner become helpful to their parents. They should be watched and encouraged therefore in their play to habits of thoughtfulness and self-reliance.

VERANDAS

Modern verandas are as large as the usual rooms of the house, and seem larger yet through the want of inclosure; they are intended to be shaded with vines or cheerful awnings. Pots of semi-tropical plants adorn them. Here and there a curtain flaps in the breeze across the airy piazzas; doors open on them, and windows level with the floor; there are canvas and rattan lounges; there are sea-chairs, telling of foreign travel by members of the family; there are wicker stands and baskets, desks and tables, too, that rain and sun are not



A TYPICAL SOUTHERN VERANDA

going to ruin, in which gay ribbons, even if the ribbons are only bright tapes and calicoes, make the whole effect still more charming. The ease, and one might almost say the *abandon*, of this pleasant spot are equaled not even by the famous "mother's room" of the inside house. Here is the cradle brought, that the child may sleep with all the sweet air in the world about it, lulled by the birds' song, the bees' hum—for the birds will sing in the poorest sidewalk tree, and the bees will hum wherever a leaf opens, in the hope that it may have a flower behind it. Here, also, is the caller received, stately dress being a

thing to be dispensed with, and the sewing, the writing the restful lounging, go on as if all were proper to the hour and spot. Here, moreover, in this out-door room—if the country custom of the hearty noon meal is followed with tea and a lighter repast at sunset—is the tea-table often laid, perhaps at first with in so far as floors are easier to sweep than carpets, and such absence of formal—a little more trouble to the maids, perhaps, in the long run, with not so much, ity as the habit of the place allows makes also an absence of steps and work. It is always an elastic tea-table, too, in that tea-room, where there are often apt to be other guests than breezes and bird songs and flower scents, for one may take one's cup to any cozy corner of the place or be waited on without leaving one's hammock or settee. In fact, the piazza of to-day is a living-room with all out-doors as a friend.

CLEANLINESS

There is one thing connected with the care and management of the body which may be said to partake of the nature of a moral virtue—that is cleanliness. It is a duty to which we are prompted by our natural feelings, and is important, not only as contributing directly to the health and comfort of the body, but also to the strength and purity of the mind. Many diseases originate in a want of cleanliness, and may be cured by attention to it. And it has been remarked that they who are careless about the clean and wholesome state of the body are not often distinguished by the purity or spirituality of their thoughts. Hence it is that attention to cleanliness has often been conjoined with the observances of religion. This connection was strictly attended to under the Old Testament dispensation. And the words of the apostle seem to intimate more than a merely local connection between having “the heart sprinkled from an evil conscience, and the body washed with pure water.”—*W. Fleming*.

COURTESIES TO PARENTS

Parents lean upon their children, especially their sons, much earlier than either of them imagine. Their love is a constant inspiration, a perennial fountain of delight, from which other lips may quaff and be comforted thereby. It may be that the mother has been left a widow, depending on her only son for support. He gives her a comfortable home, sees that she is well clad, and allows no debts to accumulate, and that is all. It is considerable, more even than many sons do, but there is a lack. He seldom thinks it worth while to give her a caress; he has forgotten all those affectionate ways that kept the wrinkles from her face, and make her look so much younger than her years; he is ready to put his hand in his pocket to gratify her slightest request, but to give of the abundance of his heart is another thing entirely. He loves his mother? Of course he does! Are there not proofs enough of his filial regard? Is he not continually making sacrifices for her benefit? What more could any reasonable woman ask?

THE PLAY OF CHILDREN

How often do we think of the vast amount of energy that runs to waste in child-life? To divert force spent in fretfulness and complaining into healthier channels is worth any amount of trouble, and the sunshine that comes into life

in consequence is reward a hundred-fold. Since the impulse given by Froebel, child-culture receives increasing attention; and in the eyes of advanced educators no branch of public instruction is of larger importance than the kindergarten, where the teacher, through the medium of play, at once builds up childish character and imparts rudiments of exact sciences.

The disposition to make mud-pies, to prick pin-holes in any and everything, to scribble on walls and furniture, to construct toy castles out of cherished bric-a-brac, to litter the house with paper clippings, to work hopeless mischief in mamma's flower-beds and vegetable garden—



THE LITTLE MOTHER

all these tendencies which were, of old, the patient housemother's afflictions, are the kindergartner's opportunities.

In places where kindergartens do not exist, mothers might profitably study methods of child-play and entertainment through various books that have been published upon the subject. A mother might enlist the interests of an older sister or brother, and so form a sort of home kindergarten. One need not be discouraged if materials are meagre, the teacher uninstructed and results slow. Good seed will surely bear good fruit; and one cannot expect of seed that it be planted, grow up, bloom, and bear fruit in a day. Let the housemother teach the teacher to regard her play pupils as so many of God's flowers, to be watered with smiles and labored with lovingly, that they may grow up to the glory of God and the happiness of themselves, the home and the world. The real tending and care of an out-door garden by the little folks and their leader is particularly desirable, for nature thus furnishes an object-lesson in growth and development, which they may apply to themselves. In days of rain and snow when little folks must stay indoors, the leader needs help and encouragement.



BABY LIKES TO HELP WITH THE HOUSEWORK

CHILDREN'S ROOMS

A well-designed bookcase with glass doors is a valuable factor in the training of children. It teaches a respect for books by showing that they are thought worthy of care; and a child is less likely to knock about and damage a book



which must be taken from and restored to such a bookcase, than one which, after being used, is thrust back on an open shelf. Children's books; if they have any literary value, should be bound in some bright-colored morocco: dingy backs of calf or black cloth are not likely to attract the youthful eye, and the better a book is bound the more carefully it will be handled. Even lesson-books, when they become shabby, should have a covering of some bright-colored cloth stitched over the boards.

The general rules laid down for the decoration of the schoolroom may, with some obvious modifications, be applied to the treatment of the nursery and of children's rooms. These, like the schoolroom, should have painted walls

and a floor of hardwood with a removable rug or a square of matting. In a house containing both schoolroom and nursery, the decoration of the latter room will, of course, be adapted to the tastes of the younger children. Mothers often say, in answer to suggestions as to the decoration of the nursery, that the children "like something bright"—as if this precluded every form of art above the newspaper chromo and the Christmas card! It is easy to produce an effect of brightness by means of white woodwork and walls hung with good colored prints, with large photographs of old Flemish or Italian pictures—say, for example, Bellini's baby-angels playing on musical instruments—and with a few Japanese plant and animal drawings. All these subjects would interest and amuse even very young children; and there is no reason why a gay Japanese screen, with boldly drawn birds and flowers, should not afford as much entertainment as one composed of a heterogeneous collection of Christmas cards, chromos, and story-book pictures, put together without any attempt at color-harmony or composition.

Children's rooms should be as free as possible from all superfluous draperies. The windows may be hung with either shades or curtains: it is needless to have both. If curtains are preferred, they should be of chintz, or of some washable cotton or linen. Pictures from Æsop and Lafontaine, or from some familiar myth or story, are specially suited to children's rooms, while another source of interest and amusement may be provided by facing the fireplace with blue and white Dutch tiles representing the finding of Moses, the story of David and Goliath, or some such familiar episode.

As children grow older, and are allotted separate bedrooms, these should be furnished and decorated on the same principles and with the same care as

the schoolroom. Pieces of furniture for these bedrooms would make far more suitable and interesting presents than the costly odds and ends so often given without definite intention. In the arrangement of the child's own room the expression of individual taste should be encouraged and the child allowed to choose the pictures and casts with which the walls are hung. The responsibility of such selection will do much to develop the incipient faculties of observation and comparison.—*Stockton*

PEACE IN THE HOME

"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." Father and mother must be beautiful and undivided in their lives if they want their children to dwell together harmoniously. It is not an easy thing for even the most excellent people to live together in harmony, if they have clashing tastes and temperaments, but when differences are overcome they are means of grace, and some of the most beautiful married lives in all the world are the result of unions of so-called "incompatibles" who took their troubles to God. In *Stepping Heavenward*, the author says she and her husband began, and kept up their married lives by saying together every evening a little prayer that they might love each other better and be kinder to each other day by day. Troubles came, and differences came that might have grown serious but for the little evening prayer. At a good old age the couple were happy and lovers still. A part of every child's evening and morning prayer should be the petition for a loving spirit, for the love that "believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." In the interests of peace—and of even better things than peace—several very simple rules need to be impressed on the growing members of the family circle. Here are a few Don'ts: Don't tell tales; don't criticise behind each others' backs; keep engagements and pay your debts as punctually in the family circle as among outsiders; be as prompt and pleasant at meal times as possible; don't nag; don't lose your temper. Remember that a temper is an excellent thing—to keep. A great many placid people have the fatal gift of ruffling everybody else. Remember that virtue consists not merely in being good yourself, but in helping others to be good also. Like the Ten Commandments, the whole matter can be summed up in St. Paul's oft-repeated words: "Love is the fulfilling of the law."

So music is wedded to music,
 And stream and stream are one,
 And cloud is the bride of the cloudlet,
 In the palace of the sun;
 And a life that is weak and wanting
 Rounds to a perfect whole,
 When spirit is one with spirit,
 And soul is wedded to soul.

ARRANGING THE WORK OF THE HOUSE

The work must be reduced to a system. If it is done in a haphazard, whatever-comes-uppermost fashion, both mistress and servant will always be at

work. System is necessary, whether you have one servant or half a dozen, and, in the latter case, it is impossible to get along without it. But where you have only one or two, it is best not to trust to them to do their allotted work just as it seems convenient to them, for even experienced servants, who work well, seldom are good planners. That is not the business they have learned, and they expect to be directed.

You know the wants and ways of all the members of your household, what little comforts they desire and their hours for pleasure and business. So you are the one to arrange the work in such a manner that it will fit in snugly and comfortably with all these needs, and duties, and pleasures. For this fact must not be lost sight of—that



“LITTLE BY LITTLE”

housekeeping is the art of making a home—it does not consist in keeping a house spotlessly clean, or in getting the most work done in a given time, or in

perpetually making something to tempt the appetite, or in straining every nerve to save money. Neatness, industry, good, wholesome cooking, and economy all belong to housekeeping, but everything must be made subservient to the grand central idea—so difficult to define even with many words, but so easily understood when expressed in one—home.—*Stockton.*

LULLABY

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The eastern skies
Are calm and bright;
And over all the world,
The Star of Bethlehem
Is shedding its pure light!

O little one! O little one!
Let all thy sobbings cease,
For the little Babe who came to be
The King of all men's destiny,
Is named the Prince of Peace!
Is named the Prince of Peace!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Sleep, baby, sleep!
For man and beast are glad;
Thy gentle King by angel hands
Was in a manger laid,
That all the patient kine might see
He scorned not even their degree;
But unto burdened beasts, as men,
He came their loads to ease,
This little Prince of Peace!
This little Prince of Peace!

Let all thy sobbings cease, my babe,
Let all thy sobbings cease!
For lo! thy King, my little babe,
Is named the Prince of Peace!
Is named the Prince of Peace!

—*Myrta Lockett Avery.*

Think how poor a place it was in which Christ was born! how lowly a company it was into which God entered when he came to dwell among us. Then hold every home God's possible dwelling-place.—*Mary Jordan.*

LINCOLN AND THE BIRDS

At the present time, when the agitation against the slaughter of birds is growing in many States of the Union, the following anecdote, which is related of Abraham Lincoln, will be read with interest. The narrator is one who knew Lincoln well, and who, at the time of the incident, was his fellow-traveler. "We passed through a thicket of wild-plum and crab-apple trees, and stopped to water our horses. One of the party came up alone, and we inquired: 'Where is Lincoln?' 'Oh,' he replied, 'when I saw him last he had caught two young birds which the wind had blown out of their nest, and he was hunting for the nest, that he might put them back in it.'"

INFLUENCE

You never can tell when you send a word,
 Like an arrow shot from a bow
 By an archer blind, be it cruel or kind,
 Just where it will chance to go.
 It may pierce the breast of your dearest friend,
 Tipped with its poison or balm;
 To a stranger's heart in life's great mart
 It may carry its pain or its calm.

You never can tell when you do an act
 Just what the result will be;
 But with every deed you are sowing a seed,
 Though its harvest you may not see.
 Each kindly act is an acorn dropped
 In God's productive soil;
 Though you may not know, yet the tree shall grow
 And shelter the brows that toil.

You never can tell what your thoughts will do
 In bringing you hate or love;
 For thoughts are things, and their airy wings
 Are swifter than carrier dove.
 They follow the law of the universe,
 Each thing must create its kind;
 And they speed o'er the track to bring you back
 Whatever went out from your mind. —*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

It is easy to be neat and not hard to be clean. The humblest little home can be as neat and clean as the finest mansion in the world. Neatness and cleanliness in the home are sure to lead to neatness and cleanliness in the person of all in the home.

MARRIAGE ?

A wife?—thought I;—yes, a wife!

—If now in that chair yonder, not the one your feet lie upon, but the other, beside you—closer yet—were seated a sweet-faced girl, with a pretty little foot lying out upon the hearth—a bit of lace running round the swelling throat—the hair parted to a charm over a forehead fair as any of your dreams—and if you could reach an arm around that chair back, without fear of giving offence, and suffer your fingers to play idly with those curls that escape down the neck; and if you could clasp with your other hand those little white, taper fingers of hers, which lie so temptingly within reach,—and so, talk softly and low in presence of the blaze, while the hours slip without knowledge, and the winter winds whistle uncared for;—if, in short, you were no bachelor, but the husband of some such sweet image—(dream, call it rather)—would it not be far pleasanter than this cold single night-sitting—counting the sticks—reckoning the length of the blaze and the height of the falling snow?

And if, some or all of those wild vagaries that grow on your fancy at such an hour, you could whisper into listening, because loving ears—ears not tired with listening, because it is you who whisper—ears ever indulgent because eager to praise;—and if your darkest fancies were lit up, not merely with bright wood fire, but with a ringing laugh of that sweet face turned up in fond rebuke—how far better, than to be waxing black, and sour, over pestilential humors—alone—your very dog asleep!

And if when a glowing thought comes into your brain, quick and sudden, you could tell it over as to a second self, to that sweet creature, who is not away, because she loves to be there; and if you could watch the thought catching that girlish mind, illuming that fair brow, sparkling in those pleasantest of eyes—how far better than to feel it slumbering, and going out, heavy, lifeless, and dead, in your own selfish fancy. And if a generous emotion steals over you—coming, you know not whither, would there not be a richer charm in lavishing it in caress, or endearing word, upon that fondest, and most dear one, than in patting your glossy-coated dog, or sinking lonely to smiling slumbers?

How would not benevolence ripen with such monitor to task it! How would not selfishness grow faint and dull, leaning ever to that second self, which is the loved one! How would not guile shiver, and grow weak, before that girl-brow, and eye of innocence! How would not all that boyhood prized of enthusiasm, and quick blood, and life, renew itself in such presence?

My fancy would surely quicken, thought I, if such being were in attendance. Surely imagination would be stronger, and purer, if it could have the playful fancies of dawning womanhood to delight it. All toil would be torn from mind-labor, if but another heart grew into this present soul, quickening it, warming it, cheering it, bidding it ever,—God speed!

Her face would make a halo, rich as a rainbow, atop of all such noisome things, as we lonely souls call trouble. Her smile would illumine the blackest

of crowding cares; and darkness that now seats you despondent, in your solitary chair for days together, weaving bitter fancies, dreaming bitter dreams, would grow light and thin, and spread, and float away,—chased by that beloved smile.

* * * * *

Then—those children, rosy, fair-haired; no, they did not disturb you with their prattle now—they are yours! Toss away there on the greensward—never mind the hyacinths, the snowdrops, the violets, if so be any are there; the perfume of their healthful lips is worth all the flowers of the world. No need now to gather wild bouquets to love and cherish: flower, tree, gun, are all dead things; things livelier hold your soul.

You have no need now of any cold lecture to teach thankfulness: your heart is full of it. No need now, as once, of bursting blossoms, of trees taking leaf and greenness, to turn thought kindly, and thankfully; for ever, beside you, there is bloom, and ever beside you there is fruit,—for which eye, heart, and soul are full of unknown, and unspoken, because unspeakable, thank-offering.—*Donald G. Mitchell in Reveries of a Bachelor.*

RICHARD STEELE'S WIFE

“It was Steele (says Mr. Thackeray, in one of the most fascinating pages of his lectures), who first began to pay a manly homage to the goodness and understanding, as well as the tenderness and beauty of women. In his comedies, the heroes do not rant and rave about the divine beauties of Floriana or Statira, as the characters were made to do in the chivalry romances and the high-flown dramas just going out of vogue; but Steele admires women’s virtues, acknowledges their sense, and adores their purity and beauty with an ardor and strength which should win the good-will of all women to their hearty and respectful champion.”

“It is this ardor, this respect, this manliness which makes his comedies so pleasant and their heroes such fine gentlemen. He paid the finest compliment to a woman that perhaps ever was offered. Of one whom Congreve had also admired and celebrated, Steele says, ‘To have known her was a liberal education.’ ‘How often,’ he writes, dedicating a volume to his wife, ‘how often has your tenderness removed pain from my sick head, how often anguish from my afflicted heart! If there are such beings as guardian angels, they are thus employed. I cannot believe one of them to be more good in inclination, or more charming in form than my wife.’ His breast seems to warm and his eyes to kindle when he meets with a good and beautiful woman, and it is with his heart as well as his hat that he salutes her. About children, and all that relates to home, he is not less tender, and more than once speaks in apology of what he calls his softness; he would have been nothing without that delightful weakness.” The time is past when it can be considered a weakness for a man to care greatly for home and to interest himself profoundly in its affairs.

THE FIRST BOY

There was a time when you thought all babies very much alike: alike? Is your boy like anything, except the wonderful fellow that he is? Was there ever a baby seen, or even read of, like that baby!

Look at him: pick him up in his long, white gown: he may have an excess of color, but such a pretty color! he is a little pouty about the mouth—but such a mouth! His hair is a little scant, and he is rather wandering in the eye: but, goodness me! heavens—what an eye!

There was a time, when you thought it very absurd for fathers to talk about their children; but it does not seem at all absurd now. You think, on the contrary, that your old friends, who used to sup with you at the club, would be delighted to know how your baby is getting on, and how much he measures around the calf of the leg! If they pay you a visit, you are quite sure they are in an agony to see Frank; and you hold the little squirming fellow in your arms, half conscience-smitten, for provoking them to such envy, as they must be suffering.

How eagerly you watch the first tottering step of that boy: how you riot in the joy and pride, that swell in that mother's eyes, as they follow his feeble, staggering motions! Can God bless his creatures, more than he has blessed that dear Madge and you? Has heaven even richer joys, than live in that home of yours?

By and by, he speaks; and minds tie together by language, as the hearts have long tied by looks. He wanders with you, feebly, and with slow, wondering paces, upon the verge of the great universe of thought. His little eye sparkles with some vague fancy that comes upon him first, by language. Madge teaches him the words of affection, and of thankfulness; and she teaches him to lisp infant prayer; and by secret pains, (how could she be so secret?) instructs him in some little phrase of endearment, that she knows will touch your heart; and then, she watches your coming; and the little fellow runs toward you, and warbles out his lesson of love, in tones that forbid you any answer—save only those brimming eyes—turned first on her, and then on him; and poorly concealed, by the quick embrace, and the kisses which you shower in transport!—*Donald G. Mitchell.*

Children, look into those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand! Make much of it while you have that most precious of all gifts, a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes, the deep anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends—fond, dear, kind friends; but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother can bestow.

TEACHING THE BIBLE TO CHILDREN

The teaching of the Bible to children is, of course, a matter of especial interest to those of us who have families—and, incidentally, I wish to express my profound belief in large families. Older folks often fail to realize how readily a child will grasp a little askew something they do not take the trouble to explain. We cannot be too careful in seeing that the biblical learning is not merely an affair of rote, so that the child may understand what it is being taught. And, by the way, I earnestly hope that you will never make your children learn parts of the Bible as punishment. Do you not know families where this is done? For instance: "You have been a bad child—learn a chapter of Isaiah." And the child learns it as a disagreeable task, and in his mind that splendid and lofty poem and prophecy is forever after associated with an uncomfortable feeling of disgrace. I hope you will not make your children learn the Bible in that way, for you can devise no surer method of making a child revolt against all the wonderful beauty and truth of Holy Writ.

Probably there is not a mother or a school teacher here who could not, out of her own experience, give instance after instance of the queer twists that the little minds give to what seem to us perfectly simple sentences. Now, I would make a very strong plea for each of us to try and see that the child understands what the words mean. I do not think that it is ordinarily necessary to explain the simple and beautiful stories of the Bible; children understand readily the lessons taught therein; but I do think it necessary to see that they really have a clear idea of what each sentence means, what the words mean.

Probably some of my hearers remember the old Madison Square Presbyterian Church in New York when it was under the ministry of Dr. Adams, and those of you who remember the Doctor will, I think, agree with me that he was one of those very rare men with whose name one instinctively tends to couple the adjective "saintly." I attended his church when I was a little boy. The good Doctor had a small grandson, and it was accidentally discovered that the little fellow felt a great terror of entering the church when it was vacant. After vain attempts to find out exactly what his reasons were, it happened late one afternoon that the Doctor went to the church with him on some errand. They walked down the aisle together, their steps echoing in the vacant building, the little boy clasping the Doctor's hand and gazing anxiously about. When they reached the pulpit he said, "Grandpa, where is the zeal?" "The what?" asked Dr. Adams. "The zeal," repeated the little boy; "why, don't you know, 'the zeal of thine house hath eaten me up?'" You can imagine the Doctor's astonishment when he found that this sentence had sunk deep into his little grandson's mind as a description of some terrific monster which haunted the inside of churches.—*President Roosevelt.*

Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force, that thoughts rule the world.—*Emerson.*

SOME HONEY-BEES**BE CONSIDERATE**

No one would think of speaking harshly to a friend or a guest. Surely the members of our own family are entitled to as much consideration as our friends or guests. Yet how many times do we find fault in the home circle for little things that we would hardly notice elsewhere?

Nothing is worse in the family circle than nagging. There will be no nagging where each one in the family is considerate of the feelings of others.

BE PATIENT

When your child asks a question be patient enough to answer him. It is the child's right to be taught, and he can learn only by asking questions.

Do not worry. Too many people have an idea that it is their duty to worry. They give a mistaken meaning to "worry." Looking out for the future is not "worrying," and "worrying" is not looking out for the future.

It is when all worry has been put aside that one can best prepare for the future.

What friction is to the mechanical world worry is to the mental machinery. It retards motion and lessens force.

Nature never worries. .

BE HELPFUL

Too many young people get the notion that their parents who provide the home must be the only ones to make it attractive. Every boy and every girl can be helpful at home. They can help father and mother in a host of little things, and they can help in the pleasures of home life. The boy or girl who finds the mother busily sewing for him or her can easily spend a half hour reading aloud from the mother's favorite book or paper. The daughter who has been taught to play on the piano can often smooth the wrinkles out of her tired and careworn father's brow by playing for him his favorite pieces.

BE TRUTHFUL

Let every member of your family learn that you are to be trusted. It is a painful thing when children are found questioning the things they are told by father or mother, but they learn to do so very quickly when parents get into the habit of deceiving them. There should be no secrets between husband and wife, or parent and child. "Honesty is the best policy" in the home as well as in the business world. If you cannot answer truthfully the questions put to you in the home circle, do not answer at all.

"A man should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong," Alexander Pope wrote. "It is but saying in other words that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday."

—From "*A Swarm of Bees*" in the *New Century Home Book*.

MY DAUGHTER'S HUSBAND

Every mother has not only a right but a duty in relation to a child's marriage. You often hear a man of very moderate desert say that he requires in a wife virtue, birth, breeding, beauty, good-nature, education, money, and other superlative gifts; so why shall a mother be less demanding in behalf of her daughter? It will then go without saying that this husband of a sweet and innocent and carefully reared girl shall be a satisfactory specimen of the race, manly, brave, and good to look upon. That means that he will have good health; and, having good health, he will have good nature. Unselfishness is the first positive quality that I should require. With unselfishness there will be that generosity which not only gives with an open hand, but which so regards the feelings and wishes of others as to make ill-temper and dark moods impossible. With unselfishness there will be self-restraint and sobriety and honesty and fidelity. With unselfishness, again, will be purity—the safeguard of home.—*Harriet Prescott Spofford.*

THE OLD FISHERMAN

I feel for mariners of stormy nights
 And feel for wives that watch ashore, Ay, ay!
 Book-learning is a world too hard for me;
 But I make bold to say, O Lord, good Lord,
 I am a broken-down, poor man, a fool
 To speak to thee; but in the Book 'tis writ,
 As I hear say from others that can read,
 How, when thou camest, thou didst love the sea,
 And live with fisherfolk, whereby 'tis sure
 Thou knowest all the peril they go through. . . .
 My lads are drowned; I buried my poor wife;
 My little lassies, died so long ago
 That mostly I forget what they were like.
 Thou knowest, Lord; they were such little ones.
 I know they went to thee, but I forget
 Their faces, though I missed them sore.
 I was a strong man; I have drawn good food
 And made good money out of thy great sea;
 But yet I cried for them at nights, and now,
 Although I be so old I miss my lads,
 And there be many folks this stormy night
 Heavy with fear for theirs, merciful Lord!
 Comfort them, save their honest boys, their pride,
 And let them hear next ebb the blessedest,
 Best sound—the boat keels grating on the sand.—*Jean Ingelow.*



"I FEEL FOR WIVES THAT WATCH ASHORE"

THE CHAFING-DISH

The chafing-dish is a really valuable aid in teaching young people something about cookery, and that in an easy, pleasant fashion. The girl who wishes to provide a feast for the little club or circle to which she belongs, should first make out a list of all the utensils and materials she will need. Then she may collect them and arrange them upon the table where she means to do her cookery. The chafing-dish must stand on a tray; close at hand should be a half-pint measuring cup, a small wooden spoon for stirring, a couple of teaspoons, a tablespoon and a knife. If eggs are to be used there must be a small bowl to beat them in and a fork. The ingredients must be arranged in the order in which the cook will have to use them. All this may be done before the guests are met. The lamp under the dish must be filled and matches laid near. Then, when the cooking is to be done, all the girl will have to do will be to pin a napkin on in apron fashion, to protect the front of her gown from possible splashing, take her place behind the chafing-dish, and set to work. If she has been wise enough to try over the recipe beforehand, she may be reasonably sure of a happy result.

Be ye sure that the Divine Dispenser of blessings great and small is not offended at the innocent pleasures, pastimes, and pretty hospitalities of youth. Feel that their lightest amusement should be such that the pure and loving Master would not be aggrieved if there, but rather sensible that he was being served by his children who seek to make each other happy. Invite the lonely to your feasts. Let those who have no friends or joy besides, find joy and friendship at your board.

O HAPPY HOUSE

O happy house! where thou art loved the best,
Dear Friend and Saviour of our race,
Where never comes such welcome, honored Guest;
Where none can ever fill thy place;
Where every heart goes forth to meet thee,
Where every ear attends thy word,
Where every lip with blessing greets thee,
Where all are waiting on their Lord.

O happy house! where man and wife in heart,
In faith and hope are one,
That neither death nor life can ever part
The union here begun.

O happy house! where little ones are given
Early to thee in love and prayer;
To thee, who from the heights of Heaven
Guardeth them ever with most tender care!

—Karl Spitta.

THE HOMELESS ONE

Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
 Proclaiming thy royal degree;
 But in lowly birth thou didst come to earth
 And in great humility.

O, come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
 There is room in my heart for thee!



“O, HAPPY HOUSE!”

The foxes found rest and the birds had their nest
 In the shade of the forest tree;
 But thy couch was the sod, O thou Son of God,
 In the desert of Galilee.

O, come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
 There is room in my heart for thee!

Christ in the home—"A light that shineth." Let "the day star arise in your hearts."—2 Peter, i:19.

HOME

The dearest spot of earth to me
Is home, sweet home!
The fairy land I long to see
Is home, sweet home!
There how charmed the sense of hearing!
There where love is so endearing!
All the world is not so cheering
As home, sweet home!

I've taught my heart the way to prize
My home, sweet home!
I've learned to look with lover's eyes
On home, sweet home!
There, where vows are truly plighted!
There, where hearts are so united!
All the world besides I've slighted
For home, sweet home.—*W. T. Wrighton.*



HAPPINESS



RECIPE FOR A HAPPY DAY

A little dash of cold water,
A little leaven of prayer,
A little bit of sunshine gold,
Dissolved in morning air.

Add to your meal some merriment.
Add thought for kith and kin,
And then, as a prime ingredient,
Plenty of work thrown in.

Flavor it all with essence of love,
And a little dash of play;
And let a glance at the good old Book
Complete the well-spent day.



WITH THE ROSES

I have read a lyric of the Persian poet, Sadi, in which the poet asks a clod of clay how it has come to smell sweet. The clay replies, "The sweetness is not in myself, but I have been lying in contact with the rose." Whether, then, the marked features of our character be sweetness and light, or ruggedness and ill-odor, depends upon the minds with which our own is constantly associating. Hold it as a maxim, however—to use the words of Lord Collingwood—that "Better to be alone than in mean company."—*W. H. Davenport Adams.*

IF WE HAD BUT A DAY

We should fill the hours with the sweetest things
 If we had but a day;
 We should drink alone at the purest springs
 We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresh power
 In our upward way;
 We should love with a lifetime's love in an hour
 If the hours were few;
 To be and to do.

We should guide our wayward or wearied wills
 By the clearest light;
 We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills
 If they lay in sight;
 We should trample the pride and the discontent
 Beneath our feet;
 We should take whatever a good God sent
 With a trust complete.

We should waste no moments in weak regret
 If the day were but one,
 If what we remember and what we forget
 Went out with the sun;
 We should be from our clamorous selves set free
 To work or to pray,
 And to be what the Father would have us be,
 If we had but a day.

—*Mary Lowe Dickinson.*

The days are ever divine. They come and go like muffled and veiled figures sent from a distant friendly party; but they say nothing, and if we do not use the gifts they bring, they carry them as silently away.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*



“WITH THE ROSES”

TAKE JOY HOME

Take joy home,
 And make a place in thy great heart for her;
 And give her time to grow, and cherish her;
 Then she will come, and oft will sing to thee
 When thou art working in the furrows; ay,
 Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.
 It is a comely fashion to be glad;
 Joy is the grace we say to God.

THANKSGIVING

I remember, many years ago, reading in reference to the Pilgrim Fathers that they used to have days of humiliation, prayer, and fasting, when storms came and floods came, and seasons were unfavorable—times of humiliation, of fasting, and of short rations. They went on with it for a considerable time. By and by something crossed their pathway that was not pleasing, and they made up their minds to have another day of humiliation. But one of the old colonists said he begged to move an amendment. They had been long enough dull and downhearted, and occasionally disappointed, and it was telling upon them. It was having an effect on the young people, and almost tempting them to return to the Old Country. "I move that instead of having a day of fasting, and humiliation, and crying, we have a day of rejoicing." He said: "Our colony is getting stronger, our corn-fields are enlarging very much in their dimensions, our wives are very obedient, our children are very dutiful, the air is very salubrious, the woods are full of game, and the rivers are full of fish; we have what we came here for—liberty of conscience. I move that we have a day's thanksgiving." And the amendment was carried unanimously. There has been a Thanksgiving Day ever since.—*Anonymous.*

THE GIVER AND THE GIFTS

I know I might have seen in every star
 That sheds its light on me,
 A lamp of Thine set out to guide from far
 My steps from home and Thee;

Have heard in streams with bending grasses clad,
 Which sparkled through the sod,
 The music of the river that makes glad
 The city of our God.

Gladness of heart is the life of a man, and the joyfulness of a man pro-
 longeth his days.—Eccles., xxx: 22.

CHILDREN IN THE FIELDS

We sing, we sing—God makes the world so sweet
 We can but love him. Lo, we gather flowers
 And offer them to him as tribute meet,
 He giveth us such fair and fragrant hours.
 Sprigtime or autumn find we cause for praise—
 The little children singing, glad and gay,
 Serve God the better for their happy ways,
 And please him with their merry roundelays.



“IF THE WHOLE GLAD YEAR WERE MAY”

O, Father, teach us all thy gifts to prize—
 So long, so long, dear God, we have been sad,
 And looked on thy fair earth with joyless eyes,
 O Father, teach thy children to be glad!
 We thank thee for the thorn and for the rose,
 We thank thee for the day-star and the night,
 We thank thee for the rain and for the snows,
 And we are happy living in thy light!—*M. L. A.*

THE BOOK OF HAPPINESS

Oh! if books had but tongues to speak their wrongs, then might the Bible well exclaim: "Hear, O heavens! and give ear, O earth, I came from the love and embrace of God; and mute nature, to whom I brought no boon, did me



BEARING THE GIFT OF GIFTS

rightful homage. To man I came, and my words were to the children of men. I disclosed to you the mysteries of hereafter, and the secrets of the throne of God. I set open to you the gates of salvation, and the way of eternal life, heretofore unknown. Nothing in heaven did I withhold from your hope and ambition; and upon your earthly lot I poured the full horn of divine providence and consolation. But ye requited me with no welcome, ye held no festivity on my arrival; ye sequester me from happiness and heroism, closetting me with sickness and infirmity; ye make not of me, nor use me for, your guide, to wisdom and pru-

dence, but press me into your list of duties, and withdraw me to a mere corner of your time; and most of ye set me at nought, and utterly disregard me. I came, the fulness of the knowledge of God; angels delighted in my company, and desired to dive into my secrets. But ye, mortals, place masters over me, subjecting me to the discipline and dogmatism of men, and tutoring me in your schools of learning. I came not to be silent in your dwellings, but to speak welfare to you and to your children. I came to rule, and my throne to set up in the hearts of men. Mine ancient residence was the bosom of God, no residence will I have but the soul of an immortal. —*Edward Irving.*

All rests with those who read. A work or thought
Is what each makes it to himself, and may
Be full of great deep meanings, like the sea
With shoals of life onrushing.—*Bailey.*

THE GOSPEL OF CHEERFULNESS

Some people find it harder than others to be uniformly cheerful. While one man is, as the saying is, "born happy," another inherits a tendency to look upon the sombre aspect of every matter presented to him. To the latter, the price of cheerfulness is eternal vigilance lest he lapse into morbidness. But after a while habit becomes second nature. I do not advocate the idea of taking life as a huge joke. The man or woman who does this throws the care and responsibility that should be his or hers upon some other shoulders. My plea is for the brave and bright courage that makes labor light. When we work, let us work cheerfully; when we play, let us play with our whole hearts. In this simple rule lies the secret of the youth that endures long after the hair is white and the "Delectable Mountains" are in sight.

There is no habit of more fungus-like growth than that of melancholy, yet many people give way to it. Some Christians go through this life as if it were, indeed, a vale of tears, and they, having been put in it without their consent, were determined to make the worst of a bad bargain, and to be as wretched as opportunity would allow. Said a clergyman to one of his depressed and downcast parishioners: "My friend, your religion does not seem to agree with you."

It is one of the unexplained mysteries of human nature that people receive their griefs as direct from the hand of God, but not their joys. Why does not a kind Father mean for us to profit by the one as much as by the other? And since into nearly every life falls more sunshine than shadow, why leave the sunny places and go out of our way to sit and mope in the darkest, dreariest shade we can find? I believe in the Gospel of Cheerfulness. It is your duty and mine to get every drop of cream off our own especial pan of milk. And if we do have to drink skim milk, shall we throw away the cream on that account? If it were not to be used it would not be there. God does not make things to have them wasted.

All of us have our worries—some small, some great—and the strength and depth of our characters are proved by the way in which we meet the trials. Cheerfulness is God's own messenger to lighten our burdens, and to make our times of joy even more bright and beautiful. Have you noticed how, as soon as you can laugh over a vexation, the sting of it is gone? And the best of it is that you cannot be happy yourself without casting a little light, even if it be but reflected sunshine, into some other life.

GOOD HUMOR

What then remains, but well our power to use
And keep good humor still whate'er we lose?
And trust me, dear, good humor can prevail
When airs and flights and screams and scoldings fail.—*Pope*.

LITTLE MAN

So you're six years old at last,
Little man !
And you mean to grow as fast
As you can.
Tall as papa soon you'll grow,
And to business daily go
And a lot of lessons know,
Little man !

To be clever you intend,
Little man !
You'll have money, too, to spend,
Happy plan !
In a carriage you will ride,
With your sweetheart by your side
And see all the world so wide,
Little man !

Wish to be contented first,
Little man !
Then the world may do the worst
That it can.
Pray, my boy, you may be then
Loved by all your fellow-men,
Honored, loved and trusted when
You're a man !

With the blessings of the poor
And the old,
That is better far, be sure,
Than much gold.
Then your manhood will be blest
With the happiness that's best ;
You can leave to heaven the rest,
Little man !

Whoever wears a happy face does a service to humanity ; for it is infinitely better that the world should seem full of sunshine than of gloom, that the general heart should be lifted in gratitude rather than abased with rankling injury ; and happiness meanwhile, or its semblance, begets happiness, like a dollar at usury, and enriches the moral world as sunshine does the earth.



A HAPPY LITTLE MAN!

JOY

I could not watch a single cluster of leaves without feeling that the passion of its whole nature was thrown into every instant of its being, and that the passion was thrilling joy. The face of every flower was like that of a radiant child. The air shook with the joyful thoughts of the birds, the dance of insect life had begun, and the airy ravishment of the butterfly born too soon, was the



"THE SUNLIGHT IN THE BLOSSOM"

expression of the life that trembled with delight through every animal. The sky was full of happy voices, the clouds sailed with swift pleasure through the joyous sky, the waters glittered with their own delight, it was not only joy, it was rapturous joy at every instant and in every place.

Love, life, joy, what are these in their tale to the spirit, as spring sends them flowing into our hearts?

They are a revelation of the Being of God. Its first attribute is infinite life. In this world of decay and death, where sorrow and apathy and dulness play so large a part in us, it is unspeakable comfort to know that there is above us and in our God, an eager, unwearied, universal life. Nothing in spring gives me

so much joy as that thought. It is God's life that is moving everywhere, breathing to the sunlight in the blossom, flowing in the running water, growing in the corn, singing in the birds, glittering in the dew that nourishes the grass—the inexhaustible fountain of God's life that makes the world in the rushing of its stream. . . .

True, it is dear to us who need sympathy in pain, who know so much of pain, to feel, through Christ, that God can be touched with sorrow for us, that it pitieth him to see us in the dust, but that is not of the absolute in his being. The essence of his being is, on the contrary, joy; intense, overflowing, streaming in rapturous life, through universes of life, material and immaterial.

That is the second thought of him that comes to us, in the ecstasy of the spring. "Take it into your life. It will do you good; it will help you to conquer the disabling of sorrow, the apathetic results of pain; it will rescue you from that overmuch contemplation of self that wearies and dulls the heart; and lift you on the wings of a mightier emotion than grief, into a brighter heaven."

For the ocean of life in which we move is, in truth, an ocean of joy, and we shall know that, in spite of sighing and tears, ere long.—*S. A. Brooke.*

THE CHEERFUL ONE

Every family needs, and every "well-regulated family" has, at least one sunshiny member; generally it is some one who does not bear the heaviest burdens of the home, but yet whose heart has been touched by sorrow, melted by pity, and warmed by love,—some dear "grandma," or "auntie," or sister, or mother, whose presence makes sunshine, whose smile scatters clouds, whose soft answer turns away wrath, whose sympathy dries tears, whose counsel composes difficulties, whose ear listens to troubles, whose heart keeps secrets, and who weaves a band of light and love about the home, and paints it with those mellow tints which never fade from memory's canvas, and which cause so many a long-drawn sigh when the dear spell of youth is broken, and we go forth to stem the storms of earth alone.

Can we not catch this sunshine, and each become a sunshiny member of the circle where we move? How much peace, and joy, and hope, and strength, and courage we may thus minister; how much weariness, and doubt, and care, and gloom we may dispel! This gift is not all nature; part of it is nature, part grace, and part experience, born of sorrow and of tears. The secret is love—love thy neighbor as thyself—patience towards all men, and the spirit of Christ abiding in the heart. Remember, fathers, brothers, husbands and sons, that the role of the "Cheerful One" belongs as rightfully to you as to the women-toks of the family.

My business is not to remake myself,
But make the absolute best of what God made.

—*Robert Browning.*

GOD'S FAVORITES

It is the quiet, unheralded lives that are building up the kingdom of heaven. Not much note is taken of them here. Their monuments will not make much show in the church-yard. Their names will not be passed down to posterity with many wreaths about them. But they are God's favorites. Their work is blessed. In this world they are like those modest, lovely flowers which made no show, but which, hidden away under tall plants and grasses, pour out sweet perfumes and fill the air with their odors. And in heaven they will get their reward.

THE ANGELS CAME TO TOWN

People tell the story yet,
 With the pathos of regret,
 How, along the streets, one day,
 Unawares, from far away,
 Angels passed, with gifts for need,
 And no mortal gave them heed.
 They had cheer for those who weep;
 They had light for shadows deep,
 Balm for broken hearts they bore,
 Rest, deep rest, a boundless store;
 But the people, so they say,
 Went the old, blind, human way,
 Fed the quack and hailed the clown,
 When the angels came to town.

It has been and will be so,
 Angels come and angels go,
 Opportunity and light,
 'Twixt the morning and the night,
 With their messages divine
 To your little world and mine,
 And we wonder why we heard
 Not a whisper of their word,
 Caught no glimpse of finer grace
 In the passing form and face,
 That our ears were dull as stones
 To the thrill of spirit tones,
 And we looked not up, but down,
 When the angels came to town.—*Alfred J. Hough.*

Thou seest how few be the things, the which if a man has at his command,
 his life flows gently on and is divine.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

WEALTH'S HIGHEST PLEASURE

The Christian idea that wealth is a stewardship, or trust, and not to be used for one's personal pleasure alone, but for the welfare of others, certainly seems the noblest; and those who have more money or broader culture owe a debt to those who have had fewer opportunities. And there are so many ways one can help!

Children, the sick and the aged especially, have claims on our attention, and the forms of work for them are numerous: from kindergartens, day-nurseries and industrial schools, to "homes" and hospitals. Our institutions for higher education require gifts in order to do their best work, for the tuition fees do not cover the expense of the advantages offered; and certainly such societies as those in our churches, and the Young Women's Christian Association and the Young Men's Christian Association, deserve our hearty co-operation. The earnest workers who so nobly and lovingly give their lives to promote the welfare of others, give far more than though they had simply made gifts of money, so those who cannot afford to give largely need not feel discouraged on that account. After all, sympathy and good-will may be a greater force than wealth, and we can all extend to others a kindly feeling and courteous consideration, that will make life sweeter and better.—*Helen Miller Gould.*

MAKING LAUGHTER

I am not ashamed to make you laugh occasionally. I think I could read you something which I have in my desk which would probably make you smile. Perhaps I will read it one of these days if you are patient with me when I am sentimental and reflective; not just now. The ludicrous has its place in the universe; it is not a human invention, but one of the divine ideas, illustrated in the practical jokes of kittens and monkeys long before Aristophanes or Shakespeare. How curious it is that we always consider solemnity and the absence of all gay surprises and encounter of wits as essential to the idea of the future life of those whom we thus deprive of half their faculties, and then call blessed. There are not a few who, even in this life, seem to be preparing themselves for that smileless eternity to which they look forward, by banishing all gayety from their hearts and all joyousness from their countenances. I meet one such in the street not infrequently—a person of intelligence and education, but who gives me (and all that he passes) such a rayless and chilling look of recognition—something as if he were one of heaven's assessors, come down to "doom" every acquaintance he met—that I have sometimes begun to sneeze on the spot, and gone home with a violent cold dating from that instant. I don't doubt he would cut his kitten's tail off if he caught her playing with it. Please tell me who taught her to play with it?—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

To be womanly is the greatest charm of woman.—*Gladstone.*



“LIVING MY CHILD-LIFE OVER AGAIN”

IN OLD GARDENS

In green old gardens, hidden away
 From sight of revel and sound of strife,
 Where the bird may sing out his soul ere he dies,
 Nor fears for the night, so he lives his day;
 Where the high red walls, which are growing gray
 With their lichen and moss embroideries,
 Seem sadly and sternly to shut out Life,
 Because it is often as sad as they;

Here may I live what life I please,
 Married and buried out of sight—
 Married to pleasure, and buried to pain—
 Hidden away amongst scenes like these,
 Under the fans of the chestnut trees;
 Living my child-life over again,
 With the farther hope of a fuller delight,
 Blithe as the birds and wise as the bees.

In green old gardens, hidden away
 From sight of revel and sound of strife,
 Here have I leisure to breathe and move,
 And to do my work in a nobler way;
 To sing my songs and say my say;
 To dream my dreams, and to love my love;
 To hold my faith, and to live my life,
 Making the most of its shadowy day.—*Lady Currie.*

THE BEAUTIFUL SINGER

"She seems to me the connecting link between woman and angel," said a bishop of the fair young wife of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Another gentleman said that to see her singing was "like looking into the face of an angel." While her beauty and music enchanted the world, the prettiest part of it all was that she was ever ready, without pressing, to lend her voice to the making of the lowliest and humblest happy. She would sing by the hour for children. What a pretty picture Mr. Rogers gives of her:

"Hers was truly a voice as of the cherub choir. . . . She sang here a great deal, and to my infinite delight; but what had a peculiar charm was that she used to take my daughter, then a child, on her lap, and sing a number of childish songs with such a playfulness of manner, and such a sweetness of look and voice, as was quite enchanting." With a beautiful voice, one is so rich in opportunities to make others happy! Strange that a musician should ever be indifferent to such use of his power!

THE VALUE OF CHANGE

If we would keep bright, let us make occasional excursions into other circles than our own. Artists generally go with artists, farmers with farmers, mechanics with mechanics, clergymen with clergymen, Christian workers with Christian workers. But there is nothing that sooner freshens one up than to get into a new group, mingling with people whose thought and work run in different channels. For a change, put the minister on the hayrack, and the farmer into the clergyman's study.



MUSIC ON THE RIVER

Let us read books not in our own line. After a man has been delving in nothing but theological works for three months, a few pages in the patent-office report will do him more good than Doctor Dick on *The Perseverance of the Saints*. Better than this, have some department of natural history or art, to which you may turn—a case of shells or birds, or a season ticket to

some picture-gallery. If you do nothing but play on one string of the base viol, you will wear it out and get no healthy tune. Better take the bow and sweep it clear across in one grand swirl, bringing all four strings and all eight stops into requisition.

Take little trips when you can—and carry your wife, or sister, or mother, or daughter along; and just give yourself over to having a good time and making others have a good time. People who stay at home and drudge forever, are in danger of becoming narrow. Work suffers by it. A steamer trip is “worth its weight in gold” to people who are worn out and run down. Of course, if you cannot at any time afford a trip, that is another matter. God will see to it that you do not suffer for what you cannot help. Only, remember—if he gives you means for enjoying yourself and making others happy, you have no right to misappropriate them by unnecessary hoarding.

BOYS AND OTHER BOYS

We once heard of a devout woman who could not sleep at night until her husband had destroyed a pack of conversation cards that had innocently found their way into the house. Her answer to every criticism of her illiberal attitude was as guiltless of grammar as it was of moral discrimination. “Cards is cards,” she said, “and one kind of card is as bad as another kind.”

Though we are often told that "boys will be boys," no one has yet insisted that "boys is boys, and one kind of boy is as bad as another." Yet there is a very general impression, chiefly among those who never had any boys of their own, that they are very much alike, indeed. On the contrary, the difference is so great between boys and "other boys" as to lead one almost to doubt that they really belong to the same species. It is the people who never had any boys who make this fatal mistake. It is the sisters and the cousins and the aunts, it is the school-teacher and the Sunday-School teacher, perhaps, but never by any



FUN A-FISHING

chance the mother. No matter how large her flock, it never occurs to her that Johnnie and Peter and Tom are made of the same stuff and amenable to the same treatment.

I knew an aged mother who said: "When my three boys were little fellows we were very poor. One Thanksgiving Day I could not make them any better dinner than on other days. We had corn-meal, and I varied the food by baking a Johnny-cake once in the day, making a hasty pudding to eat with milk in the morning, and fried mush of what was left for supper. The three meals were all the same thing—just cornmeal and water and salt—and these were all my own boys, each with plenty of father and mother in him, but as unlike each other as

porridge and Johnny-cake and mush. They showed their unlikeness in the smallest things. Indeed, the differences in them were constantly emphasized, while the likenesses passed unheeded. These differences were never more change in the food, but when I did serve the pudding to each in a shining new marked than on the Thanksgiving Day I have mentioned, when I could make no tin basin, which I had bought of a tin peddler, with rags that I had been saving through many a week. Johnny, in his delight, forgot to eat his breakfast, and spilled the milk all over his Sunday jacket in the effort to see his own face in the mirror of shining tin. Peter calmly asked what it cost, and where I got the money, and if I was sure we could afford it. And Tom only wanted his cup filled over and over, his desire for all the pudding he could get stimulated by the unexpected gift.

"I lived to see the day when these sons were all prosperous men, and I was rich enough to give their boys as they came along each a silver bowl and spoon for his dainty morning meal. But my own boys never forget their tin Thanksgiving cups."

The mother who so fears that her boy will cut himself that she never lets him have a knife, or so fears that he will get drowned that she never lets him go swimming or fishing, is to be pitied—and so is the boy. Let your boy understand that you think it right for him to have a jolly good time in a right way, and he'll be less apt to take it in a wrong way. "Work as hard as you can, play as hard as you can, pray as hard as you can," is the motto of the Boys' Club at the Protestant Episcopal Pro-Cathedral, New York.

SWEETHEART

O sweetheart, let us have a merry time;
 The birds, they are happy—why not we?
 The bells in the steeple are a-chime,
 And the brook, it runneth laughing to the sea.
 To love and to labor, that is best,
 Hope soareth aloft on happy wing;
 Let us build like the little birds our nest,
 God giveth us each other—let us sing!—*M. L. A.*

A HAPPY GIRLHOOD

Elizabeth Fry, who became, as is well known, a great worker among the poor, the lowly, the outcast, and the imprisoned—so much so that she was called the "Angel of Newgate Prison"—had a merry youth. As the daughter of a rich gentleman, she went much into distinguished and gay company. Her journal shows how, even in the whirl of fashionable society, and amid the pleasures conferred by wealth, culture and high position, she was, through very gratitude for her own blessings, being insensibly led toward her great life-work of alleviating the woes of others and adding to their joys.

May 21.—I am seventeen to-day. Am I a happier or a better creature than I was this time twelvemonth? I know I am happier; I think I am better. I hope I shall be much better this day year than I am now. I hope to be quite an altered person, to have more knowledge, to have my mind in greater order; and my heart, too—that wants to be put in order as much, if not more, than any other part of me, it is in such a fly-away state; but I think if ever it were settled on one subject it would never, no, never, fly away any more; it would rest quietly and happily on the heart that was open to receive it.

* * * * *

July 7.—I have seen several things in myself and others I have never before remarked; but I have not tried to improve myself; I have given way to my passions and let them have command over me. I have known my faults and have not corrected them, and now I am determined I will once more try, with redoubled ardor, to overcome my wicked inclinations. I must not flirt; I must not be out of temper with the children; I must not contradict without a cause; I must not mump when my sisters are liked and I am not; I must not allow myself to be angry; I must not exaggerate, which I am inclined to; I must not give way to luxury; I must not be idle in mind; I must try to give way to every good feeling and overcome every bad. I will see what I can do; if I had but perseverance, I could do all that I wish; I will try. I have lately been too satirical, so as to hurt sometimes; remember, it is a fault to hurt others.

* * * * *

10th.—Some poor people were here; I do not think I gave them what I did with a good heart. I am inclined to give away, but for a week past, owing to not having much money, I have been mean and extravagant. Shameful! Whilst I live may I be generous; it is my nature, and I will not overcome so good a feeling. I am inclined to be extravagant and that leads to meanness, for those who will throw away a good deal are apt to mind giving a little.

* * * * *

11th.—Happy, happy I, to be so well! how good, how virtuous ought I to be! May what I have suffered be a lesson to me to feel for those who are ill, and alleviate their sorrows as far as lies in my power; let it teach me never to forget the blessings I enjoy. I ought never to be unhappy. Look back at this, last year; how ill I was, how miserable! yet I was supported through it. God will support through the suffering he inflicts. If I were devotional, I should fall on my knees and be most grateful for the blessings I enjoy;—a good father, one whom I dearly love, sisters formed after my own heart, friends whom I admire, and good health which gives a relish to all. Company to dinner; I must beware of being a flirt, it is an abominable character; I hope I shall never be one, and yet I fear I am one now a little. Be careful not to talk at random. Beware, and see how well I can get through this day, without one foolish action.

I LEANED OUT OF WINDOW

I leaned out of window ; I smelt the white clover ;
 Dark, dark was the garden ; I saw not the gate ;
 " Now, if there be footsteps, he comes, my one lover—
 Hush, nightingale, hush ! Oh, sweet nightingale, wait
 Till I listen and hear
 If a step draweth near,
 For my love, he is late !

" The skies in the darkness stoop nearer and nearer ;
 A cluster of stars hangs like fruit in the tree ;
 The fall of the water comes sweeter, comes clearer.
 To what art thou listening, and what dost thou see ?
 Let the star-clusters glow ;
 Let the sweet waters flow,
 And cross quickly to me.

" You night-moths that hover where honey brims over
 From sycamore blossoms, or settle, or sleep ;
 You glow-worms, shine out, and the pathway discover
 To him that comes darkling along the rough steep.
 Ah, my sailor, make haste,
 For the time runs to waste,
 And my love lieth deep—

" Too deep for swift-telling ; and yet, my one lover,
 I've conned thee an answer ; it waits thee to-night."
 By the sycamore passed he, and through the white clover,
 Then all the sweet speech I had fashioned took flight ;
 But I'll love him more, more
 Then e'er wife loved before,
 Be the days dark or bright.—*Jean Ingelow.*

GIFTS OF THE HEART

Happy is the man who has that in his soul which acts upon the dejected as April airs upon violet roots. Gifts from the hand are silver and gold ; but the heart gives that which neither silver nor gold can buy. To be full of goodness, full of cheerfulness, full of sympathy, full of helpful hope, causes a man to carry blessings of which he is himself as unconscious as a lamp of its own shining. Such a one moves on human life as stars move on dark seas to bewildered mariners ; as the sun wheels, bringing all the seasons with him from the south.—*Beecher.*



"HUSH, NIGHTINGALE, HUSH"

A CHILD WIFE

. . . Dora would never rest when she heard my footsteps, but would always come down stairs to meet me. When my evenings were unoccupied by the pursuit for which I had qualified myself with so much pain, and I was engaged in writing at home, she would sit quietly near me, however late the hour, and be so mute, that I would often think she had dropped asleep. But generally, when I raised my head, I saw her blue eyes looking at me with the quiet attention of which I have already spoken.

"Oh, what a weary boy!" said Dora one night, when I met her eyes as I was shutting up my desk.

"What a weary girl!" said I. "That's more to the purpose. You must go to bed another time, my love. It's far too late for you."

"No, don't send me to bed!" pleaded Dora, coming to my side. "Pray, don't do that!"

"Dora!"

To my amazement she was sobbing on my neck.

"Not well, my dear! not happy!"

"Yes! quite well, and very happy!" said Dora. "But say you'll let me stop, and see you write."

"Why, what a sight for such bright eyes at midnight!" I replied.

"Are they bright, though?" returned Dora, laughing. "I'm so glad they're bright."

"Little Vanity!" said I.

But it was not vanity; it was only harmless delight in my admiration. I knew that very well, before she told me so.

"If you think them pretty, say I may always stop, and see you write!" said Dora. "*Do* you think them pretty?"

"Very pretty."

"Then let me always stop and see you write."

"I am afraid that won't improve their brightness, Dora."

"Yes it will. Because, you clever boy, you'll not forget me then, while you are full of silent fancies. Will you mind it, if I say something very, very silly?—more than usual?" inquired Dora, peeping over my shoulder into my face.

"What wonderful thing is that?" said I.

"Please let me hold the pens," said Dora. "I want to have something to do with all those many hours when you are so industrious. May I hold the pens?"

The remembrance of her pretty joy when I said "Yes," brings tears into my eyes. The next time I sat down to write, and regularly afterwards, she sat in her old place, with a spare bundle of pens at her side. Her triumph in this connection with my work, and her delight when I wanted a new pen—which I very often feigned to do—suggested to me a new way of pleasing my

child-wife. I occasionally made a pretence of wanting a page or two of manuscript copied. Then Dora was in her glory. The preparations she made for this great work, the aprons she put on, the bibs she borrowed from the kitchen to keep off the ink, the time she took, the innumerable stoppages she made to have a laugh with Jip, as if he understood it all, her conviction that her work was incomplete unless she signed her name at the end, and the way in which she would bring it to me, like a school-copy, and then, when I praised it, clasp me around the neck, are touching recollections to me, simple as they might appear to other men.—*Charles Dickens.*

THE BLUE BIRD

Still dear to each bosom the blue-bird shall be;
His voice like the thrillings of hope is a treasure;
For, through bleakest storms if a calm he but see,
He comes to remind us of sunshine and pleasure!

—*Alexander Wilson.*

HAPPINESS AND DRESS

"Vanity, vanity!" is an old, worn-out cry with regard to dress. Men and women both have a right to make the most and the best of themselves. It is not vain to clothe the body suitably according as we can afford it, with beauty and grace. A woman without the art lacks one of the greatest of moving forces. She neither does herself, nor her husband, nor her family, justice. We are constantly told that beauty is only skin deep—that beauty is vain—and so on. But there are twenty things just as vain as beauty. As far as domestic satisfaction goes, the pleasure of being beautiful is just as keen a pleasure as that of being clever; and perhaps the more amiable of the two. It is no more sin in a woman to thank God for the fair looks and pretty clothing which enable her to delight others, than it is for a man to thank God for his accumulation of money, and his ability to use it in making others happy.

* * * * *

The value of dress does not diminish with age. Not only for the young is recognition of this necessary. In clothes clean and fresh there is a kind of youth, with which age should surround itself. There are men and women who are more beautiful in their age than in their youth. Beautiful the faded hair and complexion! the softer smile, the tenderer eyes! The white hair may be shaded with laces whiter still; and the neck covered with snowy kerchief; and the fading form draped in soft, dark colors. This perfect harmony is as fair in its order as that of the most buxom youth; it is the autumn of life; and its loveliness lasts until heaven's eternal spring begins.—*Amelia E. Barr.*

"I KNEW THAT BEFORE"

Most of you have heard of Helen Keller, the Boston girl who is deaf and dumb and blind. Until she was seven years of age her mind was an absolute



HELEN KELLER

blank. Nothing could get into that blank, because all the avenues to the other world were closed. Then the girl's soul was opened. Bit by bit they began to build up a mind, to give her a certain amount of information and to educate her. But no one liked to tell her about religion. They reserved that for Phillips Brooks. After some years had passed they took her to him, and he began to talk to her through the young lady who had been the means of opening her senses, and

was able to communicate with her by the delicate process of touch. Phillips Brooks began to tell her about God, who God was, what he had done, how he loved men, and what he was to us.

The child listened very intently. Then she looked up and said, "Mr. Brooks, I knew all that before, but I didn't know His name." There was

some mysterious pressure, some impelling power, some guide, some elevating impulse within her soul. "It is God," said Phillips Brooks, "which worketh in you. God is with us and in us."—*Henry Drummond*.

A JOYOUS BLIND SINGER

The happiness of "knowing God" has brightened the life of another noted blind woman besides Helen Keller. Fanny Crosby, the composer of "Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour," and hundreds of popular hymns besides, is one of the cheeriest little bodies in the world. Her first poem ran thus:

O, what a happy soul am I
 Although I cannot see,
 I am resolved that in this world
 Contented I will be.
 How many blessings I enjoy . . .

And so on—a very canticle of praise and thanksgiving.

HOW LINCOLN MADE A WOMAN HAPPY

The following characteristic anecdote was related of Mr. Lincoln by John W. Forney:

"One day a very energetic lady called on me to take her to the President, and aid her to get a private soldier pardoned who had been sentenced to death for desertion, and was to be shot the very next morning. We were much pressed in the Senate, and she had to wait a long time before I could accompany her to the White House. It was late in the afternoon when we got there, and yet the Cabinet was still in session. I sent in my name to Mr. Lincoln, and he came out, evidently in profound thought, and full of some great subject. I stated the object of our call, and leaving the lady in one of the ante-chambers, returned to the Senate, which had not yet adjourned. The case made a deep impression on me, but I forgot it in the excitement of the debate and the work of my office, until, near ten o'clock that night, when my friend came rushing into my room, radiant with delight, the pardon in her hand.

"'I have been up there ever since,' she said. 'The Cabinet adjourned, and I sat waiting for the President to come out and tell me the fate of my poor soldier, whose case I placed in his hands after you left; but I waited in vain—there was no Mr. Lincoln. So I thought I would go up to the door of his Cabinet chamber and knock. I did so, and, as there was no answer, I opened it and passed in, and there was the worn President asleep, with his head on the table resting on his arms, and my boy's pardon signed by his side. I quietly waked him, blessed him for his good deed, and came here to tell you the glorious news. You have helped me to save a human life.'"

THE ROBIN

The return of the robin is commonly announced by the newspapers, like that of eminent or notorious people to a watering-place, as the first authentic notification of spring. And such his appearance in the orchard and garden undoubtedly is. But, in spite of his name of migratory thrush, he stays with us all winter, and I have seen him when the thermometer marked fifteen degrees below zero of Fahrenheit, armed impregvably within, like Emerson's titmouse, and as cheerful as he. The robin has a bad reputation among people who do not value themselves less for being fond of cherries. He has a finer taste in fruit than could be distilled from many successive committees of the Horticultural Society. He feels and freely exercises his right of eminent domain. His is the earliest mess of green peas; his, all the mulberries I had fancied *miæ*. He keeps a strict eye over one's fruit, and knows to a shade of purple when your grapes have cooked long enough in the sun. His ethics are of the Poor Richard school, and the main chance which calls forth all his energy is altogether of the appetite. But for a' that and twice as muckle's a' that, I would not exchange him for all the cherries that ever came out of Asia Minor.—*James Russell Lowell*.

A HARVEST FESTIVAL IN POLAND

In the palatinate of Sandomir, situated on both banks of the river Vistula, on Assumption Day, and after the crops have been harvested, the reapers, dressed in their best and decked out in ribbons, assemble to celebrate the harvest festival. A rustic crown of straw, entwined with flowers, bay-leaves and wheat-ears, and ornamented with nuts and berries, is placed upon the head of a young girl who is the belle of the community. The villagers all follow her as she makes her way to the church, where she deposits her crown upon the high altar. After the service the priest blesses the crown, when the whole party, with songs and music, start for the house of the Mayor, who attaches a young rooster to the top of the crown. If the cock crows, the delight of the procession is unbounded, and they give way to the most positive expressions of joy, for they feel assured that the harvest will be most abundant for the coming year, and that they will be cordially welcomed by their employer. If, on the other hand, the cock fails to crow, and does not peck at the grain in the crown, the multitude are depressed, and accept it as an ill omen, and an indication that the crops will be scant and their employer's welcome frigid.

The procession next make their way to the chateau of their employer, and chant in concert as follows:

"Open your doors! We have harvested your grain, and it is more numerous than the stars in the heavens.

"Come out of your castle and accept the crown which rests upon this young girl's head, for it is the crown of crowns, and is of pure gold and not of wheat!

"We deserve to be received in your palace, for our heads are burned with the rays of the sun, our hands are cut by the sickle, our knees are weary by contact with the cart, our backs are bent by toiling in your fields!

"Let the contents of your larder be given us.

"Remember, lord, that roast beef is good for a weary back, mutton for tired knees, veal for blistered feet, geese, chickens and ducks for bruised hands."

Then follows an address in prose, or verse and music, when the lord of the castle and his wife and children come forth and make presents to those who have been conspicuous for their industry and assiduity.

The lady of the castle removes the crown from the girl's head, and places it in the centre of a table spread with a white cloth, when a considerable sum of money is presented to the queen of the festival.

The villagers are liberally entertained, and the tables groan under the weight of beef and mutton.

After the repast there is dancing. The entertainer opens the ball with the village queen, his wife giving her hand to the orator of the day, and the merry-making oftentimes continues until a late hour of the night, when the peasants return to their homes, the happier for the day's jollity.



POLISH PEASANTS

THE PLAYMATE OVER THE SEA

The young foreigner newly arrived in our city, digs downward with his spade, but his imagination works upward into the realms of the invisible. He endures the ditch and the spade, through foresight of the day when his playmate will come over the sea; when together they will own a little house, and have a garden with vines and flowers, with a little path leading down to the spring; when they will have a little competence, so that the sweet babe shall not want for knowledge. By that dream the youth sustains his loneliness and poverty; by that dream he conquers his vices and passions; at last, through that dream, he is lifted up to the rank of a patriot and worthy citizen. . . . Imagination is God, whispering to the soul what it shall be when time and the divine resources have accomplished their work upon man.—*Newell Dwight Hillis.*

THE NUT GATHERERS

In a hollow, rather a deep hollow, behind the crest of the hill, as Fleda had said, they came at last to a group of noble hickory trees, with one or two chest-nuts standing in attendance on the outskirts. They were thick hung with fruit. If the spirit of the game had been wanting or failing in Mr. Carleton, it must have roused again into full life at the joyous heartiness of Fleda's exclamations.

At any rate, no boy could have taken to the business better. He cut, with her permission, a stout long pole in the woods, and swinging himself lightly into one of the trees, showed that he was a master in the art of whipping them. Fleda was delighted but not surprised. When one of the trees was well whipped the young gentleman mounted into another, while Fleda set herself to hull and gather up the nuts under the one already beaten. She could make but little headway, however, compared with her companion; the nuts fell a great deal faster than she could put them in her basket. The trees were heavy-laden, and Mr. Carleton seemed determined to have the whole crop. From the second tree he went to the third. Fleda was bewildered with her happiness: this was doing business in style. She tried to calculate what the whole quantity would be, but it went beyond her. One basket would not take it, nor two, nor three; "it wouldn't *begin* to," Fleda said to herself. She went on hulling and gathering with all possible industry. After the third tree was finished, Mr. Carleton threw down his pole, and resting himself upon the ground at its foot, told Fleda he would wait a few minutes before he began again. Fleda thereupon left off her work, too, and going for her little tin pail, offered it to him, temptingly filled with pieces of apple pie. When he had smilingly taken one, she next brought him a sheet of white paper, with slices of young cheese.

"No, thank you," said he.

"Cheese is very good with apple pie," said Fleda, competently.

"Is it?" said he, laughing. "Well,—upon that—I think you would teach me a good many things if I were to stay here long enough, Miss Fleda."

They descended the mountain now with hasty step (for the day was wearing well on), till they reached the neighborhood of the spring.

"For what are you searching, Miss Fleda?" said her friend. She was making a busy quest here and there beside the stream.

"I was looking to see if I could find a mullein leaf," said Fleda.

"A mullein leaf? What do you want it for?" said her friend.

"I want it—to make a drinking cup of," said Fleda, her intent, bright eyes peering keenly about in every direction.

"A mullein leaf? That is too rough; one of these golden leaves—what are they? will do better; won't it?"

"That is hickory," said Fleda. "No; the mullein leaf is the best, because it holds the water so nicely—Here it is!"

And folding up one of the leaves into a most artistic little cup, she presented it to Mr. Carleton.

"For me was all that trouble?" said he. "I don't deserve it."

Said Fleda: "The water is very cold and nice."

He stooped to the bright little stream and filled his rural goblet again.

"I never knew what it was before, to have a fairy for my cup-bearer," said he.—*Susan Warner.*

HAPPINESS

Give happiness. What if thy heart be sad?
Dry thine own eyes to wipe another's tears.
In this good world there are so many biers
Carried by souls in blackest raiment clad,
Souls dazed by desolation and half mad,
Mourning their dead—dead hopes, dead joys, dead years—
Blind to the star that every midnight cheers,
Deaf to the song that makes each morning glad.
Give spicy blooms where flowers never grow;
Give food where starving hearts fight fate's decree;
Give rest where tired hands and feet drag slow;
Give sight to eyes too full of tears to see;
Give music where sweet trumpets never blow;
Give happiness, and joy shall garment thee.—*Emma C. Dowd.*

Dare to look up to God and say: "Make use of me for the future as thou wilt. I am of the same mind; I am one with thee. I refuse nothing which seems good to thee. Lead me whither thou wilt. Clothe me in whatever dress thou wilt." . . . Let not another's disobedience become an ill to you; you were not born to be depressed and unhappy with others, but to be happy with them. If any is unhappy, remember he is so for himself; for God made all men to enjoy felicity and peace.—*Epictetus.*

WORK

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work; a life purpose; he has found it, and will follow it! How, as the free flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows; draining off the sour, festering water gradually from the root of the remotest grass blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green, fruitful meadow, with its clear flowing stream.—*Thomas Carlyle.*



A LITTLE HOUSE

Only a little house—
 A house by the side of a hill—
 With dances of sunshine gleaming about,
 Through tossing branches in and out,
 And the sound of a little rill
 That through the tiny garden-plot,
 All day long, and all night through,
 Murmurs music ever new,
 "I am happy—and you?
 Why not?"

Only a little house,
 But a house brimful of life—

Busy husband and happy wife,
Prattle of babies three;
Singing of birds, and humming of bees;
Shadow and sunshine on the trees;
Glancing needles, eager talk;
Books, and pens, and the evening walk
Through the meadows down below;
Thus the Summer days go by,
And we look on, and only sigh—
We sigh, but do not know.

Only a little house,
But a house heart-full of bliss—
Plenty of work and plenty of play;
Busy heart and brain all day;
And then, ere the good-night kiss,
The lingering shadow of worldly care,
Wafted off by the evening prayer;
And silence falls on the little house,
Save for the whirr of the midnight mouse,
Here, and there, and everywhere;
And through the tiny garden-plot,
The voice of the rill, which, all night through,
Murmurs its music ever new—
“I am happy—and you? and you?”

SPENDING UPWARD

The very secret and essence of thrift consists in getting things into higher values. As the clod turns into a flower, as the flower inspires a poet; as bread becomes vital force, and vital force feeds moral purpose and aspiration, so should all our savings and outgo have regard to the higher ranges and appetites of our nature. If you have a dollar, or a hundred, to spend, put it into something above the average of your nature, that you may be attracted to it. True thrift is the science of spending upward; that is, for the higher faculties. Beyond what is necessary for bodily wants and well-being, every dollar spent for the body is a derogation of manhood. Get the better thing, never the inferior. Suppers, balls, drink, billiards—these call from below. Rather buy a book, or take a journey, or bestow a gift.

All that is harmony for thee, O Universe, is in harmony with me as well. Nothing that comes at the right time for thee is too early or too late for me. Everthing is fruit to me that thy seasons bring, O Nature.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

MY LITTLE MAY

My little May was like a lintie
 Glintin' 'mang the flowers o' Spring;
 Like a lintie she was cantie,
 Like a lintie she could sing;
 Singing, milking in the gloaming;
 Singing, herding in the morn,
 Singing 'mang the brackens roaming,
 Singing shearing yellow corn!
 Oh, the bonnie dell and dingle;
 Oh, the bonnie flowering glen,
 Oh, the bonnie bleezin' ingle,
 Oh, the bonnie but and ben!

Ilka body smiled that met her,
 Nane were glad that said farewell;
 Never was a blyther, better,
 Bonnier bairn frae croon to heel!
 Oh, the bonnie dell and dingle,
 Oh, the bonnie flowering glen,
 Oh, the bonnie bleezin' ingle,
 Oh, the bonnie but and ben!

—*George MacLeod.*

THE LIFE WORTH LIVING

Is life worth living? It would be impossible to give an answer that would suit all. Probably there have not been two human beings since the world was made who, could they express their precise opinion on this point, would give exactly the same answer. If by self-mortification, overwork, wear, and worry, I make myself wretched, and fail to make those around me happier, I may well ask, in mournful accents, that idle question. If I not only fail so to make others happier, but make them less happy, and hand on gloom and misery to future ages, I may not only ask it gloomily, but answer it sadly, Life is *not* worth living. But if by due care and thought of self, by reasonable enjoyment of the bright and pleasant things which life brings to most, I in some degree help to counterpoise such pains and sorrows as life brings to all, and at the same time help to brighten the lives of those around, and those also of generations as yet unborn, how shall I doubt what answer to give to the question, Is life worth living? Not sad is the answer, but bright and cheering. Life is *well* worth living.—*Richard A. Proctor.*

Ay, but give me worship and quietness,
 I like it better than a dangerous honor.—*Shakespeare.*

THE THREE SPINNERS

There was a lazy girl who would not spin: and her mother might say what she would, she could not make her do it. At last anger and impatience overcame the mother so that she struck the girl, and at that she began to cry aloud. Now, the queen was just driving by, and when she heard the crying she had the carriage stop, went into the house, and asked the mother why she beat her



“WHEN SHE WAS ALONE”

daughter so that one could hear the crying out in the street? Then the woman was ashamed to confess the laziness of her daughter, and said, “I cannot keep her from spinning. She wants to spin all the time, and I am poor and can’t get the flax.” Then the queen answered, “There is nothing I like to hear so much as spinning, and I am never happier than when the wheels hum. Let me take your daughter to the castle. I have flax enough. There she shall spin as much as she will.”

The mother was well pleased at it, and the queen took the girl with her. When they came to the castle she took her up to three rooms, which lay from top to bottom full of the finest flax. "Now spin me this flax," she said "and if you finish it you shall have my eldest son for a husband. Though you are poor, I don't mind that: your cheerful diligence is dowry enough." The girl was secretly frightened: for she could not have spun the flax if she had lived three hundred years, and had sat at it every day from morning till evening. When she was alone she began to cry, and sat so three days without lifting a hand. On the third day the queen came, and when she saw that nothing was spun yet she was surprised: but the girl excused herself by saying that she had not been able to begin on account of her great sorrow at leaving her mother's house. The queen was satisfied with that, but she said as she went away, "To-morrow you must begin to work."

When the girl was alone again she did not know what to think or to do: and in her trouble she went up to the window, and there saw three women coming along. The first had a broad paddle-foot, the second had such a big under-lip that it hung down over her chin, and the third had a broad thumb. They stopped before the window, looked up, and asked the girl what was the matter. She told them her trouble. Then they offered her their help and said, "If you will invite us to your wedding, not be ashamed of us, and call us your cousins, and seat us at your table, too, then we will spin your flax up, and that quickly." "Gladly," said she: "come in and set to work immediately." So she let the three queer women in, and cleared a little space in the first room, where they could sit down and begin their spinning. One of them drew the thread and trod the wheel, the second wet the thread, the third twisted it and struck with her finger on the table: and as often as she struck, a skein of yarn fell to the floor, and it was of the finest. She hid the three spinners from the queen, and showed her as often as she came the pile of spun yarn, so that the queen could not praise her enough. When the first room was empty, they began on the second, and then on the third, and that was soon cleared up too. Now the three women took their leave, and said to the girl, "Do not forget what you promised us. It will be your good fortune."

When the girl showed the queen the empty rooms and the great heap of yarn, she prepared for the wedding; and the bridegroom was delighted to get such a clever, industrious wife, and praised her very much. "I have three cousins," said the girl; "and since they have been very kind to me, I should not like to forget them in my happiness. Permit me to invite them to the wedding and to have them sit with me at the table." The queen and the bridegroom said, "Why should not we permit it?" Now when the feast began, the three women came in queer dress, and the bride said, "Welcome, dear cousins." "Oh," said the bridegroom, "how did you get such ill-favored friends?" Then he went to the one with the broad paddle-foot and asked, "Where *did* you get such a broad foot?" "From the treadle," she answered; "from the treadle."

Then the bridegroom went to the second and said, "Where *did* you get that hanging lip?" "From wetting yarn," she answered; "from wetting yarn." Then he asked the third, "Where *did* you get the broad thumb?" "From twisting thread," she answered; "from twisting thread." Then the king's son was frightened and said, "Then my fair bride shall never, never touch a spinning-wheel again." And so she was rid of the horrid spinning.—*Grimm Brothers.*

THE PRINCESS WHO DIDN'T SPIN

In Grimm's story of "The Three Spinners" there is a moral which all who run may read. If one overworks—if one "slaves"—then the body, which God has fashioned in symmetry and beauty, must pay the penalty. At the same time, do not shirk a noble task. If the task is worth it, pay the penalty.

Work, but do not drudge. To do the last, if you can possibly help it, is a sin against your body, which is God's temple. Think of it reverently. Make and keep it beautiful as far as you can. Think of your body as something sacred and holy which God has made.

Do your duty whatever comes and God will look out for the rest. Nobody, of course, should try to escape labor by subterfuge—as did Grimm's Princess. It is better to hurt the body than the soul.

A CHILD'S HAPPINESS

How little it takes to make a child happy! So, we see, happiness, after all, consists in disposition and not in possession. Read what Kipling says it took to make a little Hindu happy:

"Little Toonai attended to Kala Nag's supper, and at evening wandered through the camp unspeakably happy, in search of a tom-tom. When an Indian chief's heart is full, he does not run about and make a noise in an irregular fashion. He sits down to a sort of revel all by himself. And little Toonai had been spoken to by Petersen Sahib! If he had not found what he wanted I believe he would have burst.

"But the sweetmeat seller in the camp lent him a little tom-tom—a drum beaten with the flat of the hand—and he sat down, cross-legged, before Kala Nag as the stars began to come out, and he thumped and he thumped. . . . There was no time and no words, but the thumping made him happy."

Reflect that life, like every other blessing,
Derives its value from its use alone;
Not for itself, but for a nobler end
The Eternal gave, it and that end is virtue.

FAIR ELEANOR

When the birds were mating and building,
 To the sound of a pleasant tune,
 Fair Eleanor sat on the porch and spun
 All the long, bright afternoon.
 She wound the flax on the distaff,
 She spun it fine and strong;
 She sang as it slipped through her hands, and this
 Was the burden of her song:
 "I sit here spinning, spinning,
 And my heart beats joyfully,
 Though my lover is riding away from me
 To his home by the hills of the sea."

When the shining skeins were finished,
 And the loom its work had done,
 Fair Eleanor brought her linen out
 To spread on the grass in the sun.
 She sprinkled it over with water,
 She turned and bleached it white;
 And still she sang, and the burden
 Was gay, as her heart was light:
 "O sun, keep shining, shining!
 O web, bleach white for me!
 For now my lover is riding back
 From his home by the hills of the sea."

MERRY BRIDGET

Two girls were on the road to a large town. It was fair time, and they had each to carry a heavy basket full of fruit on their heads. One girl was heard to groan and grumble all the way; the other was happy and merry. "Bridget," said one, "how can you sing and be merry? Your basket is just as heavy as mine, and you are not stronger than I am." But Bridget said: "I have a secret by which I put something into my load, which makes it so light that I can scarcely feel it." "Ah," said her companion, "and what can that be? I wish I had your secret, to make my basket lighter; do tell me what it is." "It is a thing of great price which I have put in my load, but it cannot be bought. I call it Patience."—*G. S. Bowes.*

I am glad to think
 I am not bound to make the world go right,
 But only to discover and to do
 With cheerful heart what God appoints. —*Jean Ingelow.*

THE CHEERFUL SERVANT

The influence of the cook, chambermaid, butler, dining-room girl, or the baby's nurse, on the life of a household is beyond computation. A cheerful, faithful servant contributes not only to the physical comfort and well-being of a family, but she in a measure strengthens the moral life.

Meals served on time, served willingly and nicely—to what extent do they not conserve household health and harmony! There is a medal of honor conferred by the German Empress on servant girls who have remained in the same family a certain term of years. If any class of people in the world deserve to be literally covered with decorations of distinction, it is those who, by their brewing and scrubbing, feed the world and keep its dwelling-places sweet and clean. "Who sweeps a room as by God's law makes that and the action fine," wrote George Herbert in the seventeenth century. When servants and mistresses and masters become thoroughly grounded in that

belief, the servant problem will be solved. It cannot be properly settled until then. The average servant does not seem to have a high sense of her obligations towards her employers. She will often leave a place without due notice.

Is your master or mistress unappreciative, O servant? Then do you serve all the more faithfully, doing everything you can within reasonable bounds, and so, put God in your debt. "Be true to your work and your work will be



true to you." Remember, too, your master or mistress in prayer before God. You do not know what cares and responsibilities they bear. Some of the worries that make them a little difficult at times may be connected with raising or saving the money to pay you your wage. And you, masters and mistresses, think of your servants as being somewhat to you in Christ's stead—who was the servant of all. To require good work is right—it were no kindness to your servant to lower the standard there. Seek, rather, to bring it to the highest degree of excellence by kindly oversight and appreciation.

THE HAPPY SCHOOLMASTER

"Father had his usual school festival," Louisa Alcott writes of the Sage of Concord, "and Emerson asked me to write a song, which I did. The schools all met in the Hall, a pretty posy bed, with a border of proud parents and friends. Some of the fogies objected to the names of Phillips and John Brown in my poem, but Emerson said, 'Give it up? No, no; I will read it.' Which he did, to my great contentment; for when the great man of the town says 'Do it,' the thing is done. So the choir warbled, and the Alcott's were lifted up in their vain minds. Father was in glory, like a happy shepherd with a large flock of sportive lambs; for all did something. Each school had its badge;—one pink ribbons, one green shoulder-knots, and one wreaths of popcorn on the curly pates. One school to which father had read *Pilgrim's Progress* told the story, one child after the other popping up to say his or her part; and at the end a little tot walked forward saying, with a pretty air of wonder, 'And behold it was all a dream.'

"When all was over and father about to dismiss them, a tall, handsome lad came to him, and, looking up confidently to the benign old face, asked 'our dear friend, Mr. Alcott, to accept *Pilgrim's Progress* and *George Hubert's Poems* from the children of Concord, as a token of their love and respect.'

"Father was much touched and surprised, and blushed and stammered like a boy, hugging the five books while the children cheered till the roof rang. His report was much admired, and a thousand copies printed to supply the demand; for it was a new thing to have a report neither dry nor dull; and teachers were glad of the hints given, making education a part of religion, not a mere bread-making grind for teacher, and an irksome cram for children."

Mr. Alcott's main purpose in teaching children was, in his own words, "to form the character, mental and moral, of the pupils"; and he had an idea that making them happy was a necessary part of the process. "I found these children very intelligent, and succeeded in making them happy while at the schoolroom. . . . Four more children have appeared. Thus far all have been happy," are entries in his diary when, in the early years of his life as a teacher, he was instructing little folks in Common street, Boston. The vocation of teaching is an exalted one. The teacher molds character, and it is often in his or her power to determine the future of many lives.



THE SCHOOL CLUB

When "Exhibition Day" comes round
A jolly good time we have, you see!
We beat the drum with a merry sound—
O, a jolly good set of boys are we!

DISTRIBUTION OF HAPPINESS

Happiness is much more evenly divided than some of us imagine. One man may possess most of the materials, but little of the thing; another may possess much of the thing, but very few of the materials. In this particular view of it, happiness has been beautifully compared to the manna of the desert: "he that gathered much had nothing over, and he that gathered little had no lack." Therefore, to diminish envy, let us consider not what others possess, but what they enjoy; mere riches may be the gift of lucky accident or blind chance, but happiness must be the result of prudent preference and rational design; the highest happiness, then, can have no other foundation than the deepest wisdom.

MORAL SUNSHINE

"The world would look better and brighter," said Sir John Lubbock, "if people were taught the duty of being happy, as well as the happiness of doing our duty. To be happy ourselves is a most effectual contribution to the happiness of others."



"I won't know what to do," cries the transformed Scrooge, laughing and crying in the same breath. "I am as light as a feather, I am as happy as an angel I am as merry as a schoolboy, I am as giddy as a drunken man. A merry Christmas to everybody! A happy New Year to all the world! Halloo, there! Whoop! Halloo!"

David Coombe, in his old English cobbler's shop, said dolefully: "It is the darkest hole

"A TRAP FOR A SUNBEAM"

that ever I saw; never a bit of sun comes in this place, summer or winter." A vision came to the dozing cobbler, in angel form, saying: "I will tell you how to set a trap for a sunbeam. It must be bright and pure, baited with Energy, Perseverance, Industry, Charity, Faith, Hope and Content. Do this, David Coombe, and you will never say again that no sunbeam gilds your dwelling or gladdens your declining days." The first step David took was to clean the dust and dirt of years from the window-panes of his cobbler's shop. Then the sunbeams came in, a whole family of them; and they came to stay.

Have you ever read the story of Billy Bray? He was a most remarkable

and original character. The dominating characteristic of his religion was its joyousness. Some people did not like his exuberance of spirit; and they told him that if he did not cease to praise God so much in the meetings they would shut him up in a barrel. "Then," said Billy, "I'll praise the Lord through the bung-hole."

"The joy of the Lord is your strength," said Nehemiah to the throngs of Israel.

Of Lord Holland's sunshiny face, Rogers said: "He always comes to breakfast like a man upon whom some sudden good fortune has fallen."

"Many years ago," says Oliver Wendell Holmes, "in walking among the graves at Mount Auburn, I came upon a plain, upright marble slab, which bore an epitaph of only four words, but to my mind they meant more than any of the labored inscriptions on the surrounding monuments—'She was so pleasant.' That was all, and it was enough. That one note revealed the music of a life of which I knew and asked nothing more. She was—

A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven had made a summer day.

Miss Cheerful cannot be called pretty. Seeing her for the first time, one cannot help thinking, even if he does not say it, "What a plain face!" Yet her friends never think of it. The juniors at Sunday School, who love her as their superintendent, never think of it. Farthest of all is the thought from those in the home that is wonderfully brightened by her presence.

In a group picture of the family, Miss Cheerful's face is seen among the rest. Did I say she is plain? In this picture she fairly outshines them all. Why? Just because she is herself. She is Miss Cheerful.

The little girl bade "Good morning" to the sun for waking her up, and her birdie: then she asked her mother's permission, and softly, reverently, gladly, bade "Good morning" to God—and why should she not?

There is ever sunshine somewhere; and the brave man will go his way rejoicing, content to look forward if under a cloud, not bating one jot of heart or hope if for a moment cast down.—*Orison Swett Marden.*

THE PATIENT WIFE

I think that one of the earliest ideas I had of the beauty of patience I received from the wife of a shipmaster. They had drifted off to Indiana, somehow. They were very poor; they lived in the deepest poverty; and yet—though he was a brute and a tyrant; though she suffered everything that flesh and heart could bear; though she had an exquisite taste, and nothing to cultivate it or gratify it; though she had warm affections, and nothing to feed them; and though she had noble aspirations, with almost no opportunity except that which faith gives to all—such perfect, serene, smiling patience I never saw till then, and I have never seen since.—*Beecher.*

A DINNER PARTY

When you give a dinner party it is best not to vary it much from your regular style of every-day serving. A greater quantity you must have, of course, and perhaps a greater variety, and you may desire to put on a few extra fancy touches, but do not attempt anything magnificent in the way of style unless you are accustomed to live in a stylish manner. If your usual dinner consists of but three courses, it will be well on this occasion to add a fourth, and follow the soup with fish, and the dessert of pies, puddings, creams, etc., should be followed by



DINING-ROOM OF THE EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

fruits, nuts and raisins.

And, beyond this, it is not necessary to turn out of your usual course.

Your own servants and the extra ones you hire know what to do with such a dinner as this, you see that everything is going properly, and your mind is at ease so that you can take the leading part in entertaining your guests. And if everything is prepared in the best way, and nicely served, your guests will be much better pleased than if you had attempted

a grand entertainment. If you are determined to give dinners so out of proportion to the ordinary style of your household, make up your mind to do it properly, and to pay for it. Hire a fashionable caterer and give him *carte blanche*. He will supply cooks, waiters, and the best of everything. You can preside at your table with a mind at ease, and a serene countenance, and your dinner will be a great success—if you think it worth the price.—*Frank R. and Marian Stockton.*

SELF-DENIAL

Self-denial is essential to domestic happiness; and as each member of the family yields to the other, and consults the other's comforts, it comes to pass that the freedom and comfort of all are secured. If, on the other hand, each member is selfish and self-willed, determined to have his own way and to gratify his own liking, there must be collisions and quarrels and unhappiness. Hence it appears that by mutual concession comfort and liberty are secured, while by unyielding obstinacy both are lost.—*Dulce Domum.*

THE WASHERWOMAN'S SONG

In a very humble cot,
 In a rather quiet spot,
 In the suds and in the soap,
 Worked a woman full of hope;
 Working, singing, all alone,
 In a sort of undertone,
 " With a Saviour for a friend,
 He will keep me to the end."

Sometimes happening along
 I had heard the semi-song,
 And I often used to smile,
 More in sympathy than guile,
 But I never said a word,
 In regard to what I heard;
 As she sang about her Friend
 Who would keep her to the end.

Not in sorrow nor in glee
 Working all day long was she,
 As her children, three or four,
 Played around her on the floor;
 But in monotones the song
 She was humming all day long,
 " With a Saviour for a friend,
 He will keep me to the end."

* * *

I have seen her rub and rub,
 On the washboard in the tub,
 While the baby, sopped in suds,
 Rolled and tumbled in the duds,
 Or was paddling in the pools,
 With old scissors stuck in spools,
 She still humming of her Friend
 Who would keep her to the end.

Human hopes and human creeds
 Have their root in human needs,
 And I would not wish to strip
 From that washerwoman's lip,
 Any song that she can sing,
 Any hope that songs can bring.
 For the woman has a Friend
 That will keep her to the end.

WHERE THE LILIES ARE

" Oh, bring me some lilies,"

Said the King of the Sillies ;

" Oh, bring me some lilies, so fresh and so fair."

" You must send to the schools,"

Said the Prince of the Fools.

So they sent to the schools, but no lilies were there.

Through every chamber

They wander and clamber,

As if the white lilies would grow among men !

In the glare and the gloom

Of a carpeted room,

Those lovely freebooters of forest and glen !

" Oh, life is so lonely !

I want lilies only !

Oh, life without lilies is lonely and bleak !"

So spake Sillies' King,

And his hands he did wring,

While the Prince of the Fools was too anxious
to speak.

" Appeal to your conscience,"

Said the Empress of Nonsense.

" Oh, say, are you worthy of creatures so pure ?"

" Call in the police,"

Said the Queen of the Geese ;

" They'll take up the lilies and make it cock-sure."

Amid their distresses,

These kings and princesses

Caught never a gleam of the beautiful truth,

How lilies can lie

'Neath the blue Summer's sky,

And bloom in the fields with the vigor of youth.

The mournful procession

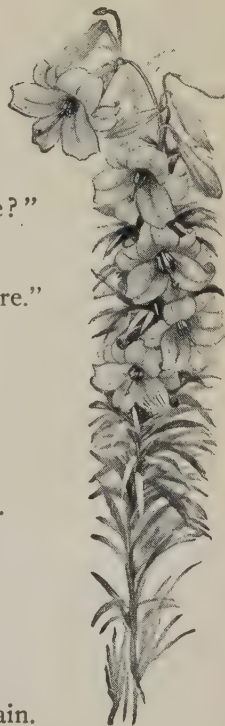
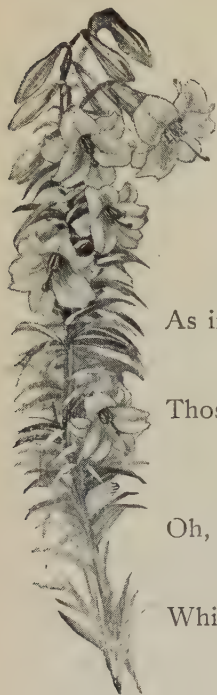
May puzzle and press on,

Discoursing, discussing, disputing in vain,

While the lilies grow fair

In the free open air,

And nod their sweet heads with a lovely disdain.



**LAUGH A LITTLE BIT**

Cherish this as sacred wit:

“Laugh a little bit.”

Little ills will sure betide you,

Fortune may not sit beside you,

Men may mock and Fame deride you,

But you'll mind them not a whit

If you laugh a little bit.

THE HAPPY NAIL-MAKER

A laborious nail-maker worked all day at his forge, and under his strong, quick blows thousands of sparks arose around him and filled his workshop. The son of his rich neighbor, Mr. Von Berg, came to see him almost every day, and would watch him with delight for hours. One day the busy nail-maker said to him in joke: "Would you not like to make some nails? Just try, my young master, if it be only to pass time away. It may be useful to you some day."

The young gentleman, having nothing else to do, consented. He placed himself before the anvil, and, laughing as he sat down, began to hammer away right merrily. Before very long he was able to finish off a good shoe-nail.

Some years after, the misfortunes of war deprived this young man of all his wealth, and forced him to emigrate to a foreign country. Far from his native land, stripped of all resources, he halted at a large village, where the majority of the people were shoemakers. He ascertained that they expended yearly a large sum of money in the purchase of shoe-nails from a neighboring town, and that often they could not obtain the quantity they needed, because so many were required for the shoes of the army, most of which were made in that district. Von Berg, who already saw himself threatened with starvation, remembered that he knew perfectly the art of making shoe-nails. He offered to supply the shoemakers of the village with as large a quantity of nails as they required, if they would only establish a workshop, and to this they cheerfully consented. He began to work with enthusiasm, and soon found himself in easy circumstances. "It is always good," he used often to say to himself, "to learn something, if it be only to make a shoe-nail. There are positions in life where head-learning cannot be called into play, and where want may threaten even those who have been wealthy. It is well to provide for such exigencies by having some useful trade at our finger ends."

THE JOY OF SERVICE

He who carries about a face that says, "Can I serve you?" who seems to say to the passer-by, "If you have a question to ask, here is one who acknowledges your claim to a kind and helpful answer"; who maintains an aspect of sincere sympathy with everybody's pleasures and sorrows, triumphs or failures; who listens to the tedious tale that unloads some breaking heart; who shakes hands as if he meant, and who really does mean, "God bless you!" who gives without hope or wish for any return; who sees no alien behind ignorance, or crime, or color, or race, but always a fellow-creature, and limits his charity by no sect and no condition; who would rather lose his dinner than the chance of rendering a small but needed kindness, and counts no day happy in which he has not blessed some fellow-creature with an unexpected and unclaimed service; who quenches wrath by his meekness and banishes irritation

by his self-control; who takes the unpopular side when it is the just one; who defends the absent, or protects the weak; who calls things by their proper names at the cost of his own reputation, when virtue and vice, right and wrong, are universally confounded; who is brave among social crowds and political poltroons—he is surely making himself the servant of humanity, and a chief among God's children and Christ's followers.

ABOUT CHILDREN

The owner of a pair of bright eyes assures us that the prettiest compliment she ever received came from a child of four years. The little fellow, after looking intently at her for a moment, inquired naively, "Are your eyes new ones?"

A child said: "Thinking is keeping still and trying to find out something."

A little boy, when picking the drumsticks of a chicken, swallowed one of the tendons so numerous in the legs of a fowl, and was very nearly choked. The tendon was extracted with great difficulty from the little fellow's throat, when he said, "Oh, mamma, it wasn't the chickabiddy's fault; it was because cook forgot to take off its garters!"

A five-year-old, after shopping with her mother at leading dry-goods stores, remarked, "Seems to me there are a good many boys named 'Cash.'"

A father, fearing one of Prof. Tice's earthquakes in the region of his home, sent his two boys to the house of a friend until the peril should be passed. A few weeks afterward the father received this request from his friend: "Please take your boys home, and send down the earthquake."

A six-year-old boy went into the country visiting. About the first thing he had was a bowl of bread and milk. He tasted it, and then hesitated a moment, when his mother asked him if he didn't like it, to which he replied, smacking his lips, "Yes, ma'am; I was only wishing our milkman in town would keep a cow."

A KITCHEN BOOK-SHELF

If you keep a servant, have a book-shelf in the kitchen, and do not limit its contents to a cook-book and newspapers two or three days old. Your servant may not have as good taste in literature as you have, but she will care as little for old news, and she will derive as little pleasure from perusing a cook-book. Provide her with good fiction; not the penny dreadful sort, which should have no place in any room in the house.

In life's small things be resolute and great,
To keep thy muscles trained; know'st thou when Fate
Thy measure takes, or when she'll say to thee
"I find thee worthy; do this deed for me?"—*Lowell*.



"WHO MAKETH MERRY IS WELCOME GUEST"

THE STROLLING MINSTREL

Be merry as the day is long,
The world has ne'er enough of song;
Make you the best of a happy day—
None is e'er too old to play;
The strolling minstrel's in request,
Who maketh merry is welcome guest.

HOW TO GET UP A PICNIC

First—Catch your guests.

The selection of members for a picnic party requires a care and judgment second only to that demanded in the choice of company for a dinner. Naturally it is not always possible to provide each one with a thoroughly sympathetic neighbor. Taking it for granted that the projector of the picnic does not desire to make it a large affair, the difficulties of harmonious grouping are as obvious here as at any other small assembly.

Those people whose dignity is easily ruffled, and who are unwilling to throw themselves heartily into the amusements of the moment, are sadly out of place at picnics. Participation in the occupations and pastimes of fun-loving young people does not necessarily include romping or boisterousness. The presence of the chaperone, who now, fortunately, almost invariably accompanies an expedition of this kind, acts as a wholesome check upon such reckless spirits as might otherwise break bounds.

The commissary department is a branch that requires serious attention in getting up a picnic.

Salads are always refreshing and delicious, and may be carried without trouble. The lettuce leaves may be washed and separated at home and placed in a little basket by themselves, while the chicken, lobster or salmon may be packed in a small pail, and the mayonnaise dressing carried in a jar or wide-mouthed bottle. Jellied chicken is readily prepared, and may be served from the mould in which it was formed. Saratoga potatoes, thin bread and butter, rolls, sandwiches made of minced sweetbreads, sardines, boned chicken, tongue or chopped ham, devilled eggs, the endless assortment of cakes, cookies and tarts, and fruits of many kinds, offer a variety from which one need have no difficulty in selecting a tempting repast. For beverages iced coffee and tea, Apollinaris, and lemonade made with plenty of lemons and sugar.

The chief objection raised against many tempting articles of food is the condition imposed upon the party of carrying a large number of plates, saucers, tumblers, etc. There is an easy way out of this difficulty. Light wooden plates, costing from five to ten cents a dozen, may be purchased from almost any grocer and will serve every purpose. Forks, knives and spoons occupy but little room, and tumblers may be nested so that they can all be packed in a basket of medium

size. Deviled eggs are tempting if piled in a basket edged with fresh green leaves, and pickles, olives, etc., are best served from the jars in which they come. Japanese paper napkins are a fitting accompaniment to the wooden plates, and may be disposed of in the most summary fashion at the close of the feast. A liberal supply of wraps and rugs should be taken on all outdoor excursions. They form comfortable seats, and the table-cloth, when spread on the grass, will lie better for having an old shawl laid under it. Gingham or flannel dresses for the women of the party and tennis suits for the men are far more sensible and comfortable than any elaborate toilets.—*Christine Terhune Herrick.*

THE JOY-BRINGER

As a bell in a chime sets its twin-note a-ringing,
 As one poet's rhyme wakes another to singing,
 So, once she has smiled, all your thoughts are beguiled,
 And flowers and song from your childhood are bringing.

Though moving through sorrow as the star through the night,
 She needs not to borrow, she lavishes light.

The path of yon star seemeth dark but afar:
 Like hers it is sure, and like hers it is bright.

EATING AND DRINKING

"Eating and drinking," says Feuerbach, "are themselves religious acts, or at least ought to be so; with every mouthful, we should think of the God who gave it." It is but an amplification of the custom, which accompanies every procedure of interest or importance with a plentiful spread upon the table; it may not be suspected, and is often dishonored, but the origin of the practice, at least, was a devout one. Friendship pursues the same course; because, as life is the most precious of possessions, the highest act of goodness that generous sentiment can perform, is to provide means for its maintenance and prolongation; to offer food is symbolical of sincerely wishing health and longevity. How beautifully are affection and the gift of nourishment united in the first tenderness of the mother towards her babe! She loves and she feeds.



A BUSY CHEF

The cook in the kitchen, the butler in the pantry, the dairy-maid; ay, the little dish-washer who makes your plates clean, are engaged in honorable callings—callings which help to preserve and prolong life. Do all you can to give your employees a due sense of the honorableness of their professions.

"MAN WANTS BUT LITTLE HERE BELOW"

Little I ask; my wants are few;
 I only wish a hut of stone,
 (A *very plain* brown stone will do,)
 That I may call my own;—
 And close at hand is such a one,
 In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me;
 Three courses are as good as ten;—
 If Nature can subsist on three,
 Thank Heaven for three. Amen!
 I always thought cold victuals nice;—
 My *choice* would be vanilla-ice.

I care not much for gold or land;—
 Give me a mortgage here and there,—
 Some good bank-stock,—some note of hand
 Or trifling railroad share;—
 I only ask that Fortune send
 A *little* more than I shall spend.

Honors are silly toys, I know,
 And titles are but empty names;—
 I would, *perhaps*, be Plenipo,—
 But only near St. James;—
 I'm very sure I should not care
 To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are baubles; 't is a sin
 To care for such unfruitful things;—
 One good-sized diamond in a pin,—
 Some, *not so large*, in rings,—
 A ruby, and a pearl, or so,
 Will do for me;—I laugh at show.

I would not have the horse I drive
 So fast that folks must stop and stare;
 An easy gait—two, forty-five—
 Suits me; I do not care—
 Perhaps, for just a *single spurt*,
 Some seconds less would do no hurt.

Of books but few.—some fifty score
 For daily use, and bound for wear;

The rest upon an upper floor;—
Some *little* luxury *there*,
Of red morocco's gilded gleam,
And vellum rich as country cream.

Thus humble let me live and die,
Nor long for Midas' golden touch;
If Heaven more generous gifts deny,
I shall not miss them *much*,—
Too grateful for the blessing lent
Of simple tastes and mind content!

PRINCESS DRINA

Once upon a time—as all really good stories should begin—a little Princess was born into this world. As this is a “really-true” story, I cannot say that she slept on rose-leaves and was fed with honey-dew. She lived very much like other little girls who have hard lessons to learn, and who must not play all the time.

She was not always good, either. At least, I know that she became very tired of her music practice one day, and decided to stop it. Do you know any little girls who would like to do the very same thing?

“You must practice, Princess,” said her teacher. “There is no royal road to learning music. If you do not practice you will never be mistress of the piano.”

“What would you think of me,” said the little lady, “if I became mistress of it in the next minute?”

“That would be impossible,” replied her teacher.

“I will show you that I am mistress now of my own piano,” cried the Princess, and she shut and locked the instrument, putting the key into her pocket. “There!” she said, “there is a royal road to learning music. It is never to take a lesson till you feel like it.”

The naughty spell could not have lasted long, for the Princess learned to be really mistress of her piano, and that can come, as you know, only by a great deal of practice.

She had playthings, as you have, and among them was a long board with places into which the feet of her dolls fitted. As she had one hundred and thirty-two dolls, you can imagine what delightful Court receptions and other scenes she could arrange. Some of the dolls she dressed like kings and queens, and other famous people whom she had met.

There was a doll's house, and one of her presents on her eighth birthday was a tiny, melon-shaped, silver teapot with a short spout, marked “May 24, 1827.” The handle was in the form of a butterfly poised upon a rose. Alas, the poor butterfly's wings have been broken off, but the little teapot is still in

existence, and the children and grandchildren and great grandchildren of Princess Drina have been allowed, as a special treat, to pour tea from it.

There came a day when "Uncle William,"—as the Princess called the king whom she knew the best—was dead. In the gray of the early morning her mother wakened the Princess. There was very important news to be told,



THE LITTLE PRINCESS AND THE BEGGAR

but the wise mother knew it was not from her lips that her fair daughter should hear it. She bade her throw a wrapper hastily on and go into the next room to meet high officers of the nation.

And what do you think those grave and dignified nobles did? They knelt before Princess Drina and told her she was Queen.

You have read in your histories the story of the reign begun by the fair

girl—Queen, Alexandrina Victoria. But while we rejoice in the wise and great things done by the good Queen, I am glad that we know some things about her sweet child life as Princess Drina.—*A. M. G.*

MY FOUR-YEAR-OLD

One cannot turn a minute,
But mischief—there, you're in it,—
A-getting at my books, John,
With mighty bustling looks, John,
Or climbing on a table,
No matter how unstable,
And turning up your quaint eye,
And half-shut teeth with, "Mayn't I?"
Or else you're off at play, John,
Just as you'd be all day, John,
With hat or not, as happens,
And there you dance, and clap hands,
Till suddenly you cry out
As if you had an eye out,
So desperately tearful,
The sound is really fearful;
When, lo, directly after
It bubbles into laughter.

Ah, rogue!—and do you know, John,
Why 'tis we love you so, John?
And how it is they let ye
Do what you like, and pet ye,
Though all who look upon ye
Exclaim, "Ah, Johnny, Johnny!"
It is because you please 'em
Still more, John, than you tease 'em.
Because, too, when not present,
The thought of you is pleasant;
Because, though such an elf, John,
They think, that if yourself, John,
Had something to condemn, too,
You'd be as kind to them, too;
In short, because you're very
Good-tempered, John, and merry;
And are as quick at giving
As easy at receiving.

—*Leigh Hunt.*

THE ORDER OF THE GRAIN OF MUSTARD SEED

Ours, as much as any man's, may be the most inconceivable of all blessings, "the peace of God which passeth understanding," and hereafter a blessedness which "eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive." Be we high or low, rich or poor, clever or stupid, for which God cares nothing, it is equally possible for the humblest of us all to do our duty

A cup of cold water? Well, will the world ever forget the cup of cold water which Sir Philip Sidney, athirst and dying, gave to the worse-wounded soldier, who eyed it eagerly, on the field of Zutphen?

A grain of mustard seed? Well, when Count Zingendorf was a boy at school he founded among his companions a little guild, of which the badge was a gold ring, and he called it "The Order of the Grain of Mustard Seed." And thereafter the seedling grew into the great tree of the Moravian brotherhood, whose boughs were a blessing to the world. The widow's mite? Well, when they laughed at St. Theresa because she wanted to build a great orphanage and had only three ducats to begin with, she answered, "With three ducats Theresa can do nothing, but with God and her three ducats there is nothing which Theresa cannot do." . . . If you bring *no* gift, how can God use it? The lad must bring his barley loaves before the five thousand can be fed. Have you ever attempted to do as he did? Have you ever, even in the smallest measure or with the least desire, tried to follow John Wesley's golden advice?—

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
In all the places you can,
At all the times you can,
As long as ever you can.

Take but one instance—kind words. A kind word of praise, of sympathy, of encouragement. It would not cost you much, yet how often does pride, or envy, or indifference, prevent you from speaking it? The cup of cold water, the barley loaves, the two farthings, how often are we too mean and too self-absorbed to give even these?

And are we not to give them because we cannot endow hospitals, or build cathedrals, or write epics? Ah! If we be in the least sincere, in the least earnest, let us be encouraged. The little gifts of our poverty, the small services of our insignificance, the barley loaves of the Galilean boy on the desert plain, the one talent of poor, dull persons like ourselves, are despised by the world, but they are dear to, but they are accepted of, but they will be infinitely rewarded by Him who, though the conies are a feeble folk, gives them their homes in the rocks; without whom no sparrow falls; who numbers the very hairs of our heads; who builds the vast continents by the toil of the coral insect, and by His grains of sand stays the raging of the sea.—*F. W. Farrer.*

AFTER THE SHOWER

It has just been raining. Nature is fresh and radiant; the earth seems to taste with rapture the water which brings it life. One would say that the throats of the birds had also been refreshed by the rain; their song pure, more vivacious, more brilliant, vibrates wonderfully in the air, which has become more sonorous and resounding. The nightingales, the bullfinches, the blackbirds, the thrushes, the golden orioles, the finches, the wrens,—all these sing and rejoice. The motionless trees seem to listen to all these sounds. Innumerable apple-trees in full bloom look like balls of snow in the distance; the cherry trees, all white as well, rise like pyramids or spread out like fans of flowers. The birds seem at times to aim at those orchestral effects when all the instruments are blended in a mass of harmony. Would that we could identify ourselves with spring! that we could go so far as to believe that in ourselves breathe all the life and all the love that ferment in nature; that we could feel ourselves to be at the same time verdure, bird-song, freshness, elasticity, rapture, serenity!—*Maurice de Guérin.*

ALL THINGS NEW

Old sorrows that sit at the heart's sealed gate,
 Like sentinels grim and sad,
 While out in the night-damp weary and late
 The King, with a gift divinely great,
 Is waiting to make us glad.

Old fears that hang like a changing cloud,
 Over a sunless day;
 Old burdens that keep the spirit bowed,
 Old wrongs that rankle and clamor loud—
 Shall pass like a dream away.

In the world without and the world within,
 He maketh the old things new;
 The touch of sorrow, the stain of sin,
 Shall flee from the gate when the King comes in,
 From the chill night's damp and dew.

Anew in the heavens the sweet stars shine,
 On earth new blossoms spring;
 The old life lost in the life divine,
 "Thy will be mine, my will is Thine,"
 Is the song which the glad hearts sing.

—*Mary Lowe Dickinson.*

DON'T WORRY

We allow ourselves to be tormented by a thousand forms of fear. We are afraid of catching cold, afraid to eat this or that article of food, afraid that something unpleasant will happen to us. And what we so persistently expect, we are very apt to get. Like Job, we are obliged to say, "The thing which I greatly feared is come upon me, and that which I was afraid of is come unto me."

The strangest thing about this slavery is that we have come to think of it as unavoidable—an essential element of life, a stimulus that is needed to keep us up to the line of duty. A group of travelers were looking from an eminence upon a landscape in which an insane asylum was to be seen a little distance away. One of the party said, "I suppose a large proportion of the inmates were brought there by unnecessary worry." "Is there any necessary worry?" asked another of the group, with significant emphasis. The first speaker seemed startled by the suggestion. He was a clergyman, yet he acknowledged that he had gone through life with the idea that worry is an essential quality of human nature.

Americans are, above all others, slaves of the worry habit. It may truly be called a national vice. An eminent Russian, Prince Wolkonsky, during a visit to this country, expressed himself as follows at a public dinner:

"Business is the Alpha and Omega of American life. There is no pleasure, no joy, no satisfaction. There is no standard except that of profit. There is no other country where they speak of a man as worth so many dollars. In other countries they live to enjoy life; here they exist for business."

At this point the prince's feeling apparently overcame him, and he broke out with this apostrophe: "O Lord, if I have to die soon, let me know a few days beforehand. Take me to a place where they have no appointments. Take me where I can hear something besides business. Give me one day of rest before I die, where I can see the bright sunshine, and breathe the fresh air of heaven."

It is time to call a halt.—*Theodore F. Seward.*

ALADDIN

When I was a beggarly boy, and lived in a cellar damp,
I had not a friend nor a toy, but I had Aladdin's lamp;
When I could not sleep for cold, I had fire enough in my brain,
And builded, with roofs of gold, my beautiful castles in Spain.

Since then I have toiled day and night, I have money and power, good store,
But I'd give all my lamps of silver bright, for the one that is mine no more;
Take, Fortune, whatever you choose, you gave, and may snatch again;
I have nothing 't would pain me to lose, for I own no more castles in Spain!

—*James Russell Lowell.*

FAMILY PICNICS

Family picnics are not the least agreeable of the many varieties of this style of entertainment. When the means of transit are lacking, even a tea on the lawn or on the porch is very charming on a warm summer evening and has a flavor of lawlessness and of unusualness that imparts a zest to the most commonplace food. But if it is practicable to get off into the fields or woods, although it be only by means of a trolley car, the enjoyment is heightened. The matter was reduced to a science by one family condemned to pass a whole summer in town. There were charming drives in the vicinity and countless secluded and delightful spots where they could eat their open-air supper undisturbed. Every Saturday afternoon at four o'clock, two light, four-seated carriages, each drawn by a strong horse, were brought to the door, and into these the family bestowed themselves and their provisions. Sometimes a guest was invited to join them, but usually they were unaccompanied by outsiders.

A half hour's drive conveyed them to their picnic ground, and here the baskets were unpacked, the cloth spread and the meal eaten. There were pleasant rambles through the woods before supper, and a gay chat, interspersed with singing about a bonfire afterwards. Then, in the cool of the evening, they drove home by the longest way around, refreshed and brightened by the breath of the meadow and forest and by the welcome break in the ordinary routine of every-day life, for "the woods are an ever-new delight; they give us peace and they make us strong."—*Christine Terhune Herrick*

THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE'S SONG

Ah, what is love? It is a pretty thing,
 As sweet unto a shepherd as a king;
 And sweeter, too,
 For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
 And cares can make the sweetest love to frown:
 Ah then, ah then,
 If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

His flocks are folded, he comes home at night,
 As merry as a king in his delight;
 And merrier too,
 For kings bethink them what the state requires,
 Where shepherds careless carol by the fires:
 Ah then, ah then,
 If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

—*Robert Greene.*



HELPING THE SHEPHERD

FEAR NOT

We asked one day of a group of women—What quality in yourselves has up to the present time been the most serious drawback to your happiness and success. One frank girl said that a quick temper had been the thing that hurt her most. Another said that an almost incurable habit of haste and disorder had been her great trial. She never could stop to put anything straight that she was done with. But, somewhat to our surprise, three out of five, declared that the greatest drawback to their happiness and success had been timidity. One said, "To this day I have never been able to overcome my unwillingness to meet a stranger." Another said, "Though I have learned to resist impulse, I have often been willing to walk around the block to avoid greeting an acquaintance. I find myself standing outside the door when we have company, and actually driving myself at last to go in."

"But if this timidity only affected your own feelings," broke in another voice, "it would not be of so much consequence: but in my case it interferes with work and pleasure. I know perfectly well that I could teach the class of little boys they wished me to take in the Sunday School, but I was afraid to attempt it. I knew that I could take part in the tableaux that our league was getting up to send the poor children away, but I was so sure that I would spoil the picture I was in by my awkwardness that I got out of it, while the others enjoyed every minute of the time. It is not only that I am afraid of people, but I am afraid of myself."

These little confessions were followed by a very frank talk that sent those young girls home asking themselves the following questions:

"Is not much of this timidity the result of thinking of one's self? Should we be sorry to find guests in the house if we only cared to make them enjoy their visit? Is our reluctance to meet strangers born of our desire to have the stranger think well of us? And again, are we really so fearful that we cannot do things well, or that somebody else may think we have not done well. Down at the bottom of our timidity and bashfulness how much of real modesty is there and how much of real pride?"

A LITTLE FENCE

Make a little fence of trust
 Around to-day;
 Fill the space with loving words,
 And therein stay.

Look not through the sheltering bars
 Upon to-morrow.
 God will help thee bear what comes
 Of joy or sorrow.

HOW A KING MADE A PAGE HAPPY

Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, one day rang his bell, and, nobody answering, he opened the door, and found his page fast asleep in an elbow-chair. He advanced toward him, and was going to awaken him, when he perceived a letter hanging out of his pocket. His curiosity prompting him to know what it was, he took it out and read it. As he was a very loving and kind-hearted king, let us forgive his doing what even he had no right to do without leave. It was a letter from this young man's mother, in which she thanked him for having sent her a part of his wages to relieve her misery, and finished with telling him that God would reward him for his dutiful affection. The king, after reading it, went back softly into his chamber, took a bag full of ducats, and slipped it with the letter into the page's pocket. Returning to the chamber, he rang the bell so loudly that it awakened the page, who instantly made his appearance. "You have had a sound sleep," said the king.

The page was at a loss how to excuse himself, and putting his hand into his pocket, to his utter astonishment he there found a purse of ducats. He took it out, turned pale, and, looking at the king, burst into tears without being able to utter a single word.

"What is the matter?"

"Ah, sire," said the young man, throwing himself on his knees, "somebody seeks my ruin; I know nothing of this money which I have just found in my pocket!"

"My young friend," said Frederick, "God often does great things for us even in our sleep; send that to your mother, salute her on my part, and assure her that I will take care of both her and you."

THE ART OF PLEASING

What is it that makes some women so charming—some men so pleasant? What quality that manifests itself in hands that receive us with graceful warmth, in eyes that beam with kindly pleasure, in smiles so genuine, so tender, in the general radiance of reception? Surely it is a natural sweetness, an inherent tenderness of sympathy—pervading rather than deep—acting upon a desire to please. There are some persons on whom society acts almost chemically, compelling them to be charming. It is part of themselves to meet advances, to labor in their graceful way, to create a favorable impression and to give pleasure; and yet, perhaps, our arrival was, after all, ill-timed—our approach, at least, was not welcome—we interrupted, we necessitated an effort. If at night we could overhear our friend's summary of the day, we might find ourselves classed as one of its troubles and hindrances; and, as we have said, we might unjustly feel a twinge of ill-usage. But is it not something not to have been made uncomfortable at the time—to have spent a happy hour instead of sitting on thorns, as with certain of our acquaintance we should inevitably have been made to do?

DON'T TAKE IT TO HEART

There's many a trouble
 Would break like a bubble,
 And into the waters of Lethe depart,
 Did not we rehearse it,
 And tenderly nurse it,
 And give it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow
 Would vanish to-morrow,
 Were we but willing to furnish the wings;



“ LOOKS THAT ARE BEAMING ”

So sadly intruding,
 And quietly brooding,
 It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.

How welcome the seeming,
 Of looks that are beaming,
 Whether one's wealthy or whether one's poor;
 Eyes bright as a berry,
 Cheeks red as a cherry,
 The groan, and the curse, and the heartache can cure.

—Georgiana C. Clark.

THE BUNCH OF VIOLETS

"It is pleasant sitting out here, mamma, with birds singing and flowers smelling so sweetly all around us. And see, I have gathered quite a large bunch of violets for you. I wonder, now, if you wouldn't tell me something about them, for I begin to think everything has its story, if we only knew it."

"One of the stories that I know about these sweet little flowers, my daughter, is as simple and true as themselves. It is that of Jean Bertram, a young American farmer, who had always been content to follow the plough, without taking any notice of the beautiful country around him. One day, however, he happened to pick up a little bunch of violets. Their odor pleased him so much that he began to look closer, to admire, and then to compare them with the other flowers which he passed. He at last took so much interest in the difference of plants, that he borrowed a few books on the subject, learned Latin to study them better, and, finally, gave up ploughing, and became a very celebrated botanist,—all, as he afterwards said, from the looking at that one little root of violets. It pays to take pleasure in the lowly things God scatters along our pathway."

"I knew the violet must have some pretty story. It is an humble flower but a favorite with everybody."

"It always has been; the Greeks dedicated it to their goddess Athena, and, as usual, invented a pretty fable about the origin of this modest flower. The Romans also loved it, and placed a wreath of violets on their dead."

"Romans were very fond of wreaths of flowers."

"Yes; one pretty custom was, that when a baby was born, a wreath of the wild olive was hung over the cradle; but over a little girl's they twined wool, to show that when she grew up she must be a good housewife. When she became a young girl, she might wear a myrtle-wreath on grand occasions, which after her marriage she would exchange for a garland of the bright red poppies, to show how bright and happy her days had become.

"Speaking of their beauty, we must not forget what useful things flowers and plants are. I don't know, I'm sure, how the world would get on without them. Their real use often begins when they are withered and faded, and when they have done pleasing the eye. Many people use for medicine the roots and leaves they gather in the fields, ground into powder or soaked into tea. And clever chemists get excellent medicines and beautiful colors and scents from these little buds. The contents of Frank's paint-box, for instance, owe half their brightness to the field flowers. His new stockings, of which he seems so proud, owe their color to the indigo plant. And as to you, Maggie, almost all you have on, was once part of the little blue flax, or linum. Even the threads which hold your clothes together are only the twisted fibers of the same little plant. Indeed, I could number so many things that we owe to the field plants, that you would be tired of listening.

"I have often watched the habits of flowers, and marveled at the differences

between them. Almost all go to sleep, more or less. Some shut their leaves up at night, and open them in the daylight. This morning, when I looked out, there seemed to be not one daisy in the fields, but by breakfast-time thousands of their little pink faces were turned up, staring, open-eyed, at the sun. They always look up early, as *day's eyes* ought to do."

"Oh, then, that's why the bed of tulips all look dead at night, and yet seem brighter than ever next morning. They've only been to sleep, after all."

"That's it; and they are in such a hurry sometimes, that even flies or bees who may be getting their supper inside them are shut up and kept prisoners till morning. Some flowers seem so fast asleep that they hang their heads and nod them about as though they might be dreaming, though a few sleep at day and only wake up at night, like the sweet evening primrose. The common yellow dandelion shuts up if it is too warm, and its friend the buttercup drops its face if it rains, for fear of the water settling in its cup and spoiling it; while the little scarlet pimpernel (which you will find about our fields in any quantity) is called the shepherd's weather-clock, because it always foretells if rain or a change for wet weather is near. I have often tried it, and never known it to fail to be right. It is always open enough in bright, clear weather, but covers its rosy face when it sees the clouds coming."—*C. L. Mattheux.*

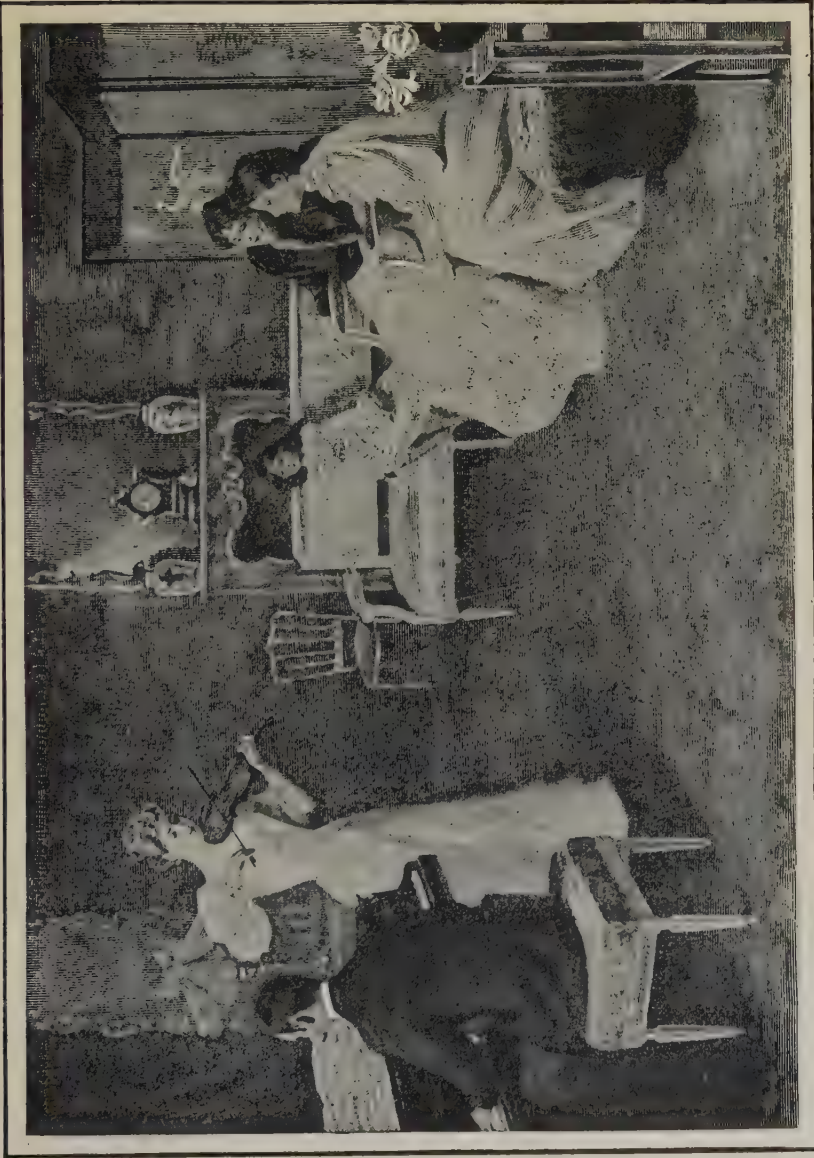
THE OPEN ROAD

Afoot and light-hearted, I take to the open road,—
 Healthy, free, the world before me,
 The long, brown path before me leading wherever I choose.
 Henceforth I ask not good fortune, I myself am good fortune;
 Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing;
 Done with in-door complaints, libraries, querulous criticisms;
 Strong and content, I travel the open road.—*Walt Whitman.*

HAPPINESS

Christians might avoid much trouble and inconvenience if they would only believe what they profess, that God is able to make them happy without anything else. They imagine that if such a dear friend were to die, or such and such blessings were to be removed, they would be miserable; whereas God can make them a thousand times happier without them. To mention my own case, God has been depriving me of one blessing after another, but as every one was removed, he has come in and filled up its place; and now, when I am a cripple, and not able to move, I am happier than I ever was in my life before, or ever expected to be; and if I had believed this twenty years ago, I might have been spared much anxiety.—*Payson.*

Thus would I double my life's fading space,
 For he that runs it well runs twice his race.—*Cowley.*



Make life a glad some song,—
And have the day as happy as 'tis long.

FUN E'EN IN MELANCHOLY

When I go musing all alone,
 Thinking of divers things foreknown,
 When I build castles in the air,
 Void of sorrow, void of fear,
 Pleasing myself with phantasms sweet,
 Methinks the time runs very fleet.
 All my joys, to this, are folly,
 Naught so sweet as melancholy. —*Milton*

MY HUNT AFTER THE BABY

I had been to the corn-lot in the hope of finding a few roasting ears for supper; but there were none ripe enough, so I walked slowly back to the house with my hands under my apron to save them from sunburn; and the moment I stepped into the sitting-room I saw the baby was missing.

The baby was one that had been left with us—sister Bell and me—while the dear mamma went to see dear papa, sick in a far-away hospital. It was a plump, peachy little thing, nearly a year old, named Maude, familiarly called Madge, and more familiarly Midget. She was full of mischief as she could hold, crept all about the house, throwing things out of doors or into the fire, as came handiest, thrust her hands behind her and screeched like a hyena if any one approached to interfere with her operations, and slept about fifteen minutes twice a day. This time I had left her asleep. She must have been asleep, for she didn't wink; and when the little deceiver was hoaxing me she always winked desperately. I laid her on a rug in a cool corner, and leaving the door open, walked down to the corn-field and back again in about seven minutes, as nearly as I could judge.

The baby was missing! There was the print of her little moist head on the pillow, there were the little blue hints of shoes, just as she had kicked them off in her play. Hurriedly I went through room after room, searching and calling. Not a glimpse of the little white frock, not a lisp from the prattling tongue.

Rushing to the head of the stairs, "O Bell!" I shouted, "have you seen baby?"

"No, I haven't. Why?"

I knew by the way Bell spoke that she was not half awake, but her coolness annoyed me.

"Well, she's lost; I went to the lot after roasting-ears, and when—" A fretful exclamation from Bell interrupted me.

"O dear me! Have you looked in the parlor? I've not a doubt but she's there, poking over my photograph-album. Do look, please, sis."

Terror overmastered my desire to fling back a snappish answer to this aggravating remark. Down stairs again, I threw open the parlor door, which,

having been tightly closed, I had not before tried. All undisturbed and quiet. How thankful I should have been to have found everything topsy-turvy!

With a groan I shut the door, and commenced the search anew. I opened all the closets and presses that I had opened before, looked under the bureaus and sofas, and shook the ironing-basket. All in vain! No baby,—no Midget!

Then I ran out into the currant-bushes, where a few tempting red bunches were still hanging.

"Have you looked in the ash-hole, and the band-boxes, and the big churn?" called Bell from the window. In two minutes more she was flouncing about the kitchen. She shook the door-mat, jerked the pump-handle, examined the bread-tray and the flour barrel. Then her eyes fell upon the sink-drain.

She couldn't have got in there, now, could she?" questioned Bell, with terror in every feature.

"Of course not! through a four-inch spout! and put the strainer in after her! What a preposterous notion!" And Bell does not know to this day, not five minutes before she came down, I was working the broom-handle down that very spout with all my might and main.

Out of doors we went, examined the clumps of elder, looked over the fence, up street, down street, and finally returned disconsolate to the kitchen.

"Midget! Midget! you dear, precious little angel, where are you?" moaned Bell, dropping upon the settee.

As we sat with our arms around each other, crying, we heard a very slight rattling in the direction of the cook-room, which contained no furniture except a stove and table. We had glanced around this room once or twice; but as there seemed to be no hiding-places, the thought of searching it had never occurred to us. The stove was a large-sized peerless, with an oven occupying the whole lower part. To cut the story short, the baby was in the oven! We knew it, Bell and I, as soon as the rattling was repeated, and we simultaneously rushed for the cook-room.

There she sat,—the mischief,—bolt upright in the oven, with her head in the high part and her feet in the low, treating herself to the contents of a blackberry pie, which had been left in from the morning's baking. She had taken off the upper crust whole, spreading it on her bosom like a napkin, and was now employed in picking out the blackberries, and conveying them to her mouth one by one. She looked up at us, and O such a face! What with cunning, fright and blackberry-juice, I have never seen such a face before or since.

Bell caught her out, kissed her comparatively clean, scolding her all the time. Then she carried her to the sink, and pumped water upon her without the least fear of washing her down the spout. As soon as the little lady recovered her breath, she screamed furiously, and pointed to the oven with decided demonstrations of a plan to return to her repast.

Bell begged the privilege of putting her back to finish the pie, but I objected.—*Helen L. Bostwick.*

A MAN'S WORTH

We cannot afford to be anchorites. There is no such thing as being happy unless we make others happy. I have little patience with people who are never treated well. It is because they do not treat others well. Do you know why people always treat flowers well? It is because flowers always treat us well. Why does the orange blossom kiss the breeze? Because the breeze first kisses the orange blossom. Be kind to others and others will be kind to you. If you do not find people in your church or neighborhood social it is because you are not social. There shall not be on our parlor door a bolt of caste. We shall not care about the style of his shoes, if we know that his feet have never walked in polluted places. We shall not care whether the coat is mixed, striped or black, but indignant only if we find out that his heart is as black as his coat. We shall not ask whether his forefather danced with Queen Elizabeth or pounded the shoe last; whether his blood flowed down to him through the golden pipe of aristocratic ancestry, or whether he got it out of the common puddle from which the most of us picked up our ancestral tablets. We always feel sorry for a man who has so little character himself that he has to go back and marshal a lot of ancestral ghosts to make up the deficiency. Every man must come to be judged by what he himself is worth. I was passing along a piece of low ground and saw two tortoises, a dark shell and a light shell turtle. They did not know I was there, and consequently were not interrupted in the conversation. "Get out of the way!" said light shell tortoise. "Why?" asked dark shell. "Oh," said the light shell, "I am none of your common turtles. Do you see the color of my shell? I was not born like you in this low ground, but up yonder in that higher ditch. My father had the letters G. W. on his back, cut by the jack-knife of George Washington." Then dark tortoise lost his patience, and said: "Light tortoise, you had better shut up your shell. The ditch that you were born in was a little higher than mine, but we are both the children of the mud." I threw a stone to break up this war of caste, and instantly light shell and dark shell slunk into the same puddle.—*Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.*

No trait of character is more valuable in a woman than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night wearied by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition! It is sunshine falling on his heart. He is happy, and the cares are forgotten. A sweet temper has a soothing influence over the minds of a whole family. Where it is found in the wife and mother, you observe kindness and love predominating over the natural feeling of a bad heart. Smiles, kind words and looks, characterize the children, and peace and love have their dwelling there. A sweet temper is more valuable than gold; it captivates more than beauty, and to the close of the life it retains all its freshness and power.



IN KINDEST CARE

Little lambkin, whence hast wandered, why didst leave thy mother's care;
 Poor and tired, and torn with briars, where is thy dear mother, where?

We will watch and feed and tend thee,

We will lovingly befriend thee,

We will watch and feed and tend thee, we will lovingly befriend thee,

Little lamb, do not despair.

MARY'S LITTLE LAMB

We all know about Mary's lamb—how

It followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rule,
It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.

Mary was a real person, her full name being Mary E. Sawyer. When quite a little girl she found a half-dead, motherless lamb, and nursed it back to life. It became her constant companion and plaything, and one day she took it to school, which she purposely reached before the rest of the scholars, and stowed the lamb away under her seat, where it lay contentedly until it was Mary's turn to recite, when it ran after her down the aisle, to the uproarious delight of the children and the confusion of the teacher, who had "lambie" put outside, where he waited and followed his mistress home. A visitor, John Rouston, composed the poem and gave a copy to Mary. The first time lambie was sheared Mary's mother knit her two pairs of the stockings of the wool, and these Mrs. Tyler treasured to her eightieth birthday. When the "Old South Church," of Boston, was raising money, she unraveled a pair of the stockings and wound the yarn on small cards, upon which she wrote her autograph, and these cards were sold for upwards of \$100. Mrs. Tyler died in December, 1889, at a ripe old age.

MY LOST YOUTH

Strange to me now are the forms that I meet,
When I visit the dear old town;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still:—
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there;
And among the dreams of the days that were,
I find my lost youth again.
And the strange and beautiful song,
The groves are repeating it still:—
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."
—*Longfellow.*



AN IMPROMPTU PICNIC

HOW GOLDSMITH AMUSED HIMSELF

Before Goldsmith was eight years old, he had developed "the habit of literature." He was scribbling all sorts of things on scraps of paper. He had not yet acquired the habit of getting them into print; he threw them into the fire, as toys of which he was tired. A few were rescued, however, by Mrs. Goldsmith, who, reading them with a mother's delight, perceived that her son was a poet by nature. From that time, she beset her husband with solicitations, to give the boy an education suitable to his genius, and she succeeded. The moral of this story is evident, yet, lest it be missed, another story were better given to make the point by contrast. A busy journalist of to-day who is doing great good with her pen, had, in early life, like Goldsmith, the habit of scribbling on bits of paper. "What a mess you are making!" exclaimed her tidy mother, and tossed the business into the flames. The little girl, feeling that it was a sin to "make stories and poems," struggled against it. Unable to overcome the bent of her nature—to stop doing the thing God had made her to do—she scribbled now and then in secret. There was something in her that called her to write as a bird is called to sing; she felt wicked if she did not write; she felt naughty if she did. Her good mother—who meant all for her daughter's best—tried to teach the little lass to knit, to work button-holes, and to crochet mats.

The girl tried hard to learn these things—she never did. Thirty years of life were wasted in trying to do what others thought she ought to do. Then fate kindly forcing her to make her own living, she took up her pen and is happy in using it, feeling that at last she is doing the thing God made her to do, and is making others happy by its use. But she is handicapped by her late start in her vocation, and by lack of the preparation and experience that should have been hers in those years which might be called wasted, if it were not true that any effort to perform our duty—however misdirected it seems—is too sacred for us to apply that term to it. Happiness is impossible unless one is true to one's self; unless one is doing his life-work well. Parents, watch your child, study trifles, note in what direction his play, his preferred employments point, that you may set him to find his true life-work.

THE HAPPIEST DAY

"This is almost more happiness than I can bear! This one day repays me for all I have done!" That is what gray-haired Matthew Vassar said, looking out upon a great company of grateful young women engaged in the joyous exercises of "Founder's Day" at Vassar College. Soon after this, while making an address to the College Board, his paper fluttered from his fingers, his voice ceased, and he was gone to his long rest. But he had seen a supremely happy day! He had opened the way of opportunity to thousands who should come after him! Surely this was enough to give any one "almost more happiness than can be borne." Still, the story would not point a moral

if it did not help to show to those who have not great means the way to perfect happiness. It lies in doing all one can to make others happy, to open opportunities for others. If I, without aught else to bestow, but refresh a fainting brother by the cup of cold water given in the name of the Lord, I am entitled to "almost more happiness than my heart can bear," for have I not done my best, and have I not done it as unto my Lord?

HOPE

Children of yesterday,
 Heirs of to-morrow,
 What are you weaving—
 Labor and sorrow?
 Look to your looms again;
 Faster and faster
 Fly the great shuttles
 Prepared by the Master.
 Life's in the loom,
 Room for it—room!

Children of yesterday,
 Heirs of to-morrow,
 Lighten the labor
 And sweeten the sorrow,
 Now—while the shuttles fly
 Faster and faster.
 Up and be at it—
 At work with the Master.
 He stands at your loom,
 Room for him—room!

Children of yesterday,
 Heirs of to-morrow,
 Look at your fabric
 Of labor and sorrow,
 Seamy and dark
 With despair and disaster,
 Turn it—and lo,
 The design of the Master!
 The Lord's at the loom,
 Room for him—room!—*Mary A. Lathbury.*

It is a point of wisdom to be silent whenever occasion requires, and better than to speak, though never so well.—*Plutarch.*

THE HAPPINESS OF GIVING

"Julian was asking papa," wrote Nathaniel Hawthorne's wife, "for a very expensive toy, and his father told him he was very poor this year, and that it was impossible to buy him everything that struck his fancy. Julian said no



HOW HIS PEOPLE GAVE
THEIR PASTOR A MERRY
CHRISTMAS.

more; and when he went to bed he expressed great condolence, and said he would not ask his father for anything if he were so poor, but that he would give him his own money (amounting to five pence half-penny). When he lay down his face shone with a splendor of joy that he was able thus to make his father's

affairs assume a brighter aspect. This enormous sum of money, which Julian had intended at Christmas time to devote to buying a toy for baby or for Una, was his all and he could give no more."

In the same charming book (*Memoirs of Hawthorne*, by his daughter) which contains this bit from the home-life of the Hawthornes, Mrs. Hawthorne says: "No act of the British people in behalf of the soldiers has struck me as so noble and touching as that of the reformed criminals in an institution in London. They wished to contribute something to the Patriotic Fund. The only way they could do it was by fasting. So from Sunday night till Tuesday morning they ate nothing and the money saved (three pounds and over), was sent to the Fund." Could there be found a sharper contrast in the pleasures of generosity than that between the little boy's purpose to give his all to his father, and the self-denial of the criminals in order that they might contribute to the comforts and necessities of men whom they had never seen—men who were free, and, therefore, better off than themselves? Perhaps there is no joy greater than the joy of giving, no joy more common to all ages, and to all sorts and conditions of men. Everybody is happy in giving, the graybeard and the little child, the pauper and the millionaire. Judging from the magnificent charities of the past decade, there seems on the part of our rich men a perfect "passion for giving." Then, on all sides, noble souls who have not money are giving what is more precious—themselves—that the world may be better and happier. The beauty of it all is, that everybody has something to give. Sometimes, a smile or a kind word is worth its weight in gold.

THE SECRET OF GOOD CHEER

Her world was ever joyous. She thought of grief and pain
As giants in the olden time, that ne'er would come again;
The seasons all had charms for her, she welcomed each with joy;
The charm that in her spirit lived no changes could destroy.
Her love made all things lovely, for in the heart must live
The feeling that imparts the charm—we gain by what we give.

—*Sarah Josepha Hale.*

CHARITY'S JOYS

Can we not see how necessary it is that all of us should live with men who are greater than ourselves, and try to share their joys. We cannot afford to shut ourselves up to the value of those things whose value we ourselves are able to discover. Live with enthusiastic, noble men, and you will find the world opening its inspiring delights to you on every side. If charity to you is dull and stupid, if you cannot conceive what pleasure it can give to help the poor, go and put your life as close as possible to that of the most enthusiastic helper of the poor that you can find.

Stand where, when he has made a poor man's lot the brighter, and looks

around for some one with whom to share his pleasure, his kindling eye shall fall on you. That is the truest way to put yourself at least close to the gate which leads to the delight in charity, even though it be only close to it on the outside.



SWEET CHARITY

When he turns round and says to you: "Rejoice with me, for I have made an unhappy man rejoice," then it may be that the door will open and you, too, can go in yourself to the delightful service of your fellow-man!—*Phillips Brooks*.

THE KING AND THE GOOSE-HERD

"Cobbler, stick to thy last!" This proverb was never so royally exemplified to be the happiest plan, as it was in the following true history, the principal actor in which was Maximilian Joseph, of Bavaria, one of the most loving as well as one of the most beloved monarchs that ever wielded a scepter. One hot summer day, King Maximilian, clad in very plain habiliments, had gone out alone, as was his wont, to walk in the fine park which surrounded his castle, and after a time drew a volume from his pocket and seated himself on a bench to read. When he rose to continue his walk, he forgot his book, and left it lying on the bench. Wandering onward from one division of the extensive park to another, he at length passed beyond its limits, and entered on those grassy downs which stretch down to the margin of the lake. All at once the king remembered his book, and looked around in every direction for some one whom he could send for the volume; but the only human being within view was a boy tending a large flock of geese. To him he said: "Hearken, my lad. Couldst find for me a book I left in the park? Thou shalt have twenty-five cents for bringing it to me."

The boy, who had never before seen the king, cast a most credulous look on the corpulent gentleman who made him so astounding a proffer, and then turned away, saying, with an air of comical resentment: "I am not so stupid as you take me for."

"Why do you think I consider you stupid?"

"Because you offer me twenty-five cents for so trifling a service. So much money cannot be earned so easily," was the sturdy reply.

"Now, indeed," said the king, smiling good-humoredly, "I must think thee a simpleton. Why do you thus doubt my word?"

"Those up yonder," replied the boy, pointing in the direction of the distant castle, "are ready enough to make sport of the like of us; and ye're one of them, I'm thinking."

"And suppose I were?" said the king. "But see, here are the twenty-five cents; take them, and fetch me the book."

The herd-boy's eyes sparkled as he held the money in his hands, and yet he hesitated.

"Why don't you set off at once?" cried the king.

"I would fain do it, but I dare not," said the poor fellow; "for if the villagers hear I have left the plaguy geese, they will turn me off, and how shall I earn my bread then?"

"Simpleton!" exclaimed the king. "I will herd the geese till you return."

"You!" said the rustic, with a most contemptuous elongation of the pronoun. "You would make a pretty goose-herd! you are much too fat and much too stiff. Suppose they broke away from you now and got into the rich meadow yonder; I should have more trespass money to pay than my year's wages come to. Just look at the 'Court Gardener,' my big gander there—him with the black

head and wings; he is a regular deserter, a false knave; he is, for all the world, like one of the court people, and they, we all know, are good for nothing. He would lead you a fine dance! Nay, it would never do."

The king felt ready to burst with suppressed laughter, but, mastering himself, asked, with tolerable composure:

"Why can I not keep geese in order as easily as men? I have plenty of them to control."

"You!" again said the boy, sneeringly, as he measured the monarch from head to foot. "They must be silly ones, then. But perhaps you're a schoolmaster. Yet, even if ye be, it is much easier to manage boys than geese; that I can tell ye."

"It may be so," said the king; "but come, make short work. Will you bring the book, or will you not?"

"I would gladly do it," stammered the boy, "but——"

"I'll be answerable for the geese," cried the king, "and pay all damages, if such there be."

This decided the question; and so, after exacting a promise that his substitute would pay particular attention to the doings of the stately gander, whom he designated as the Court Gardener, he placed the whip in the king's hands and set off on his errand. But scarcely had he gone a few yards when he turned back again.

"What is the matter now?" called out the king.

"Crack the whip!"

The monarch swung it with his best effort, but procured no sounding whack.

"I thought so!" exclaimed the rustic. "A schoolmaster, forsooth, and cannot crack a whip!"

So saying, he snatched the whip from the king's hand and began, with more zeal than success, to instruct him in the science of whip-cracking. The king, though scarcely able to contain himself, tried in right earnest, and at length succeeded in extracting a tolerably sharp report from the leathern instrument of authority; and the boy, after once more trying to impress the duties of his responsible office on his temporary substitute, ran off at full speed in the direction the king had indicated.

The monarch, who could now indulge in a hearty laugh, sat himself down on a tree-stump which the goose-herd had previously occupied, to await the return of his messenger. But it really seemed as if his feathered charge had discovered that the whip was no longer wielded by their accustomed prompt and vigilant commander, for the treacherous Court Gardener suddenly stretched out his long neck, and, after reconnoitering on all sides, uttered two or three shrill screams. Upon this, as if a tempest had all at once rushed under the multitude of wings, the whole flock rose simultaneously into the air, and, before the king could recover from his surprise, they were careering with loud screams toward the

rich meadows bordering on the lake, over which they quickly spread themselves in all possible directions. At the first outburst, the royal herdsman called, "Halt!" with all his might. He brandished, and tried hard to crack, the whip, but extracted no sound which could intimidate the Court Gardener. He then ran to and fro, until, streaming with perspiration and yielding to adverse fate, he reseated himself on the tree-stump, and, leaving the geese to their own devices, quietly awaited the return of his messenger.

Meanwhile the boy had reached the bench, found the book, and sped back in triumph, little dreaming of the discomfiture his substitute had experienced; but when, on coming close up to the king, he looked round in vain for his charge, and, still worse, when their vociferous cackling led his eyes in the direction of the forbidden meadow, he was so overwhelmed that, letting fall the book, he exclaimed, half crying with vexation:

"There we have it! I knew how it would be. Did I not say from the first you understood nothing? And what is to be done now? I can never get them together by myself. You must help; that's a fact."

The king consented. The herd-boy placed him at one corner, showed him how to move his outstretched arms up and down, whilst he must shout with all his might; and then the boy set out himself, whip in hand, to gather in the farthest scattered of the flock. The king did his best, and, after terrible exertions, the cackling runaways were once more congregated on their allotted territory. But now the boy gave free vent to his indignation, rated the king soundly for neglect, and wound up all by declaring:

"Never shall any one get my whip from me again, or tempt me with twenty-five cents to give up my geese; no, not to the king himself."

"You are right there, my fine fellow," said the good-natured Maximilian, bursting into a laugh; "he understands goose-herding quite as little as I do."

"And you laugh at it into the bargain!" said the boy, in high dudgeon.

"Well, look ye now," said the monarch; "I am the king."

"You!" once more reiterated the indignant goose-herd. "I am not such a simpleton as to believe that; not I. So lift up your book and get along with you."

The king quietly took up his book, saying, as he handed fifty cents additional to the lad:

"Don't be angry with me, my boy. I give you my word I'll never undertake to herd geese again."

The boy fixed a doubting gaze on the mysterious donor of such unexampled wealth, then added, with a wise shake of the head:

"You're a kind gentleman, whoever you may be; but you'll never make a good goose-herd."

Ay, but give me worship and quietness,
I like it better than a dangerous honor.—*Shakespeare.*



"THE RING OF THE ANVIL"

Not much is said about the joys of toil, but they are very intense to people who love work. There is music and beauty in the ring of the anvil, the rhythmic swing of the scythe or the hoe—more than the greatest painters have been able

to catch for their canvas. The conscientious laborer is an artist of high degree, even though his profession be but the digging of potatoes or the weeding of corn.

MEETING "DADDY"

Sturdy and plump and clean and fair,
With big blue eyes and a tangle of hair,
There's a little lassie who runs to meet
Her father's step that rings on the street,
As, day after day, at the set of sun,
Father comes home when his work is done.

Making money for wife and weans,
Few are the sheaves the good man gleans;
All day long he is busy down-town,
Snowflakes sift where his hair was brown;
But he starts for home at an eager pace,
And love lights up the care-worn face.
For there at the window watching out
Is the little maid whose merry shout
Of "Daddy is here!" in his ear shall be,
Swift as he turns his own latch-key.
And glad is the heart at the set of sun
When father goes home with his day's work done.

NO SECRETS

The moment a girl has a secret from her mother, or has received a letter she dare not let her mother read, or has a friend that her mother does not know, she is in danger. A secret is not a good thing for a girl to have. The fewer secrets that lie in the hearts of women at any age, the better. It is almost a test of purity. She who has none of her own is best and happiest. In girlhood hide nothing from your mother. The girl who frankly says to her mother, "I have been there; met so and so; such and such remarks were made, and this or that was done," will be sure of receiving good advice and sympathy. If all was right no fault will be found. If the mother knows, out of her great experience, that something was improper or unsuitable, she will, if she is a good mother, kindly advise against its repetition. You may not know, girls, just what is right—just what is wrong, yet. You can't be blamed for making little mistakes; but you will never do anything very wrong if from the first you have no secrets from your mother.

Do not think that what is hard for thee to master is impossible for man, but if a thing is possible and proper to man, deem it attainable by thee.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

"HAPPY HATTY"

So Harriet G. Hosmer, the famous American sculptor, was called in her girlhood. "I can be happy anywhere," she once said, "with good health and a bit of marble." Neighbors called Hatty a tomboy. She was born in 1830, and it was after the middle of the nineteenth century that athletics became fashionable for young ladies. Her mother and only sister had died of consumption, and her father, a leading physician, determined to save this little girl. So he encouraged her to live in the open air, to row and to hunt. He gave the child a boat; had a Venetian gondola built for her, with silver prow and velvet cushions; gave her a gun, and was proud when she became an admirable marksman. He was interested in the bugs, beetles, bats, and snakes which she brought home from the woods. Polite society was shocked at the girl, who ran wild like a boy. But she was healthy, and happy as the day is long.

"I have a reputation for training wild colts, and I will try this one," said Mrs. Sedgwick, when Hatty, after being turned out of one school, was sent to her. She succeeded. She trained, she did not break, the girl. She let her run wild, only guiding her. "I never had a more difficult pupil nor one whom I learned to love so well," said Mrs. Sedgwick years later. She certainly must have been difficult.

Her father, at one time, engaged another physician to visit her regularly. He was not regular; Hatty's driving and boating were interfered with; she remonstrated. He said, dating his next visit, "If I am alive, I will be here then."

"If you are not here, I am to conclude you are dead?"

"Certainly."

He did not come. Next day the world was shocked to read of his death in the Boston papers. Hatty had driven into Boston and paid the papers a visit. The doctor was regular after that.

When the girl began her life-work, her out-door life began to tell. "She did every stroke of the work with her own small hands," says Mrs. Balton, in *Girls Who Became Famous*, "except knocking off the corners of the blocks of marble, for which she employed a man. Slight girl as she was, she wielded for eight or ten hours a day a leaden mallet weighing four and one-half pounds."

"GROWN-UP THANKSGIVINGS"

"Why don't they have a boys' and girls' Thanksgiving, Aunt Bertha?" asked little Robert White one cool November morning, as they were walking home from church.

"Why, what do you mean, Robert; *every* Thanksgiving is for children."

"Well, it did not seem so, anyway, in the notice the minister read. I listened, and it sounded awfully grown up—all about harvests, and peace,

and things! I don't see why I should have to go to church on a week day just for that."

"But I thought you liked to go to church, Robbie."

"So I do, Sundays; that is, most always, when the preach part isn't too long. But I thought Thanksgiving was just for fun. Dick Watson said 'twas just a good dinner day up on the farm where he used to live, and that isn't such a wonderful thing to be thankful over."

"Well, it's a good dinner day here, too, only little men like you, that have a good dinner every day don't think so much of a feast. But I know boys, Robbie, who only have a good dinner once a year, and to them it's something to be thankful for."

"I should think so, indeed; but to a fellow like *me*," and Bob thrust his gloved hands down into the pockets of his new overcoat,—“I don't see why I should keep Thanksgiving."

"But you can see how a boy who had only one good dinner in a year should be thankful?"

"Of course I can."

"And one who had two?"

"Why, yes."

"And one who had ten ought to be five times as glad as one who had but two, ought he not?"

"Why, yes, I s'pose so."

"Well, then, if a boy had three times three hundred and sixty-five good, warm, comfortable meals every year; if all his life long he had never known what it was to be hungry, would you say he had less reason to be thankful than these ten-dinner and two-dinner boys?"

Bob looked at his aunt out of the corners of his eyes, and smiled, but the only answer he made was a low, slow whistle. She had heard him whistle that way once in a while when some one was getting the better of him in a game. But she carefully avoided looking as if she heard.

Bob was a good boy, but he didn't enjoy restraints, and he liked to know the reasons for things. They walked on in silence for a few moments, and then he said abruptly:

"Well, s'pos'n I ought to keep Thanksgiving for having enough to eat; what's that got to do with the seasons, and harvests, and peace, and all that?"

"Why, everything, my dear boy. Without the sun, and the rain, and the good harvests, you might not have been left to famine and hunger, but many others would have been so left, and much of the business that depends upon the fruits of the earth must have ceased, and men who needed work could not have found it, and suffering would have come to many more of God's poor children than it has touched this year. Do you think we should be grateful for that only which affects ourselves? Ought we not to render thanks for everything that has spared any human creature pain?"

"Oh! yes, auntie: I understand that. I think I'll go to church Thursday. I *meant* to go all the time," said Robbie, with a twinkle in the corner of his eye and a deeper dive into pockets.

"Yes, but you must not go thinking all the mercies are *grown-up* mercies, and all the thanksgiving is for the older hearts. The nation's heart includes the heart of every boy and girl in it, and whatever is a blessing to the nation is a blessing to every child. You are used to peace in the land, dear boy, and can hardly understand why we should lay such stress on that; but I was born before our cruel Civil War, and I know how to be thankful for peace. Did you see that old man who was shown to a seat near us in church?"

"Yes," answered Robbie, briskly. "He looked rough, but I liked him."

"So did I, and I passed him my hymn book when we arose to sing. He nodded, I smiled, but he did not touch the book, for below his elbow there was only an empty sleeve."

"Do you think he lost his arm in battle, auntie?"

"I know it. He lost his right arm, and he lost two brave, beautiful sons, one of whom died of his wounds in a hospital before his mother could reach him, and the other was buried where he fell on the field of battle. Don't you think that old man knows how to be thankful for the peace that reigns in the land?"

"And so do I, auntie dear; I'm thankful, too," said he, grasping her hand firmly in his own, "just as thankful as if I was every bit *grown up*."—*M. L. D.*

LITTLE FOLK'S GAMES

In winter time the entertainment of little folks is much more perplexing a problem than in summer, when out-door play is the order of the season, and birds and bees and butterflies interest the children. Mrs. Hamilton Mott, in her little book, *Home Games and Parties*, makes some valuable suggestions; among them is that of the Brownie Play, where the little folks' pastime is turned to good account in helping mother. The Brownies, as folk-lore stories tell, were a comical little people, whose fun consisted in doing good in a very mysterious way. The tired farmer's wife would turn from her beans to the baby's cradle, and when she got back to the beans she would find them all shelled. When she went to the spring for water, or to the garden for vegetables, the floor would be swept, the fire kindled, and a bubbling kettle on the stove would greet her with a merry song on her return.

The Brownie idea is to tell Brownie stories to the children, and suggest that they set themselves to work doing good in this mysterious way. To make the play more real, they may be given some inexpensive bits of Brownie costume—pointed caps of brown felt, with a tassel dropping to one side, and felt moccasins, with long pointed toes, in which they may walk about noiselessly

in their benign mischief. With a little training, children catch the spirit of the play as easily as they do that of kindergarten games. The lessons will be learned before the usual time, unasked errands will be run, the baby will be



THE HAPPY OLD FARM LIFE

entertained, the disordered room be put in order, mother, father, big brothers and sisters will have occasions of very genuine surprise at the mysterious work of the Brownies, done whenever their backs are turned. The Brownie game is capable of infinite variations, and its influence on little folks and its benefit to the home is so great that it is well worth careful teaching.

The patty-pan party is another good suggestion. Nannie's mamma invites Nannie's friends to spend an afternoon; she takes them into the kitchen, where Nannie presents each with a new little tin patty-pan and plate, and Nannie's mamma says: "We will all go to work and make our own cakes and custards for tea, and see how well we can do it. I want each little girl to have something nice to take home to show her mother what a good housekeeper she can be. No one knows until she tries how much fun it is to cook." This is excellent for a birthday party.

THE INSECT TRANSFORMED

Have you not seen how pent in narrow room,
From leaf to leaf the worm-like insect creeps?
Have you not seen, how undistinguish'd sleeps
That insect, girded by its death-like tomb?
Till, bursting forth in vernal beauty's bloom,
Quick into life the winged wonder leaps,
Sports in the sun, the flower, the brooklet sips,
Broider'd with brightest tints from nature's loom?
So man, within his being's narrow ring,
Crawls on his kindred earth: so down he lies
In wintry slumber wrapt: in life's new spring
Again, no more a groveling worm, to rise;
But seraph-like, to soar on radiant wing,
And quaff delight 'mid heaven's unclouded skies.

AN ESKIMO CHILD-PARTY

A company of men were far north in the Arctic regions at Christmas time, and they could not help thinking of their families at home, and longing to be with them. But they knew it would not do to be homesick, for it would unfit them for their work, so they chose the best possible cure for it, they made other people happy. The little Eskimo children around them had never even heard of a Christmas tree, and the men of the ship's company went to work to make one. "Make one? Why, trees grow!" Certainly, but they do not grow in the Arctic lands, for these explorers were far north of the tree line. But they took bones of the whale, walrus, and other animals, and tied them together so as to make a trunk with branches. That was the tree. A Christmas without candy would seem strange to you, but instead of candy, they made balls of whale fat, or blubber, of which the Eskimo children are as fond as children here are of chocolate drops or peanut brittle. They hung these on the tree, and prepared some little presents of buttons and beads, and that was all. But it was enough for a delightful time for the little Eskimos, and their pleasure made the men so happy that they forgot their loneliness and homesickness.

THE HAPPY LITTLE ALCOTTS

"Those Concord days were the happiest of my life," wrote the author of *Little Women*, "for we had charming playmates in the little Emersons, Channings, Hawthornes and Goodwins, with the illustrious parents and their friends to enjoy our pranks and share our excursions. Plays in the barn were favorite amusements, and we dramatized the Fairy Tales in great style. Louisa was very fond of animals, as is abundantly shown in her stories. She never had the happiness of owning many pets, except cats, and these were the de-



A NICE NAP WITH FIDO

light of the household. The children played all manner of plays with them, tended them in sickness, buried them with funeral honors, and Louisa has embalmed their memory in the story, "The Seven Black Cats," in *Aunt Jo's Scrap-bag*. Dolls were an equal source of pleasure. The imaginative children hardly recognized them as manufactured articles, but endowed them with life and feeling. Louisa put her dolls through every experience of life; they were fed, educated, punished, rewarded and nursed. Care of dolls and kindly attention to dumb animals is helpful in molding child-character.

SLEIGH BELLS

Hear the sledges with the bells,
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight.

—Edgar Allan Poe.

RUSSIAN MERRY-MAKING

Russia, the land of snow and ice, of poverty and black bread, is a land of many holidays. What with Pussy Willow Fairs, preceding Palm Sunday, Easter, "Bride Shows" at Whitsuntide, Harvest Festivals, Christmas, New Year, the "Blessing of the Water," and St. George's Day and other saints' days too numerous to mention, a fair proportion of the Russian's time is given over to merry-making.



A RUSSIAN SLEIGH

Winter is the city's gala season. The great national pastimes are skating and sleighing. Everybody skates and everybody sleighs. The milkman

brings the milk in a sleigh, the postman the letters; and as the arrival of your friends, your groceries, or your good news alike announced by the sound of merry sleigh-bells, you find yourself listening with peculiar eagerness for their merry jingle.

GREEN GRASS UNDER THE SNOW

The work of the sun is slow,
But as sure as heaven, we know;
So we'll not forget, when the skies are wet,
There's green grass under the snow.

When the winds of Winter blow,
Wailing like voices of woe,
There are April showers, and buds and flowers,
And green grass under the snow.

We'll find that it's ever so
In this life's uneven flow;
We've only to wait, in the face of fate,
For the green grass under the snow.



"UNDER THE SNOW"

PLAYING BO-PEEP WITH THE STAR

"Who are you winking at, bright little star?
Hanging alone, way up ever so far;
Trembling and flashing aloft in the blue,—
Answer my question, and answer me true."

She stood by the window all ready for bed,
Yet lingered to hear what the little star said;
But naught would it do but wink its bright eye,
Alone by itself in the depths of the sky.

"I fear you are dumb," said the wee, little sprite,
"Or else you would answer my question to-night;
We whisper and talk to each other down here,—
I think you could speak if you chose to, my dear."

What do you think that the little star did?
It wilfully slipped out of sight, and was hid
By a snip of a cloud that floated close by,
And never vouchsafed her a wink or reply.

But after awhile, when she woke in the night,
The first thing she saw was that little star's light.
It twinkled and twinkled, and roused her from sleep,
"Ah, ha!" laughed the child, "we can both play bo-peep!"

THE YEAR'S HOLIDAY

Snow storms bring back our boyhood experience. Reared among the hills of Western Connecticut, we were brought up in the very school of the snow. We remember the dreamy snow-falls, when great flakes came down wavering through the air as if they had no errand, and were sauntering for mere laziness. The air thickens. One by one familiar objects are hidden as by a mist. Paths disappear. Voices of teamsters are heard, but nothing in the road can be seen. Like a fog, the snow, fast falling, hides all things. The fences are grotesquely muffled; evergreens bend, being burdened. Even the bare branches of deciduous trees are clothed as with wool. Night is shutting in.

There is no use of looking out any more: all is black. Drop the curtains. Throw on the logs. The flames fill the whole room with a warm glow. Draw round the table.

What a morning! The sun is up. The snow has buried the kitchen door. Fences are all gone. It is a new land, a fairy land! Yonder is the top of a haystack, and beyond, the roofs of the sheds. Two or three feet of snow on a level, that will lie for two months! As soon as the snow hardens a little, one can

take his own direction across the country. Not a fence can be seen. Swamps can now be entered safely. The streams need no bridges. The woods are full of men getting out the year's fuel. Every one is glad. Snow now is the poor man's friend, and the working man's helper; while all the young people who love frolic are getting ready for sleigh-rides. Winter in the country is the year's holiday.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*



THE SKATERS

O, there's lots of fun on a winter's day
When the air is clear and stinging,
And over the ice we whirl away,
Laughing and shouting and singing.
Sweet Maggie's skates mark gay device,
And Jack—he is so jolly,
He spells his name upon the ice
And writes: "I love you, Polly."

—*Myrta Lockett Avary.*



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A HAPPY GRANDFATHER.

As a grandfather Mr. Moody seemed to experience special joy, and to enter into sweetest and happiest relations with the little ones who laid hold of his heart. Irene Moody, born on August 20, 1895, and Emma Moody Fitt, born on December 16th of the same year, were the oldest grandchildren who claimed his love.

"Do you know I have a granddaughter? I am taking a present over to her," he shouted from his buggy to a friend on the natal day of his oldest grandchild, as he pointed to a basket of doughnuts. He was happy as a schoolboy on a holiday, and told the news to everybody he met. Later, that day, he made

a second trip to Mount Hermon to see the baby, that time bringing over an immense cauliflower, the best his garden had produced.

This same playful nature was shown in his first letter to little Emma Fitt on January 7, 1896, when she was three weeks old:

"This is my first letter to my dear little grandchild. I wanted to get a letter to you before you got your first tooth. Hurry up and get them all before the hot weather comes on, for I will get you some candy and you will want teeth to eat it. I want you to hurry up and grow so I can come early mornings and take you out riding when your mother and father are fast asleep. We will slip over the river to see Irene, and have some good times. Your mother is so proud of you, and your nurse is so fussy. Only think, Emma, what *your* mother said the other day—I, your grandfather, could not kiss you on your lips! Did you ever hear anything like that? But I got a kiss on your lips all the same, and I will get a good many more when I get home."

"I have just heard," he wrote a few months later, "that the milk you get at my house does not agree with you. But I think the fault is not with the milk but with the cooks. You know, or you should be old enough to know, that when you cook milk and put it in a bottle and put a black rubber nipple on it—well, you will be disgusted when you get a little older and know how your parents have treated you! You must not blame my old cow, for she is as good as she can be. I do not want to turn you against your parents, but if they do not treat you right, slip down to my house and get some doughnuts and ice cream."

In another letter to the same grandchild he wrote:

"In six days you will be one year old, and your grandmother will make you a cake and have it all frosted over with white sugar, and they will put one tiny little candle in it. . . .

"I am going to steal up to your house next summer and take you out riding before your parents get up. Only think, some fine June morning we can go up Lovers' Retreat. The birds will sing you a beautiful song. What times we will have together! I get real homesick thinking about it. . . .

"And now, my dear Emma, I am praying for you that the Lord will watch over you day and night and keep you from all harm. You will never know how much your grandfather loves you. I shall be glad to get you into my arms again."—*Will R. Moody.*

How would it do for us to say to-day what we intend to say in our last illness? Honor bright! are you not saving up several fine, generous, pathetic little speeches to be made on your death-bed—all the scenery set, full company on the stage, grand final tableau? Ten chances to one you'll forget them then, or have a rattling in your throat that will shake them out of shape. Forth with them now, like men!—"My dear boy, you have been the light and comfort of my life;" "My dear girl, without you I would have been nothing in this world."

IN CHURCH

"Did the doctor *read* or *preach* to-day?" inquired the good man of the house, who had stayed at home, of his wife, who had gone to church.

"He read his sermon," was the reply. "I like Doctor ——— much better when he has no manuscript with him, but I suppose on such a very warm Sabbath it was easier for him to have his ideas right there on the paper."

"For my part," said Aunt Isabel, "I don't see what difference it makes to the congregation which mode their pastor prefers. There is an appearance of spontaneity about an extempore discourse, but the probability is that it has been prepared as carefully beforehand as the other, and there is always the danger, if the speaker has only made out his framework, and left his filling in to the inspiration of the occasion, that he will become too diffuse. His illustrations will throng on him as he looks into the faces before him in the pews, and he will very likely wander off on a tack that he did not intend. The written sermon is a strong tower. There it is; the man knows just how long he will be in reading it. If he reads effectively, it goes to the hearers quite as well as the speech which seems more informal."

"The truth is, my dear Isabel," said her brother, "that you go to church to be instructed, and so you don't care about the manner as much as about the matter. Now I am a business man and I have great trouble in keeping my attention fixed in church. I am always worrying over next week, and unless the minister gets hold of me, hammer and tongs, I'm somewhere else, though my visible shape is at the head of my accustomed seat."

"It was a good plan they used to have," said the mother, "that of asking each child for the text, and for some thought from the sermon, after the family came home. By that means the young people were trained to listen, a thing which is very necessary in all education, religious as well as secular."

"If the children only went to church as they used to, it would be a great thing for the twentieth century men and women," said Aunt Isabel. "One sees so few golden heads in church."

"I think no sight is prettier than a pew full of boys and girls seated with their parents, and if the very little ones grow sleepy, their mother's lap is a good place for a nap. I used to keep a picture book in the pew for my little flock, and a pad and pencil, and the smallest ones amused themselves quietly, disturbing nobody, and by always going with me they grew into a habit of church-going which they never lost after they had come to what father called years of understanding."





"PLAYING CHURCH"

A CHURCH-GOING FAWN

(A Story for the Children.)

In the western part of New York, many years ago, before that part of the country was as thickly settled as now, my father lived in a little square house just on the border of the woods. People used to hunt a great deal in those woods.

One day when my father was hunting the deer, he suddenly came upon a little fawn asleep. He went towards it very softly, and succeeded in getting hold of the little fellow before he had time to escape. He carried it home in his arms, and, strange as it may seem, the fawn did not appear much alarmed; and after a few days of petting and care, he was as much at home and seemed as happy in my father's house as he could have been in the woods.

He was of a beautiful fawn color, with a white spot on his breast, and my father used to say he wore white stockings. He had a most affectionate, loving nature, and was devoted to my father, following him wherever he went. It seemed strange that he should care so much more for his master than for any one else, for my mother took almost the entire care of him, and was the one who always fed him. But, notwithstanding, neither she nor any one else could ever call him away from my father. He would play with my mother in the garden, and run after her from room to room if his master was away; but as soon as he appeared, the fawn seemed to consider it his duty to remain near him, and he would only leave my father long enough to get his supper and at once return.

Sunday mornings the fawn was always shut up at church time, for fear he might follow his master. Generally he appeared quite satisfied with the society of the family; but once in a while he would seem to remember that his own family lived in the woods, and would evidently feel a desire to visit them. So he would spend sometimes the whole day in the wood, but always came home before my father did. Father bought him a pretty collar, with a small silver bell attached to it, so you could hear the little fellow long before you could see him. One Sunday morning, before going to church, my father, as usual, called the fawn, to shut him up. But the little fellow was nowhere to be found, and though my father went some distance down the road and listened, he could not hear the bell. So he decided the fawn must be visiting his fawn friends, though this was the first Sunday he had left his master to go off anywhere. The family went to church, however, without giving the fawn another thought. It being a very warm day, the church doors were all fastened wide open. In the middle of a long and rather dull sermon, my father was aroused by the sound, in the dim distance, of the little silver bell.

Nearer and nearer it came, and soon the congregation heard it, and still nearer it came. To the church steps—to the door—and finally the tinkling of the little bell sounded up the broad aisle. The pews in those days were made

so high that it was impossible to see over them. So no one but my dismayed father could imagine what the disturbance was; he, poor man, knew but too well. However, he could do nothing but sit still and wait for the result. On the little fellow came, till he found his master's pew, and as the door happened to be open, he walked in, and lay down quietly at my father's feet, feeling perfectly satisfied.

And after that he would disappear every Sunday morning, so that it was, of course, impossible to confine him. But he always went to church. Sometimes my father would find the fawn in quiet possession of his pew when he himself arrived. The sexton, one Sunday, not approving of the performance, tried to put the little creature out. But the fawn made such a fuss, and jumped about so much, and the bell tinkled so loudly, that he was obliged to give up the attempt. From that time forward he became a most devoted church-goer, and it was an understood thing that the fawn belonged to that church. Although I am afraid he took many naps during the service and sermon, in all other respects he behaved as well as any gentleman in the congregation.—*E. Johnson.*

BE TEMPERATE

To have a sound mind in a sound body one must be moderate in all things. Moderation is a necessity if one wishes for good health.

Meat, both fat and lean, should be eaten more frequently in cold weather than in hot, but it should not be altogether given up in hot weather unless by the advice of your physician. The body requires plenty of sustenance to overcome the demands of the heated term upon the system. The character of the food rather than the quantity should be watched.

Above all things do not indulge in stimulating drinks in hot weather. Beer, wine and spirits should be rigidly tabooed. Alcohol is far too heating and stimulating to be safely used in hot weather. Sunstroke and other ills due to great heat find many more victims among persons who indulge in drinks containing alcohol than among water drinkers.

The benefit derived from food depends very much upon the condition of the body while eating. If taken when one is moody or cross, digestion is much less perfect and much slower than when taken with a cheerful disposition and amid cheerful surroundings.

The young man who fancies that he needs stimulants to do his work should go to his doctor before taking the stimulants. If he really needs the stimulant he needs the attention of the physician. The young man who forgets moderation is inviting disease, premature decay, and impaired vigor at the very period of his life when he should be at his best in body and mind, and doing his best work for himself and for humanity.

Nature's law is temperance. You cannot go amiss if you follow nature's guidance.—*From "The New Century Home Book."*

THE MILLER OF THE DEE

There dwelt a miller hale and bold
 Beside the river Dee;
 He worked and sang from morn till night,
 No lark more blithe than he.
 And this the burden of his song
 Forever used to be:
 "I envy nobody, no, not I,
 And nobody envies me!"

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said old King Hal,
 "Thou'rt wrong as wrong can be;
 For could my heart be light as thine,
 I'd gladly change with thee.
 And tell me, now, what makes thee sing
 With voice so loud and free,
 While I am sad, though I am king,
 Beside the river Dee?"

The miller smiled, and doffed his cap.
 "I earn my bread," quoth he;
 "I love my wife, I love my friend,
 I love my children three;
 I owe no penny I cannot pay;
 I thank the river Dee,
 That turns the mill and grinds the corn
 To feed my babes and me."

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while,
 "Farewell, and happy be;
 But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
 That no man envies thee:
 Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,
 Thy mill my kingdom's fee;
 Such men as thou are England's boast,
 O miller of the Dee!"—*Charles Mackay.*

"To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than ostentation; to be worthy, not fashionable, and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, to do all bravely, to await occasions, hurry never. In a word, to let the spiritual grow up through the common. This is my symphony."—*William H. Channing.*

"THY TIME OF ROSES"

In the deep hollow, in the heart of a forest, grew a bed of moss. It was thick and soft as a velvet carpet; and its structure was more wonderful and curious than that of the finest carpet ever woven by the hand of man. But the traveler never stooped to see the miracles of beauty hidden in it, but hurried on to the sunshine and bloom beyond. And the moss sighed: "Ah, for the beauty of the grove, and the rosy glow of flowers! The foot tramples me, but the eye regards me not!"



"IN MARY'S ARMS"

One evening, just as the last rays of golden sunset lighted up the tree-tops, a pale and weary man came slowly through the forest. It was Jesus returning from the wilderness after his forty days of fasting and temptation. His feet were blistered with wandering over the burning sand, and were torn and bleeding from the briars of the wood. When he came upon the bed of moss, and felt its soft coolness upon his wounded feet, he paused, and spake a

blessing on this gift of his Father's hand. "Little plant," he said, "fret not because thou art unheeded by the careless eye." Bear thy lot with patience. Thou hast done good to me, and the Father will remember thee." Scarcely had the words passed his lips, when out of the bosom of the moss budded a lovely rose. Its hue was like the glow in the western sky after the sun had set, and the veil of tender moss, which half concealed, also increased its beauty. "Moss rose," said the Saviour, "spread thou into all lands, and become to men the sweetest emblem of humility!" The despised moss had softened the Redeemer's earthly pain—had kissed his sore and wounded feet. It was for this it had such sweet reward. O, poor and lowly one! keep thy heart soft and tender; be like the moss when trodden on. Then, be sure, the time of thy roses is at hand.—*Paxton Hood.*

The world should be so happy because God came to men—

Jesus, the Lord, in Mary's arms:

O, may he come again

And make his home in every heart.

Come quickly, Lord! Amen!



"BEAUTIES MET THERE AT EVERY TURN"

GLADNESS

Scarcely had Hester reached her own room when the voices of children came shouting along some corridor, on their way to find their breakfast; she must go and minister, postponing meditation on the large and distant for action in the small and present. But the sight of the exuberance, the foaming overflow of life and gladness in Saffy, and of the quieter, deeper joy of Mark, were an immediate reward. They could scarcely be prevented from bolting their breakfast like puppies, in their eagerness to rush into the new creation, the garden of Eden around them. But Hester thought of the river flowing turbid and swift at the foot of the lawn; she must not let them go loose! She told them they must not go without her. Their faces fell, and even Mark began a gentle expostulation.

"No, Mark," said Hester, "I cannot let you go alone. You are like two kittens, and might be in mischief or danger before you knew. But I won't keep you waiting. I will get my parasol at once."

I will attempt no description of the beauties that met them at every turn. But the joy of those three may well have a word or two. I doubt if some of the children in heaven are always happier than Saffy and Mark were that day. Hester had thoughts which kept her from being so happy as they, but she was more blessed. Glorious as is the child's delight, the child-heart in the grown woman is capable of tenfold the bliss. Saffy pounced on a flower like a wild beast on its prey; she never stood and gazed at one, like Mark.

Mark was in many things an exception—a curious mixture of child and youth. He had never been strong, and had always been thoughtful. When very small he used to have a sacred rite of his own—I would not have called it a rite but that he made a temple for it. Many children like to play at church, but I doubt if that be good; Mark's rite was neither play nor church. He would set two chairs in the recess of a window—"one for Mark and one for God"—then draw the window-curtains around, and sit in silence for a space.

When a little child sets a chair for God, does God take the chair or does he not? God is the God of little children, and is at home with them.

For Saffy, she was a thing of smiles and tears just as they chose to come.

Before their ramble was over, what with the sweet twilight gladness of Mark, the merry noonday brightness of Saffy, and the loveliness all around, the heart of Hester was quiet and hopeful as a still mere that waits in the blue night the rising of the moon. She had some things to trouble her, but none of them had touched the quick of her being. Thoughtful, therefore, in a measure troubled by nature, she did not know what heart-sickness was. Nor would she ever know it as many must, for her heart went up to the Heart of her heart, and there unconsciously laid up store against the evil hours that might be on their way to her. And this day her thoughts kept rising to Him whose thought was the meaning of all she saw, the centre and citadel of their loveliness.—*George McDonald in "Weighed and Wanting."*

THE FUN-MAKER.

A certain writer, speaking of Signor Blitz, a successful necromancer of the past century, shows how invariably he turned his talent to good account, and how often, though but a ventriloquist and a "magician," he accomplished what defied the physician, the lawyer, and the philosopher. In his tour of the West Indies it is said he had a fine field in the superstitions of the people. They regarded him as something more than mortal, and called on him to work impossibilities. The sick, the lame, the blind, the unfortunate, hailed him as the good physician. He told them he was no dealer in miracles, no spiritualist, no astrologer, nothing but an artist traveling to make a living for himself by giving innocent pleasures to others, and at the same time to show by his own progress the progress of science. Yet, with these qualities, he did what many an ancient necromancer would have failed in. He reconciled hostile parents to the marriage of faithful lovers; frightened the drunkard into temperance; infused courage into a ship's crew during a storm at sea, and once compelled the restoration of her fortune to a poor girl by making the portrait of the dead brother of the dishonest guardian speak in stern rebuke of his guilt. But no part of this curious character is so agreeable as his constant attendance upon the insane. With his birds, his rabbits, his ventriloquy, he was greeted with joy by the poor creatures, whose minds "like sweet bells jangled, out of tune," were made briefly happy by his kindness and his skill. During the war he was omnipresent in the hospitals, performing gratuitously to the maimed and broken, filling the hours of convalescence with joy, and smoothing the pillows of the weary. He gave one hundred and thirty-two entertainments before sixty-three thousand soldiers, and three weeks, every afternoon and evening, at the "Great Sanitary Fair," in Logan Square, Philadelphia. All this work was gratuitous. In his autobiography he states his mission thus:

"Witless sighing and croaking oddly contrast with the full, free bursts of glee which break forth from the merry troops of children we meet on every hand, or the loud and joyous songs of the bright birds, to whose pure notes the streams and winds join their full chorus.

"It was a laugh which gave birth to Eden's first echo, and why not let it still live on?

"He who gives us one hour's pure pleasure is a far greater philanthropist than he who prates of charity and heaven, which can only be obtained, so says his creed, by passing through lives of sighing, fasting, and continued slavish fear of Him who would have us in all things free, living for the beautiful and good alone."

Not such happiness as is seen and commended by the foolish lovers of the world, but such as the good and faithful servants of Christ wait for, and of which the spiritual and pure in heart, whose conversation is in heaven, sometimes have a foretaste.—*Thomas A. Kempis.*

SOMETIME

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars for evermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, he heeded not our cry,
Because his wisdom to the end could see.
And e'en as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink;
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
O, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace!

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend,
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon his love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold;
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we will say "God knew the best."

—May Riley Smith.

PLAYING GOLF

Above our heads the clear blue sky,
 We bound the gowan'd sward o'er,
 And as our balls fly far and high,
 Our bosoms glow with ardor.
 O blessings on pure cauler air
 And every healthy sport, boys,
 That makes sweet Nature seem more fair
 And makes long life seem short, boys.

We putt, we drive, we laugh, we chat,
 Our strokes and jokes aye clinking,
 We banish all extraneous fat,
 And all extraneous thinking.
 We'll cure you of a summer cold
 Or of a winter cough, boys,
 We'll make you young when you are old,
 So come and play at golf, boys.

Then don your brilliant scarlet coats,
 With your bright blue velvet caps, boys,
 And some shall play the rocket shots
 And some the putting paps, boys.
 No son of Scotland, man or boy,
 Shall e'er become an oaf, boys,
 Who gathers friendship, health and joy
 By playing at the golf, boys.—*James Ballantyne.*

SEEKING GOD JOYOUSLY

How joyous a thing it was to the Hebrews to seek their God! How artlessly they call upon him to entertain them in his pavilion, to cover them with his feathers, to hide them in his secret place, to hold them in the hollow of his hand or stretch around them the everlasting arms! These men were true children of Nature. As the humming-bird among its own palm-trees, so they lived their joyous lives. And even the full share of the sadder experiences of life which came to all of them but drove them the farther into the Secret Place, and led them with more consecration to make, as they expressed it, "the Lord their portion." The New Testament has nothing higher to offer man than this. The Psalmist's "God is our refuge and strength" is only the earlier form, less defined, less practicable, but not less noble, of Christ's "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."—*Henry Drummond.*

OUT-DOOR FUN

"Athletic sports were in high favor at Blumfield," says Louisa M. Olcott in *Jo's Boys*; "and the river where the old punt used to wobble about with a cargo of small boys, or echo to the shrill screams of the little girls trying to get lilies, now was alive with boats of all kinds, from the slender wherry to the trim pleasure-craft, gay with cushions, awnings, and fluttering pennons. Everyone rowed, and the girls as well as the boys, had their races, and developed their muscles in the most scientific manner. The large level meadow near the old willow was now the college playground, and here baseball battles raged with fury, varied by football, leaping, and kindred sports fitted to split



"NEAR THE TENNIS COURT"

the fingers, break the ribs and strain the backs of the too ambitious participants. The gentler pastimes were at a safe distance from the Champ de Mars; croquet mallets clicked under the elms that fringed the field, racquets rose and fell energetically in several tennis courts, and gates were handy to practice the graceful bound by which every girl expected to save her life some day, when the mad bull, which was always coming but never seemed to arrive, should be bellowing at her heels."

Athletic sports have a great deal to do with one's "health, wealth and happiness." By building up the body and breathing daily "great mouthfuls of fresh air," one becomes stronger, more hopeful, and more able to deal with life's problems in an effective way.

Seek Heaven as your first great good.—*Philo.*

A MERRY TONGUE

Perhaps no one man's sayings have given so many people entertainment as Sidney Smith's. No matter if he lived over a hundred years ago. People have



BRINGETH LIGHT

been laughing ever since at the funny things he said, and so the world's debt to him increases. To have made thousands of people laugh is no slight service to humanity. See how blithely and wholesomely he took life. "There, Kate, you lucky girl, I give you all my fortune," a poor young curate, he cried to his bride, tossing joyfully into her lap his entire worldly wealth, which consisted of six silver teaspoons. The good turn in his affairs came about through one to whom he had been a delightful companion.

Learn from him that you can even grumble in a way to put people in a merry temper, and that there is a clever fashion of making embarrassing situations pay tribute to fun. At Holland House, when, according to custom, a chance visitor was ushered into the dining-room and invited to take a seat at a table already (according to custom) overcrowded with guests, some confusion was betrayed, when Lady Holland said, "Make room, please." "It will certainly have to be *made*, for it is not here," said Mr. Smith, putting the truth in such a comical way that everybody had to laugh and nobody felt badly.

The benevolence which he ever showed in adding to the happiness and comfort of his fellow-beings was none the less practical because he had a lively tongue, or because he loved flowers, or liked to see young folks have a gay time. When he visited the sick and poor he always had something to give away. He anticipated Henry Bergh in efforts for the prevention of cruelty to animals. He was so kind to animals encountered in his pastoral visits that they remembered him. A laughable and thoroughly characteristic provision which he made for their comfort, was an invention called the "universal scratcher," at which beasts might scratch their backbones without breaking gates and palings. Sickness could not crush his merry spirits. When his physician advised him to take a walk upon an empty stomach, he asked, "Upon whose?" When he was dieted and they would not let him

have meat, he complained merrily, "I wish I were allowed even the wing of a roasted butterfly!"

Our tongues were given us not merely that we may express our wants by speech, but that our speech may make for happiness. Do you garner up all your trials and tribulations and relate them to your long-suffering family at the dinner-table? If you have a bad dream over night, do you serve it up on toast at breakfast for the delectation of people who don't like to hear dreams? Do you, O man, bring all your business worries to the hearthstone? Do you, O woman, faithfully report to your husband and your children every time your servant does that which she ought not to do or leaves undone that which she ought to do? You are misusing your tongue, you who do these things. If necessity or candor demands that you make troubles, difficulties, or derelictions known, do it with a charitable, courageous, cheerful, and, if possible, a humorous tongue. "A pretty wit" is one of the best things in the world to have about the house. Tell about the good things that happen. Make a point of treasuring up blessings for table topics. Do not talk ill about anybody if you can help it. Our ill words react on ourselves. It is a truth that malicious words often make the people who say them sick. Our food disagrees with us when we are cross and unlovely; we can not sleep well when we think and speak ill. When a difficulty is to be met, a sorrow to be endured, a bereavement to be borne, the person who takes a gloomy view and forces it upon others, is as "one that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge." "A merry heart doeth good like medicine." A cheerful spirit bringeth light out of darkness.

WALKING FROM CHURCH

The conference-meeting through at last,
We boys around the vestry waited,
To see the girls come tripping past,
Like snowbirds willing to be mated.

Not braver he that leaps the wall
By level musket-flashes bitten,
Than I, who stepped before them all,
Who longed to see me get the mitten.

But no; she blushed, and took my arm,
We let the old folks have the highway,
And started towards the Maple Farm
Along a kind of lover's by-way.

I can't remember what we said:
'Twas nothing worth a song or story;
Yet that rude path by which we sped
Seemed all transformed and in a glory.

—E. C. Stedman.

THE OLD MAN DREAMS

O for one hour of youthful joy!
 Give back my twentieth Spring!
 I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy
 Than reign a graybeard king!

My listening angel heard the prayer,
 And calmly smiling, said,
 "If I but touch thy silvered hair
 Thy hasty wish hath sped.



"AH, TRUEST SOUL OF WOMANKIND!"

"But is there nothing in thy track
 To bid thee fondly stay,
 While the swift seasons hurry back
 To find the wished-for day?"

Ah, truest soul of womankind!
 Without thee what were life?
 One bliss I cannot leave behind:
 I'll take—my—precious wife!

The angel took a sapphire pen
 And wrote in rainbow dew,
 "The man would be a boy again
 And be a husband, too!"

"And is there nothing yet unsaid
 Before the change appears?
 Remember, all their gifts have fled
 With those dissolving years!"

Why, yes, for memory would recall
 My fond paternal joys;
 I could not bear to leave them all;
 I'll take—my—girl!—and—boys!

The smiling angel dropped his pen,—
 "Why, this will never do;
 The man would be a boy again
 And be a father, too!"

* * * * *

And so I laughed—my laughter woke
 The household with its noise—
 And wrote my dream, when morning broke,
 To please the gray-haired boys.

—O. W. Holmes.

COURAGE AND CHEER

Dean Swift, writing of Stella's charms and virtues, related this incident of her undaunted wit and cheerfulness: "When she was extremely ill, her physician said, 'Madam, you are near the bottom of the hill, but we will endeavor to get you up again.' She answered, 'Doctor, I fear I shall be out of breath before I get up to the top.'"

The courage which can bear up cheerfully and gracefully under sickness is an admirable possession. It often helps the ill person to recover, and it is certainly most comfortable for friends and watchers who often become unstrung, incapacitated for nursing, and sometimes ill themselves through futile sympathy for the invalid. Yet, if anything were needed to prove that happiness consists in capacity for enjoyment rather than in the possession or the acquisition of things to be enjoyed, it would be found in the fact that some of the happiest people in the world and the most happiness-giving people, have been invalids. True, "shut-in" angels have been few and far between; but we have them all the same, and they prove the point.

PLEASING GOD BY OUR PLEASURE

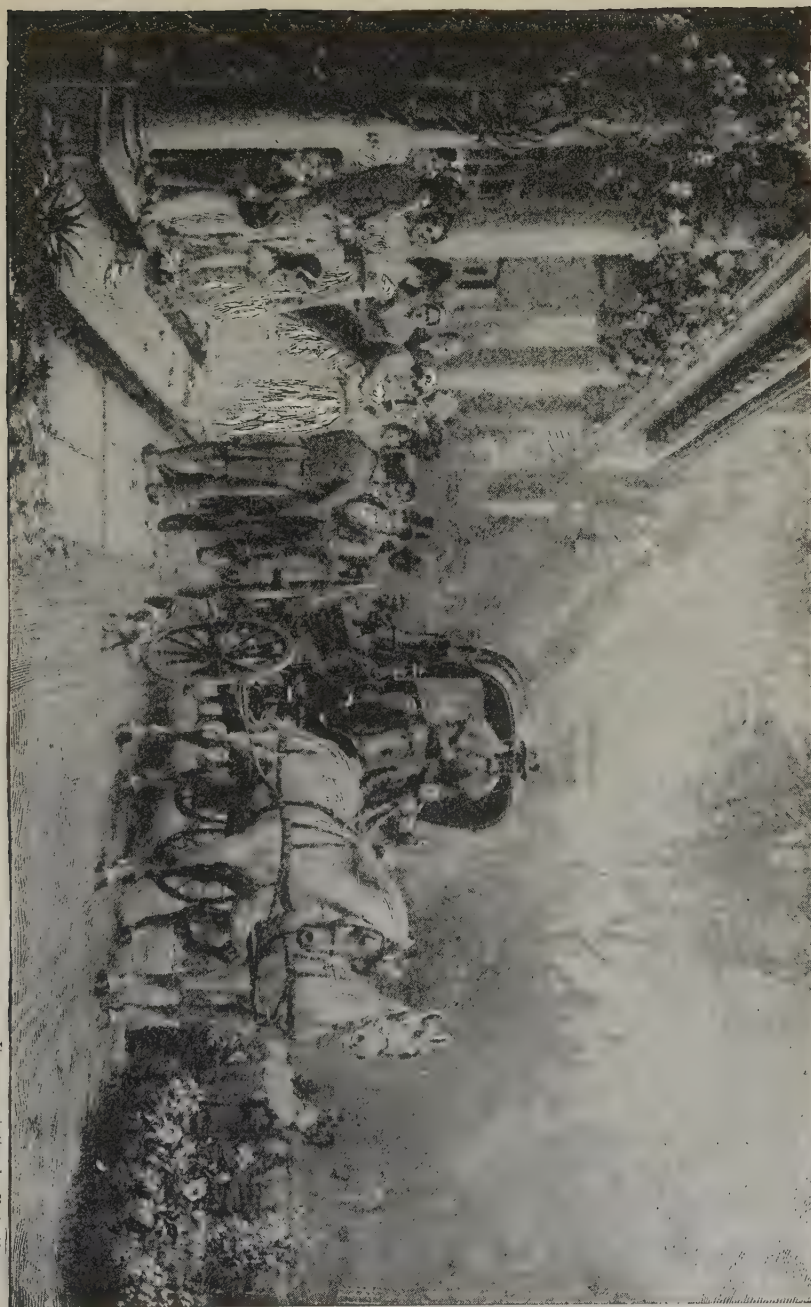
We do not please God more by eating bitter aloes than by eating honey. A cloudy, foggy, rainy day is not more heavenly than a day of sunshine. A funeral march is not so much like the music of angels as the songs of birds on a May morning. There is no more religion in the gaunt, naked forest in winter than in the laughing blossoms of the spring, and the rich, ripe fruits of autumn. God himself is the ever-blessed God. He dwells in the light of joy as well as of purity, and instead of becoming more like him as we become more miserable, and as all the brightness and glory of life are extinguished, we become more like God as our blessedness becomes more complete. The great Christian graces are radiant with happiness. Faith, hope, charity, there is no sadness in them; and if penitence makes the heart sad, penitence belongs to the sinner, not to the saint; as we become more saintly we have less sin to sorrow over.—*R. W. Dale, D.D.*

WEDDING BELLS

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
 Golden bells!
 What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
 Through the balmy air of night,
 How they ring out their delight!
 From the molten-golden notes,
 And all in tune.
 What a liquid ditty floats
 To the turtle dove that listens while she gloats
 On the moon!
 Oh, from out the sounding cells,
 What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
 How it swells!
 How it dwells
 On the Future! How it tells
 Of the rapture that impels
 To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells!
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

—*Edgar Allen Poe.*

I expect to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do any fellow human being, let me do it now; let me not defer nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.—*Rowland Hill,*



THE WEDDING DAY

From a painting by E. L. Henry

STREWING FLOWERS

Have you ever considered what a deep undermeaning there lies, or, at least, may be read, if we choose, in our custom of strewing flowers before those whom we think most happy? Do you suppose it is merely to deceive them into the hope that happiness is always to fall thus in showers at their feet?—that wherever they pass they will tread on herbs of sweet scent, and that the rough ground will be made smooth for them by depth of roses? So surely as they believe that, they will have, instead, to walk on bitter herbs and thorns; and the only softness to their feet will be of snow. But it is not thus intended they should believe; there is a better meaning in that old custom. The path of a good woman is indeed strewn with flowers; but they rise behind her steps, not before them. “Her feet have touched the meadows, and left the daisies rosy.”

—*Ruskin.*

THE SPARROW'S SERMON

The church—it was an apple-tree,
As old and gnarled as gnarled could be;
Its arches, groined and carved and high,
Were built to let in rifts of sky;
And heavenly winds all freely blew
Its aisles and arch and chancel through.

The choir who sang the songs of praise
Had only simple country ways,
But wise and sweet through each refrain
Ran notes that touch earth's joy and pain;
From prelude low to chorus swell,
Through anthem and antiphonal,
“Joy!” was the only word they sang;
With “Joy!” the church's arches rang.

The preacher, he was dressed in gray,—
The very suit he wore week-day;
No sombre Sunday ways had he!
Up in his pulpit in the tree
He scarce could stand, so glad was he;
His sermon, too, was fresh as dew,
Though from a gospel old he drew;
And every now and then the choir
Put in their little words of fire.

“Just sparrows twain,” the preacher said,
“Just sparrows twain,” and turned his head
Toward chancelled niche, where gray-gowned mate
Made Love's high altar consecrate;

"Two sparrows for one farthing sold!
So lightly does the dear world hold
Its gifts of love, of joy, of song;
Its greed of gain, how strong, how strong!"

"But joy! O, joy! We cannot fear
Whom Love supreme doth hold so dear;
Not one of us can fall to ground
But His warm wing enfoldeth round.
And joy! O, joy! that we should be
A word in His sweet sermonry."
When church was out I never knew,
For "Joy!" I heard the whole day through.

—*Mrs. A. S. Hardy.*

RULES FOR HAPPINESS MAKERS

Do not be niggardly or stingy, but live within your means. No home can be truly happy over which hangs the dark cloud of debt.

Do not leave all the economy to the wife and mother. Never fear but she will do her share of the saving. Watch your own personal expenses. If you find yourself indulging in pleasures or habits that are purely personal, and, therefore, purely selfish, cut them off, and see what pleasure can be given to the whole family with the money thus saved. Why should the wife be forced to go with a shabby or out-of-date bonnet while the husband spends the price of a dozen bonnets for cigars?

Avoid "accounts" in the stores. To have credit in the retail stores is always a temptation to use it. It is better to "pay as you go." It is harder to pay for a thing after you have had it than when you buy it.

"He that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing," said poor Richard.

Writing of his ideal of a perfect life, Robert Louis Stevenson said: "To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little and to spend a little less; to make, on the whole, a family happier by his presence; to renounce when that shall be necessary and not to be embittered; to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation; above all, on the same grim conditions, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude or delicacy."

Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

Shakespeare declares; and Smiles wrote: "Debt makes everything a temptation. It lowers a man in self-respect, places him at the mercy of his tradesmen and servants. He cannot call himself his own master, and it is difficult for him to be truthful.

Shun extravagance, avoid ostentatious display, repress the desire to outshine others, and you will find it less difficult to keep out of debt and to be happy.

HAPPINESS SEEKING

Let us see how much happiness we can win for ourselves out of every day that goes by. Life is made up of little things ; so is the sum total of happiness. A baby finds delight in catching at sunbeams : therein babies are wiser than we —sunbeams are a shower of gold from the skies, and the baby shows that he knows true riches when he reaches after them. There is beauty and refreshing in the rain, and ozone and health in the snow. Let us make a fine art of discovering something of joy for ourselves in everything, and let us seek to contribute in as many ways as possible to the happiness of others. If the least thing you can do adds to another's pleasure, think the doing worth your while. Of even our worries and our sorrows we may make stepping-stones to noble and beautiful achievement. If we smile only when everything goes well with us, and around us, what credit or conquest is that? Let our voice of cheer rise clear as a bell above the storms of life, saying: "It is well! It is well!" and reassuring all who may hear. To the soul,—the trustful, innocent soul, loving God and its fellows—it is, it must ever be, well at the heart of things. The little, unthinking birds seem to have more faith than we. They seem ever to be carolling praises and singing:

"Life is sweet! life is sweet!" —*Mary Jordan.*



HEAVEN



JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

Jerusalem the golden!
With milk and honey blest;
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest;
I know not, Oh, I know not
What social joys are there,
What radiance of glory,
What light beyond compare;

For thee, O dear, dear country!
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love and life and rest.

O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy.
Beside thy living waters
All plants are, great and small;
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop of the wall;

With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bounded
With amethyst unpriced;
Thy saints build up its fabric,
And the cornerstone is Christ.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy Tower,
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

Jerusalem, the glorious!
The glory of the elect,
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect;
O Land that seest no sorrow!
O State that fear'st no strife!
O princely Bowers! O Land of Flowers!
O Realm of Home and Life!

—Bernard of Cluny.

A FAMILIAR PLACE

"When I was a boy I thought of heaven as a great shining city, with vast walls and domes and spires, with nobody in it except white tenuous angels, who were strangers to me. By and by, my little brother died; and I thought of a great city with walls and domes and spires, and a flock of cold, unknown angels, and one little fellow that I was acquainted with. He was the only one that I knew in that time. Then another brother died, and there were two that I knew. Then my acquaintances began to die, and the flock continually grew. But it was not till I had sent one of my little children to his grandparent—God, that I began to think I had got a little in myself. A second went, a third went, a fourth went. And by that time I had so many acquaintances in heaven that I did not see any more walls and domes and spires. I began to think of the residents of the celestial city. And now there are so many of my acquaintances gone there that it sometimes seems to me that I know more in heaven than I do on earth."

MY FATHER'S HOUSE

"Let not your heart be troubled," then he said,
 "My Father's house has mansions large and fair;
 I go before you to prepare your place;
 I will return to take you with Me there."
 And since that hour, the awful foe is charmed,
 And life and death are glorified and fair;
 Whither He went, we know—the way we know,
 And with firm step press on to meet Him there.

—*Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*

THE MORNING STAR

I have taken pleasure in looking on the morning star. I have seen it as it has risen over the eastern hills. I have seen it as it has faded away in the brighter light of the glorious sun of day, and I have thought, how much like the death of the Christian. No going out in darkness to leave the world in gloom, but a fading away in the light of the Sun of Righteousness. God grant a saving faith to all whose eyes fall on these printed pages, as a support in life, a solace in death, and as a watchword at the portals of eternal bliss.—*Z. T. Leavell.*

When I get to Heaven, I shall see three wonders there. The first wonder will be to see people there that I did not expect; the second wonder will be to miss many persons whom I did expect to see; and the third and greatest wonder of all will be to find myself there.—*John Newton.*



"HE IS NOT HERE: FOR HE IS RISEN"

GRANDMOTHER'S SPECTACLES



THESE optical instruments get old and dim. Grandmother's pair had done good work in their day. They were large and round, so that when she saw a thing she saw it. There was a crack across the upper part of the glass, for many a baby had made them a plaything, and all the grandchildren had at some time tried them on. They had sometimes been so dimmed with tears that she had to take them off and wipe them on her apron before she could see through them at all. Her "second-sight" had now come, and she would often let her glasses slip down, and then look over the top of them while she read. Grandmother was pleased at this return of her vision. Getting along so well without them, she often lost her spectacles.

Sometimes they would lie for weeks untouched on the shelf in the red morocco case, the flap unlifted. She could now look off upon the hills, which for thirty years she had not been able to see from the piazza. Those were mistaken who thought she had no poetry in her soul. You could see it in the way she put her hand under the chin of a primrose, or cultured the geranium. Sitting on the piazza one evening, in her rocking-chair, she saw a ladder of cloud set up against the sky, and thought how easy it would be for a spirit to climb it. She saw in the deep glow of the sunset a chariot of fire, drawn by horses of fire, and wondered who rode in it. She saw a vapor floating thinly away, as though it were a wing ascending, and Grandmother muttered in a low tone: "A vapor that appeareth for a little season, and then vanisheth away." She saw a hill higher than any she had ever seen before on the horizon, and on the top of it a King's castle. The motion of the rocking-chair became slighter and slighter, until it stopped. The spectacles fell out of her lap. A child, hearing it, ran to pick them up, and cried: "Grandmother, what is the matter?" She answered not. She never spake again. Second-sight had come! Her vision had grown better and better. What she could not see now was not worth seeing. Not now through a glass darkly! Grandmother had no more need of spectacles!

—Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

READY

It is little matter at what hour of the day
The righteous fall asleep. Death cannot come
To him untimely who has learned to die.
The less of this brief life, the more of Heaven;
The shorter time, the longer immortality.

—Dean Millman.



READING THE GOOD OLD BOOK

JESUS IS THERE

For a human being to go out from this earth is a dreadful thing if it is only with this earth that humanity has any known relation. . . . But now let us believe in the Ascension. Once a human being—the best and completest of all human beings that have ever lived, the human being whose humanity was perfect by its very union with Divinity—has gone, still human, out of the sight of men,—gone, evidently all alive. We can not trace His course. The cloud received Him. But yet we know that somewhere out beyond the limits of our little earth that true humanity of His has found a home. Humanity can live beyond the earth, can keep broad, live relations with the universe. The man who goes to-day, then, goes still into the dark, but the darkness into which he goes is pierced by a path of light, and at its heart there is a home of light to which he goes. The humanity of Jesus has gone before, and makes the vast unknown not unfamiliar. Around our thought of it our thoughts of the men we have seen die, our thoughts of our own coming deaths, can gather with confidence and calmness.—*Phillips Brooks*.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

This is that kingdom of heaven or of God, which is within us: “Even righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.”

And what is righteousness but the life of God in the soul; the mind which was in Christ Jesus; the image of God stamped upon the heart now renewed after the likeness of him who created it? What is it but the love of God, because he first loved us, and the love of all mankind for his sake?

And what is this “peace,” the peace of God, but that calm serenity of soul, that sweet repose in the blood of Jesus, which leaves no doubt of our acceptance in him; which excludes all fear but the loving filial fear of offending our Father which is in heaven?

This inward kingdom implies also “joy in the Holy Ghost,” who seals upon our hearts “the redemption which is in Jesus;” the righteousness of Christ imputed to us, “for the remission of the sins that are past,” who giveth us now “the earnest of our inheritance” of the crown which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give us at that day? And well may this be termed “the kingdom of heaven,” seeing it is heaven already opened in the soul; the first springing up of those rivers of pleasure which flow at God’s right hand forevermore.

“Theirs is the kingdom of heaven.” Whomsoever thou art to whom God hath given to be poor in spirit, to feel thyself lost, thou hast a right thereto, thro’ the gracious promise of him who cannot lie. It is purchased for thee by the blood of the Lamb. It is very nigh; thou art on the brink of heaven.

Another step, and thou enterest into the kingdom of righteousness and peace and joy!—*John Wesley*.

JOY IN HEAVEN

And it is not thy joy only; it is a mutual joy as well as a mutual love. Is there joy in heaven at thy conversion, and will there be none at thy glorification? Will not the angels welcome thee thither and congratulate thy safe arrival? Yes, it is the joy of Jesus Christ; for now he hath the end of his undertaking, labor, suffering, dying, when we have our joys; when he is "glorified in all his Saints and admired in all of them that believe;" when he "sees of the travail of his soul, and is satisfied."

This is Christ's harvest, when he shall reap the fruit of his labors. And it will not repent him concerning his sufferings, but he will rejoice over his purchased inheritance, and his people will rejoice in him.

Yea, the Father himself puts on joy, too, in our joy. As we grieve his spirit and weary him with our iniquities, so he is rejoiced in our good. Oh, how quickly does he now spy a returning prodigal, even afar off. How does he run and meet him. And with what compassion does he fall on his neck and kiss him, and put on him the best robe, and a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet, and kills the fatted calf to eat and be merry! This is, indeed, a happy meeting; but nothing to the embracing and joy of that last and great meeting. Yea, more; as God doth mutually love and joy, so he makes this his rest, as it is our rest.

What an eternal Sabbatism when the work of redemption is all finished and perfected forever. "The Lord, thy God, in the midst of thee is mighty. He will save; he will rejoice over thee with joy; he will rest in his love; he will joy over thee with singing." Well may we then rejoice in our God with joy, and rest in our love and joy in him with singing.—*Richard Baxter*.

HEAVEN'S COMMUNITY

Heaven will be a home, a vast brotherly community, where the richest resources of social delight and improvement shall satisfy those social affections that are now one of the deepest elements of our nature, and which the grace of God strengthens and purifies in all who are born of the spirit. How unutterably blessed the high society that from this world has been assembling in the seats of disembodied saints! There was a time when the first spirit from earth entered the abode of angels. Abel's song was a human solo beside the throne. How many, and of what varied excellence, are the multitude that have since then joined the fellowship of the blessed! The venerable throng of patriarchs, the goodly fellowship of prophets and apostles, the noble army of martyrs, and the ever increasing hosts of the pure and good, the firm in righteousness and the gentle in love, the deep-thoughted sage and the blooming infant spirit, all, from many lands, have been joining the great multitude of the society of the saved. How rich, how varied, how fresh, and glad, and sweet must be the commingling of thought and love in such society; and how exalted their devotions!—*J. Graham*.

NO CARE IN HEAVEN

Zachariah declares that "the streets of Jerusalem shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof." It is a poetic description of the heavenly employments of children of a larger growth. For when we come to look a little deeper than the surface, what do we mean by play? Coming home at the end of the day, weary and worn, and fretted, you open the door upon your little one, rolling and tumbling upon the floor with a kitten. It is certainly not a very



CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM

classical nor a very dignified scene, and yet, somehow, your heart straightway softens to it, and you sit down and watch the romp with a sense of sympathy and refreshment that you have not had through all the dull and plodding day. Why is it? Why, but that because, after all, that is life without effort, or care, or burden; joy without labor or rivalry or tedium! And what is such a life disengaged from its animal characteristics, and ennobled by a spiritual insight, but the true idea of heaven, where, if there be activity there will be no effort, but where all that we do and are will be the free, spontaneous outburst of the overflowing joy and gladness that are in us.—*H. C. Potter, D.D.*

THE BETTER LAND

"I hear thee speak of the better land;
 Thou call'st its children a happy band!
 Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore?
 Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
 Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
 And the fireflies dance through the myrtle boughs?"

"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm trees rise.
 And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
 Or 'mid the green islands of glittering seas,
 Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
 And strange bright birds, on their starry wings,
 Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"

"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some region old,
 Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,
 Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
 And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
 And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?
 Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"

"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
 Ear hath not heard its deep sounds of joy;
 Dreams cannot picture a world so fair;
 Sorrow and death may not enter there;
 Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
 Beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb;

It is there, it is there, my child!"—*Mrs. Hemans.*

OCCUPATIONS IN HEAVEN

We are warranted in ascribing to that blessed state all that is most genial and ennobling in occupation; all that is most enduring and satisfying in possession; all that is most pure and excellent in character: The occupations of heaven are endless praise, triumph, joy. The possessions of heaven are infinite glory, riches, knowledge. The character of heaven is perfect love, holiness, peace. These things we can at present know only in part, and the word of divine revelation itself must of necessity tell us much of what heaven is by telling us what it is not. With all our studies and all deepest experience we shall never fathom the full meaning of the one word—Heaven.

—*Daniel March, D.D.*

THE "NEW JERUSALEM"

We are all familiar with the glorious things which are spoken of the "New Jerusalem." But how little of the future and the unseen can be known by mere description; how faint and imperfect a view you can get of anything by a mere statement; how little you know of a landscape, a waterfall, a picture, by any description that can be given! Especially must this be so of objects which have no resemblance to anything that we have seen. Who ever obtained any idea of Niagara by a description? Who, say to the most polished Greek and Roman mind, could have conveyed by mere description any idea of the printing press, of a locomotive engine, of the magnetic telegraph? Who could convey to one born blind an idea of the prismatic colors; or to the deaf an idea of sounds? And when you think how meagre in the Bible is the description of heaven, when you think how easy it would have been to furnish a more minute description, are you certain that human language could have communicated to you the great and bright conception; or that, if words could have been found, they would have conveyed to you an exact idea of a state so different from what is our condition here?—*Barnes.*

TREASURE IN HEAVEN

Who has no treasure in heaven—well-remembered forms hallowed by separation and distance—stars of hope illumining with ever increasing beauty life's utmost horizon? What family circle has remained unbroken—no empty chair—no cherished mementoes—voices and footsteps returning no more—no members transferred to the illimitable beyond? Heaven is ours; for is it not occupied by our dead? Heaven and earth lay near together in the myths of the ancients; and shall it be otherwise in the institutions of Christianity? We need faith. Our paths are surrounded by the departed; our assemblies multiplied by their presence; our lives bettered by their ministries. From beneath night shadows we look forward into the approaching day; and while we gaze, the beams of the morning spread light and loveliness over the earth. It is not otherwise, as from beneath the night of time we peer anxiously after the pure day of heaven. Faith penetrates the veil and bids the invisible stand disclosed; while its magic wand wakens into life forms well-known, but holier and lovelier far than we knew them here. Such thoughts make us better, purer, gentler. We cannot keep society with the sainted dead and with the great God in whose presence they dwell without feeling a nobler life throbbing through us. They draw us upward. We grow less earthly, more heavenly.

Speak to me, my Saviour, low and sweet
 From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,
 Lest I should fear and fall, and miss Thee so
 Who art not missed by any that entreat.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*



LUTHER AND HIS CHILDREN

LUTHER'S LETTER TO HIS SON

Grace and peace in Christ, my dear little son. I hear with great pleasure that you are learning your lessons so well and praying so diligently. Continue to do so, my son, and cease not. When I come home I will bring you a nice present from the fair. I know a beautiful garden, where there are a great many

children in fine little coats, and they go under the trees and gather apples and pears, cherries and plums; they sing and run about, and are as happy as they can be. Sometimes they ride on nice little ponies, with golden bridles and silver saddles. I asked the man whose garden it is, "What little children are these?" And he told me, "They are little children who love to pray and learn and are good." When I said, "My dear sir, I have a little boy at home; his name is little Hans Luther; would you let him come into the garden, too, to eat some of these nice apples and pears, and ride on these fine little ponies, and play with these children?" The man said, "If he loves to say his prayers and learn his lessons, and is a good boy, he may come; Lippus (Melanchthon's son), and Jost (Jonas's son), also; and when they are all together, they can play upon the fife and drum, and lute, and all kinds of instruments, and skip about and play with little crossbows."

He then showed me a beautiful mossy place, in the middle of the garden, for them to skip about in, with a great many golden fifes and drums and silver crossbows. The children had not yet had their dinner, and I could not wait to see them play, but I said to the man, "My dear sir, I will go away and write all about it to my little son John, and tell him to be fond of saying his prayers and learn well and be good, so that he may come into this garden; but he has a grandaunt named Lehne, whom he must bring along with him." The man said, "Very well; go write to him." Now, my dear little son, love your lessons and your prayers, and tell Phillip and Jodocus to do so, too, that you may all come to the garden. May God bless you. Give Aunt Lehne my love, and kiss her for me. Your dear father, Martinus Luther. In the year 1530. Coburg, June 19.

BIRDS AND FLOWERS IN HEAVEN

Children of delicate natures are always fond of birds. A beautiful child, who died at six years of age, was an instance of this. Seeing his end approaching I said to him:

"Are you willing to die, dear, and go to heaven?"

He put his little arms around my neck and was silent for many minutes, while my heart sank within me. At length he lifted his sweet face and asked:

"Are there birds and flowers in heaven, mamma?"

"Yes, my darling, all that is beautiful here we shall find there."

"Then I am willing to go, dear mamma."

In a few hours his pure spirit passed away to those realms, the loveliness of which no heart can as yet conceive.—"S."

He that studies to know duty, and labors in all things to do it, will have two Heavens: one of joy, peace and comfort on earth, and the other of glory and happiness beyond the grave.—*R. Poller.*



A CHILD'S HEAVEN

" I think the horrors of death that children live through, unguessed and unrelieved, are awful. Faith may thank you all her life that she has escaped them "

" I should feel answerable to God for the child's soul, if I had not prevented that. I always wanted to know what sort of mother that poor little thing had,

who asked, if she were very good up in heaven whether they wouldn't let her go down to hell Saturday afternoons, and play a little while."

"I know. But think of it—blocks and ginger-snaps!"

"I treat Faith just as the Bible treats us, by dealing in pictures of truth that she can understand. I can make Clo and Abinadab Quirk comprehend that their changed natures as rosewood and steel must answer now. There will be some synonym of the thing which will answer just the same wants of their machinery and pianos in the same sense in which there will be pearl gates and harps. Whatever enjoyment any or all of them represent now, something will represent them."

* * * * *

"You are not afraid of misleading the child's fancy?"

"Not so long as I can keep the two ideas—that Christ is her best friend, and that heaven is not meant for naughty girls—pre-eminent in her mind. And I sincerely believe that he would give her the very pink blocks which she anticipates, no less than he would give back a poet his lost dreams, or you your brother. He has been a child; perhaps, incidentally to the unsolved mysteries of atonement, for this very reason—that he may know how to 'prepare their places' for them, whose angels do always behold his Father. Ah, you may be sure that if of such is the happy kingdom, he will not scorn to stoop and fit it to their little needs.

"There was that poor little fellow whose guinea pig died—do, you remember?"

"Only half; what was it?"

"'O mamma,' he sobbed out, behind his handkerchief, 'don't great big elephants have souls?'"

"'No, my son.'

"'Nor camels, mamma?'"

"'No.'

"'Nor bears, nor alligators, nor chickens?'"

"'O no, dear.'

"'O mamma, mamma! Don't little white guinea pigs have souls?'"

"I never should have the heart to say 'no' to that; especially as we have no positive proof to the contrary.

"Then that scrap of a boy, who lost his little red balloon the morning he bought it, and, broken-hearted, wanted to know whether it had gone to heaven. Don't I suppose if he had been taken himself that very minute that he would have found a little balloon in waiting for him? How can I help it?"

—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

The joys of Heaven will begin as soon as we attain the character of Heaven and do its duties: it is everlasting life to know God, to have his Spirit dwelling in you, yourself, at one with him.—*T. Parker.*

"THERE'S THE LIGHT."

Our steamer was crossing the Gulf of Mexico and approaching the mouth of the Mississippi River. As the sun went down, a cold and furious blast from the north came very suddenly upon us. The darkness began to fall. Here and there were shoals and other dangers. Great anxiety prevailed among all on board. Suddenly came a shout from a sailor on the lookout: "There's the light!" The joyful sound rang through the ship, to the great relief of every passenger. The true position of the steamer was now known. Anxiety was over, and quietness, in a sense of safety, was restored. We were soon in the calm and still waters of the river.

**"THERE'S THE LIGHT!"**

That shout of the sailor aloft has often been sounding in my ears since that anxious night. Could I not make some use of the sailor's words for the guidance and comfort of the anxious and suffering, sailing with me on the dark sea of life? Those words gave quietness to a hundred passengers in the steamer. Could they not, through the "Light of the world," give guidance and peace to some amid the gloom and perils of life?

My footsteps carried me over the threshold of one amid the countless sorrows of widowhood. There were the lonely and desolate house, the fatherless children—poverty, too, was there, with its attendant evils—all conspiring to deepen the gloom of that cheerless dwelling. Could I fail to refer to One who, as the Man of Sorrows, and Himself once a mourner at the grave of a friend, could enter, with tender sympathy, into any form of human woe? "There's the Light!" Cast thy care and burdens upon Him, and "then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noonday."

I was called into the presence of one wasting away by fatal disease. A wide waste of dark and troubled waters seemed stretching out before him. "Look!" Where shall he look? He had so long gazed upon the world as his supreme

good that eternal things were but faintly and dimly discerned. But, to a dying sinner, could a wiser or safer counsel be given with the open Word of God before him and the Saviour pointed out, than the appeal, "There's the Light"?

I was called to the deathbed of a saint. The world was fast disappearing in the opening and overshadowing realities of eternity, but all was peace. The power and value of faith had been emphasized by a noble life of usefulness. It was scarcely news to say, "There's the Light!" Already the glories of heaven were shining on the soul. The last waves of life's troubled sea were wafting him to the shining shore. Before I left the house there was a new member joining the heavenly choir in the song, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."

As our steamer safely reached the quiet waters of the river, and perils of the sea were passed, so the ransomed of the Lord, guided by "the bright and morning star," make life's voyage safely, and enter the haven of eternal rest.—*Rev. H. B. Hooker.*

LIGHT AT EVENTIDE

It is related of the celebrated Scotch minister, Robert Bruce, that on the morning of the day on which he died, he breakfasted with his family, but shortly after, feeling unwell, he said to his attendants that he had a sudden call. He then expressed a wish to have the family Bible brought to him; finding his sight gone, he said, "Turn up for me the eighth chapter of Romans, and place my fingers on these words: 'I am persuaded, that neither death nor life shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.' Now," said he, "is my finger upon them?" Being assured that it was, he added, "Now God be with you, my children; I have breakfasted with you this morning, and shall sup with my Lord Jesus this night."

DEATH'S DARKNESS BEAUTIFUL

As sometimes in a dead man's face,
To those that watch it more and more,
A likeness, hardly seen before,
Comes out—to some one of his race;

So, dearest, now thy brows are cold,
I see thee what thou art, and know
Thy likeness to the wise below,
Thy kindred with the great of old.

But there is more than I can see,
And what I see I leave unsaid,
Nor speak it, knowing Death has made
His darkness beautiful with thee.

HOPE OF RESURRECTION

Pains are blows of the hammer knocking off the rough outside of the geode, to release the beauteous crystals within. Troubles are blows, lifted upon the dungeon-door, for giving the prisoner release. Sufferings are stamp-mills crushing the quartz that the gold may be free. Looking forward to the fruit, men plant the peach seed. But a thick shell entombs the living germ, nor has the



WHERE FLOWERS SHED PERFUME

shining of the sun any power for letting the plantlet out. Winter alone can resurrect the little life out of its seed-grave. Therefore, cold drives the frost wedges into the thick shell and splits it; cracking, the seed is rent apart; then the germ hears the call of the light and the air, and, rising into the realm of sunshine, sets forth upon its career. Man, too, is buried in his physical life, and suffering comes, to give release and resurrection. That which single suffering begins the great death suffering completes, giving life and final resurrection.

To those on whom life's burdens rest heavily, defeated, despoiled, homesick

for those who have gone, comes this hope of immortality. Believe him who said, "Death is as sweet as flowers are; death is as beautiful as a 'bower in June.'"

The grave is like the gate in the old cathedral—iron on one side and beaten gold on the other. Perhaps our gravestone is a gate for those whom we have loved and lost. We say, "A man is dead;" God says, "A man lives." Dying is transformation. Dying is home-going, happiness, and the Father's house.—*Newell Dwight Hillis.*

THE TRUE GLORY OF HEAVEN

Now we cannot understand life, and do not. But in the ages to come we shall. Then we shall see, and then the mystery of the world, and the mystery of the temptation, and the mystery of the battle will be interpreted. The great wheat field, like a congregation, bows its head in prayer before Almighty God and cries for divine glory. And God says, "Yes; you shall have it!" And he sends the sickle to cut down the stalk; and he sends the flail to beat out the straw; and he sends the millstone to grind up the grain; and he sends the sieve to shake and sift the flour; and he sends the baker to knead the dough; and he sends the oven to heat and bake it. And then what? Then the wheat is ready to begin service, and to go as bread for nourishment to the camp for the soldier, to the woodman's house, to the sewing woman in the garret, to you and to me.

Fit me for thy service, O God, though it take the sickle and the flail and the millstone and the kneading, and the fire! When life has done its work, and given me by its discipline thy love, then I shall be glad to share thy glory What is the glory of heaven but the glory of a better and more unselfish service?—*Lyman Abbott.*



"BROWS OF LIGHT"

THE SERAPHIM

And I—Ah! what am I
To counterfeit, with faculty earth-darkened,
Seraphic brows of light
And seraph language never used nor harkened?
Ah me! what word that seraphs say, could come
From mouth so used to sighs, so soon to lie
Sighless, because then breathless, in the tomb?

I, too, may haply smile another day
 At the far recollection of this lay,
 When God may call me in your midst to dwell,
 To hear your most sweet music's miracle
 And see your wondrous faces. May it be!
 For his remembered sake, the Slain on road,
 Who rolled his earthly garment red in blood
 (Treading the wine-press) that the weak, like me,
 Before his heavenly Throne should walk in white.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

HEAVEN'S REUNIONS

When we ask for scriptural evidence of the reunion of friends in a future state, are we not answered by every passage from Scripture which speaks of that state as a social one? And the fact is that it is spoken of there in no other way. Whether the mention is incidental or direct, it constantly presents heaven to our thoughts as a place or state in which the righteous shall meet together, not exist separately.

If we listen to Jesus we shall hear him declare that, where he is, his disciples shall be also. If we turn to the Epistles, Paul tells us that "when Christ, which is our life, shall appear, we also shall appear with him in glory"; and the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews points to the "General Assembly and Church of the First-born, which are written in heaven."

If we pass over to that grand vision which concludes the books of the New Testament, we hear in heaven "As it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thundering, and the voice of harpers harping with their harps."

The blessed in heaven are always represented as being in society, as being with their brethren, with angels, with their Saviour and with their God. Now, hardly anything can seem to be plainer than that, as heaven is a social and not a solitary state. They who live together there must know each other there. And it is one of the most reasonable of all propositions that, if we carry any affections with us into the future state, they will fly first of all to salute those who in this state were their cherished objects. When a mother joins the heavenly company of the redeemed, will she not, if she retains anything of her former self and nature, if she has not lost her identity and the consciousness of it, will she not ask for "the babe she lost in infancy"? If she is herself she will ask for it. If God is good she will find it, know it, embrace it. How she will find it, by what marks know it, and with what exercises renew her love, must be left for immortality to reveal. But the rest, the simple fact of recognition is plain. So plain that we are disposed to think that the reason why so little is said in the Scriptures of future recognition is that it was considered as naturally implied.



"ALONE"

"ALONE"

Alone? The God we know is on that shore,
 The God of whose attractions we know more
 Than of those who may appear
 Nearest and dearest here;
 Oh, is He not the life-long friend we know
 More privately than any friend below?

Alone? The God we trust is on that shore,
 The Faithful One whom we have trusted more
 In trials and in woes
 Than we have trusted those
 On whom we leaned most in our earthly strife;
 Oh, we shall trust Him more in that new life!

Alone? The God we love is on that shore—
 Love not enough, yet whom we love far more,
 And whom we loved all through
 And with a love more true
 Than other loves—yet now shall love Him more;
 True love of Him begins upon that shore!

So not alone we land upon that shore;
 'Twill be as though we had been there before;
 We shall meet more we know
 Than we can meet below,
 And find our rest like some returning dove,
 And be at home at once with our Eternal love.—*Faber.*

PARADISE

The river of pure water, the tree of life, the gold and precious stones of the first Paradise all reappear in the second. The "blessed" ones who have kept God's commandments are described as having regained the right to eat of that fruit of immortality which man lost by breaking God's first command. They enter in through the gates which, no longer barred by the sword of the cherubim, stand always open. The "sorrow and crying," the "pain and death," that had their beginning in the hour when God drove out the first sinner from his presence, are described as passing away in the hour when God welcomes back to his presence the nations of the saved. . . . The record of our race ends where it began—in a paradise of God—
Bishop Magee.

Heaven does not make holiness, but holiness makes Heaven.—*Phillips Brooks.*

ANGELIC MEASURE

I dreamed that I was on my way to school, when suddenly I noticed a great crowd upon the green. People were hurrying to and fro, and when I asked what all this commotion was about, a girl said:

"Why, don't you know? It's Measuring Day, and the Lord's angel has come to see how much our souls have grown since last Measuring Day."

"Measuring Day!" said I, "measuring souls! I never heard of such a thing," and I began to ask questions; but the girl hurried on, and after a little I let myself be pressed along with the crowd to the green.

There in the centre, on a kind of a throne under the great elm, was the most glorious and beautiful being I ever saw. He had white wings; his clothes were a queer, shining kind of white, and he had the kindest, yet most serious face I had ever beheld. By his side was a tall, golden rod fastened upright in the ground, with curious marks at regular intervals from the top to the bottom. Over it, on a golden scroll, were the words: "The measure of the stature of a perfect man." The angel held in his hand a large book, in which he wrote the measurements as the people came up on the calling of their names in regular turns. The instant each one touched the golden measure a most wonderful thing happened. No one could escape the terrible accuracy of that strange rod. Each one shrank or increased to his true dimensions—his spiritual dimensions—as I soon learned, for it was an index of the soul-growth which was shown in this mysterious way, so that even we could see with our eyes what otherwise the angel alone could have perceived.

The first few who were measured after I came I did not know; but soon the name of Elizabeth Darrow was called. She is the President of the Aid for the Destitute Society, you know, and she manages ever so many other societies, too; and I thought, "Surely, Mrs. Darrow's measure will be very high indeed." But as she stood by the rod, the instant she touched it, she seemed to grow shorter and shorter, and the angel's face grew very serious, as he said: "This would be a soul of high stature if only the lowly, secret graces of humility and trust and patience under little daily trials had not been checked. These, too, are needed for perfect soul-growth."

I pitied Mrs. Darrow, as she moved away with such a sad and surprised face, to make room for the next. It was poor, thin, little Betsey Lines, the seamstress. I never was more astonished in my life than when she took her stand by the rod, and immediately she increased till her mark was higher than any I had seen before, and her face shone so, I thought it must have caught its light from the angel's, which smiled so gloriously that I envied poor little Betsey, whom before I had rather looked down upon. And as the angel wrote in the book, he said: "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

The next was Lillian Edgar, who dresses so beautifully that I have often wished I had such clothes and so much money. The angel looked sadly at her measure, for it was very low—so low that Lillian turned pale as death, and her

beautiful clothes no one noticed at all, for they were quite overshadowed by the glittering robes beside her. And the angel said in a solemn tone: "O child, why take thought for raiment? Let your adorning be not that outward adorning of putting on of apparel, but let it be the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price. Thus only can you grow like the Master."

Old Jerry, the cobbler, came next—poor, old, clumsy Jerry; but as he hobbled up the steps the angel's face fairly blazed with light, and he smiled on him, and led him to the rod; and behold! Jerry's measure was higher than any of the others. The angel's voice rang out so loud and clear that we all heard it, saying, "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted. Whosoever shall humble himself as a little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven."

And then, O, my name came next! And I trembled so I could hardly reach the angel, but he put his arm around me and helped me to stand by the rod. As soon as I had touched it, I felt myself growing shorter and shorter, and though I stretched and stretched, and strained every nerve, to be as tall as possible, I could only reach Lillian's mark—Lillian's, the lowest of all, and I a member of the church for two years! I grew crimson for shame, and whispered to the angel: "O give me another chance before you mark me in the book so low as this. Tell me how to grow; I will do it all so gladly, only do not put this mark down!"

The angel shook his head sadly: "The record must go down as it is, my child. May it be higher when I next come. This rule will help thee: 'Whosoever thou doest, do it heartily, as to the Lord, in singleness of heart as unto Christ.' The same earnestness which thou throwest into other things will, with Christ's help, make thee to grow in grace!"

And with that I burst into tears, and I suddenly woke and found myself crying. But, O, I shall never forget that dream. I was so ashamed of my mark.—*Delia Lyman Porter.*

WORSHIP AND SERVICE

Adoration at the Throne, activity in the Temple, the worship of the heart, the worship of the voice, the worship of the hands,—the whole being consecrated and devoted to God,—those are the service of the upper Sanctuary. *Here* the flesh is often wearied with an hour of worship: *there* they rest not day and night, saying, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was and is, and is to come." *Here*, a week will often see us weary in well-doing: *there* they are drawn on by its own deliciousness to larger and larger fulfilments of Jehovah's will. *Here* we must lure ourselves to work by the prospect of rest hereafter: *there* the toil is luxury, and the labor recreation; and nothing but jubilees of praise and holidays of higher service are wanted to diversify the long and industrious Sabbath of the skies.

I cannot be content with less than Heaven.—*Bailey.*



“HE TAUGHT HIS SCHOLARS THE RULE OF THREE”

ANGELS WERE WAITING

'Twas a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,
Tall and slender, sallow and dry;
His form was bent, and his gait was slow,
His long, thin hair was white as snow,
But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye;

And he sang every night as he went to bed,

“Let us be happy down here below,
The living should live though the dead be dead,”
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He taught his scholars the rule of three,
Writing and reading and history, too;
He took the little ones up on his knee,
For a kind old heart in his breast had he,
And the wants of the littlest child he knew;
“Learn while you’re young,” he often said,
“There is much to enjoy down here below;
Life for the living, and rest for the dead!”
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

With the stupidest boys he was kind and cool,
Speaking only in gentlest tones;
The rod was scarcely known in his school,
Whipping, to him, was a barbarous rule,
And too hard work for his poor old bones;
Besides, it was painful, he sometimes said:
“We should make life pleasant down here below,
The living need charity more than the dead,”
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He lived in the house by the hawthorn lane,
With roses and woodbine over the door,
His rooms were quiet, and neat, and plain,
But a spirit of comfort held there reign,
And made him forget he was old and poor;
“I need so little,” he often said;
“And my friends and relatives here below,
Won’t litigate over me when I’m dead,”
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

* * * * *

He sat at his door, one midsummer night,
After the sun had sunk in the West,
And the lingering beams of golden light
Made his kindly old face look warm and bright;
While the odorous night wind whispered “Rest!”
Gently, gently, he bowed his head
There were angels waiting for him, I know;
He was sure of happiness, living or dead,
This jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

THE CITY BEAUTIFUL

Now I saw in my dream, that by this time the pilgrims were got over the Enchanted Ground; and entering into the country of Beulah, whose air was very sweet and pleasant, the way lying directly through it, they solaced themselves there for a season. Yea, here they heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day the flowers appear in the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land. In this country the sun shineth night and day: wherefore this was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair; neither could they from this place so much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the City they were going to: also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof; for in this land the shining ones commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of heaven.

* * * * *

The talk that they had with the shining ones was about the glory of the place; who told them, that the beauty and glory of it was inexpressible. There, said they, is "Mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem, the innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect." You are going now, said they, to the paradise of God, wherein you shall see the tree of life, and eat of the never-fading fruits thereof: and when you come there, you shall have white robes given you, and your walk and talk shall be every day with the King, even all the days of eternity. There you shall not see again such things as you saw when you were in the lower region upon the earth; to wit, sorrow, sickness, affliction, and death; "for the former things are passed away." The men then asked, What must we do in the holy place? To whom it was answered, You must there receive the comfort of all your toil, and have joy for all your sorrow; you must reap what you have sown, even the fruit of all your prayers, and tears, and sufferings for the King by the way. In that place you must wear crowns of gold, and enjoy the perpetual sight and vision of the Holy One; for "there you shall see him as he is." There also you shall serve him continually with praise. There you shall enjoy your friends again that are gone thither before you; and there you shall with joy receive even every one that follows into the holy place after you.

* * * * *

Now, when they were come up to the gate, there was written over, in letters of gold, 'Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have a right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.'

Then I saw in my dream that the shining men bid them call at the gate; the which when they did, some from above looked over the gate, to wit, Enoch, Moses, Elijah, etc.; to whom it was said, 'These pilgrims are come from the City of Destruction, for the love that they bear to the King of this place;' and then the pilgrims gave in unto them each man

his certificate, which they had received in the beginning: those, therefore, were carried in to the King, who, when he had read them, said, 'Where are the men?' To whom it was answered, 'They are standing without the gate.' The King then commanded to open the gate, 'That the righteous nation,' said He, 'that keepeth truth, may enter in.'

* * * * *

Now, I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate; and lo, as they entered, they were transfigured, and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There were also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave to them the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honor. Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the city rang again for joy, and that it was said unto them, 'Enter ye into the joy of your Lord.' I also heard the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice, saying, 'Blessing, honor, and glory, and power, be to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever.'

* * * * *

Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold the city shone like the sun; the streets, also, were paved with gold, and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps, to sing praises withal.

There were also of them that had wings, and they answered one another without intermission, saying, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord." And after that they shut up the gates; which when I had seen, I wished myself among them.—*Bunyan*.

"GLASS MINGLED WITH FIRE"

What will heaven be? . . . I find manifold fitness in the answer that tells us it shall be "a sea of glass mingled with fire." Heaven will not be pure stagnation, not idleness, not any mere luxurious dreaming over the spiritual repose that has been safely and forever won; but active, tireless, earnest work; fresh, live enthusiasm for the high labors which eternity will offer. These vivid inspirations will play through our deep repose and make it more mighty in the service of God than any feverish and unsatisfied toil of earth has ever been. The sea of glass will be mingled with fire.

Here, too, we have the type and standard of that heavenliness of character which ought to be ripening in all of us now, as we are getting ready for that spiritual life. . . . Surely, there is a very high and happy life conceivable, which very few of us attain, yet which our religion evidently intends for all of us. Calm and active; peaceful and yet thoroughly alive; resting always upon truth, but never sleeping on it for a moment; working always intensely, but serene and certain of results, never driven crazy by our work; grounded and settled, yet always moving forward in still but sure progress; always secure, yet always alert,—glass mingled with fire.—*Phillips Brooks*.

PICTURES OF HEAVEN

Bring me, if you please, one of Titian's most magnificent pictures, the "Martyrdom" or the "Assumption," or any of those masterpieces on which his fame stands. I look at it and say to my companion, "What is that?" "That," he says, "is the Virgin." "What is that deepest and most glowing of reds?" "That is her gorgeous robe." "What is that exquisite blue further up on her shoulders?" "That is her scarf." "What is that green that I see behind her?" "That is a tree with leaves on it." "What is it that I see through the tree?" "That is the sky."

No; it is not. I go up to the picture and scrape it, and that red is nothing but pigment; and that blue is nothing but a little metal and oil. There is no robe and no scarf there at all. I scrape off one of those leaves and there is no juice in it. It is metal and oil, and that is all. And that sky—you can pinch it, and scratch it, and crumble it in your hand. It is all dirt—nothing but dirt. And yet, out of these base substances, by the cunning hand and imagination of the artist, is wrought a picture such that when you look upon it you never will remember what it is made up of. You will not see the pigment, nor the metal, nor the oil.

These things to the looker-on are garment, are face, are flesh. They seem to be a living being, clothed in beautiful garments, though in reality they are but dead matter.

All the world is a palette, and all human experiences are so many pigments, and the method of teaching which God pursues in the New Testament is that he, as the Sublime Artist, takes his palette of universal experience and draws in gorgeous colors the lines and lineaments of the heavenly state.

And the things which he uses are all earthly, and not to be reproduced in heaven, though the things which they represent to us are heavenly. The materials out of which our conceptions spring are earthly experiences. But the effect of the conceptions, when combined with the spirit of God, upon the imagination of man, is to reveal to him and bring him into sympathy with the invisible and spiritual life, as it could be done by no philosophical process. He who knows aught of heaven, therefore, knows it altogether through the experience and interpretation of his imagination.—*H. W. Beecher.*

A NEW EARTH

Science and philosophy are at last tending to the conclusion which Christ announced eighteen centuries ago, viz., that the origin of the material universe is purely spiritual; that all which is merely or grossly material will one day pass away; and that then there will come "the regeneration," some more spiritual and perfect manifestation of the creative energy, in which there will be none of the defects and hindrances that inhere in all that is physical and temporal. In short, the invisible will shine through the visible, the eternal through the temporal, and the real through the phenomenal.—*Rev. S. Cox, D.D.*

HARVEST-TIME

Hark! the stalwart reapers chant the harvest-song,
 As they bear the golden grain with sturdy arms along:—
 “Glory, praise and glory, ever be to One
 Who gives and who may take away—His will be done!”

Hark! the happy children, romping o’er the field,
 With their voices jubilant, sweet praises also yield:—



TOILERS OF THE FIELD

“Glory, praise and glory, ever be to One
 Who gives and who may take away—His will be done!”

So, to One above us, let us also sing,
 Praising Him for earth’s fair fruits it pleaseth Him to bring:—

“Glory, praise and glory, ever be to One
 Who gives and who may take away—His will be done!”

Heaven’s gates are not so highly arched as princes’ palaces; they that enter there must go upon their knees.—*Daniel Webster.*

WHERE OUR TREASURES ARE

You want to hear about the land where they never have any heartbreaks and no graves are dug. Where are your father and mother? The most of you are orphans. I look around, and when I see one man who has parents living, I see ten who are orphans. Where are your children? Where I see one family circle that is unbroken, I see three or four that have been desolated. One lamb gone out of this fold; one flower plucked from that garland; one golden link broken from that chain; here a bright light put out, and there another; and yonder another. With such griefs, how are you to rest? Will there ever be a power that can attune that silent voice or kindle the lustre of that closed eye, or put string and dance into that little foot? When we bank up the dust over the dead, is the sod never to be broken? Is the cemetery to hear no sound but the tire of the hearse-wheel, or the tap of the bell at the gate as the long processions come in with their awful burdens of grief? Is the bottom of the grave gravel and the top dust? No! No! No! The tomb is only a place where we wrap our robes about us for a pleasant nap on our way home. The swellings of Jordan will only wash off the dust of the way. From the top of the grave we catch a glimpse of the towers glinted with the sun that never sets.

O ye whose locks are wet with the dews of the night of grief; ye whose hearts are heavy, because those well-known footsteps sound no more at the doorway, yonder is your rest! There is David triumphant; but once he bemoaned Absalom. There is Abraham enthroned; but once he wept for Sarah. There is Paul exultant; but he once sat with his feet in the stocks. There is Payson radiant with immortal health; but on earth he was always sick. No toil, no tears, no partings, no strife, no agonizing cough, no night. No storm to ruffle the crystal sea. No alarm to strike from the cathedral towers. No dirge throbbing from seraphic hearts.—*Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.*

THE TWO ANGELS

There Pity, shuddering wept; but Love, with faith too strong for fear,
Took heart from God's Almightyness, and smiled a smile of cheer.
And lo! that tear of Pity quenched the flame whereon it fell,
And, with the sunshine of that smile, Hope entered into hell.
Two unveiled faces looked upward to the Throne,
Four white wings folded at the feet of Him who sat thereon!
And deeper than the sound of seas, more soft than falling flake,
Amidst the hush of wing and song the Voice Eternal spake:
"Welcome, my angels! ye have brought a holier joy to heaven;
Henceforth its sweetest song shall be the song of sin forgiven!"—*Whittier.*

If thou art a believer, thou art no stranger to Heaven while thou livest; and when thou diest, Heaven will be no strange place to thee; no, thou hast been there a thousand times before.—*J. Elliot.*



GOD'S WORD ABOUT THE UNSEEN COUNTRY

She reads the old, old story,
Of the City, happy and fair,
The love of the Lord is its glory;
With Jesus, 'tis sweet to be there.
And they know they are nearing its portals,
And they yearn to know more of the land
Where little ones lost, now immortal,
Await them—a glad, happy band.

THE BETTER COUNTRY

"In His Likeness." What a glorious, what a strange transformation! Who would recognize the spirit that is now chafed and buffeted with temptation and sin, corruption and iniquity, then made resplendent with the image of the holy God! As the shapeless, unseemly root of the flower or plant struggling amid rubbish and stones and cheerless darkness, after fastening its fibres in the soil, sends up a graceful stalk, efflorescing in loveliness and beauty, its leaves waving in the sunlight, and filling the summer air with their fragrance, so will it be with the soul. It is here sown in corruption. It fastens its roots in a world dark and cheerless, by reason of sin. Its immortal fibres are nursed and disciplined amid trials and sorrows, difficulties and perplexities. It is soiled and degraded with the corruptible elements through which it has to fight its upward way. But there is a glorious summertime at hand, when the root thus nurtured shall burst its mortal coil, and its leaves and blossoms shall not only be bathed in the loveliness of heaven, but their every tint will be resplendent with a glory reflected from the Great Source of all light and joy.

"THE FIRST NIGHT"

The night of death, as we term it, is but the twilight of those glorious hours in which the heavenly powers are to be revealed. When, in Paradise, the first night came down upon the fair creation, and in its darkness wrapped and veiled the beautiful world, what terror must have seized the minds of our first parents, as they saw, in the gathering gloom, each beautiful object disappear. They knew of no returning morn and the vanishing creation threatened the return of "chaos and old night." But presently the evening star broke forth, and leading up her train of magnificence and glory, that darkness, which seemed to shut out creation, did but reveal its vastness and its glory.

Who could believe such darkness lay concealed
 Within thy beams, O sun? Or who could find
 That while the leaf, the flower, the insect stood revealed,
 That to such countless orbs Thou mad'st us blind?
 Why, then, do we shun death with anxious strife?
 If light can thus deceive us, wherefore, then, not life?

Yes, the sun, the light of day, is beautiful, but as, when it sets, fair and more glorious worlds are seen above, so life, setting in the darkness of the grave, reappears in fairer worlds, and amid glories that "eye hath not seen nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive." Wherefore, let us thank God that while "there is a natural body," there is also "a spiritual body."

If our Creator has so bountifully provided for our existence here, which is but momentary, and for our temporal wants, which will soon be forgotten, how much more must he have done for our enjoyment in the everlasting world!—
Hosea Ballou.

NEARING HEAVEN

We read in certain climates of the world, the gales that spring from the land carry a refreshing smell out to sea, and assure the watchful pilot that he is approaching a desirable and fruitful coast, when, as yet, he cannot discern it with his eyes. In like manner it fares with those who have steadily and religiously pursued the course which heaven pointed out to them. We shall sometimes find by their conversation towards the end of their days, that they are filled with peace and hope and joy which, like those refreshing gales and reviving odors to the seamen, are breathed forth from Paradise upon their souls, and give them to understand with certainty that God is bringing them into their desired haven.

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me,
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

Twilight and evening bell
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

For though from out our bourn of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar!—*Tennyson.*



ROLL, JORDAN, ROLL

O, somebody dead in de graveyard
 An' somebody dead in de sea—
 Gwine to wake up an' shout in de mornin',
 An' sing dat jubilee.
 Roll, Jordan, roll; roll, Jordan, roll,
 I want to go to Hebben when I die
 To hear dat ribber roll!



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O, sister dat's swingin wid a fever,
 An' brudder, dat's a-tremblin' wid a chill,
 Gwine to be a love-feast to-morrow,
 An' yo' better had to drink yo' fill:
 Roll, Jordan, roll; roll, Jordan, roll,
 I want to go to Hebben when I die
 To hear dat ribber roll!

If the beautiful old plantation melodies of the South—like the above—are rescued from oblivion, much credit will be due the Normal College students, Hampton, Va.—*M. L. A.*

TO THE RIVER'S BRINK



IBEGIN to be wofully crowded. We need a larger house, or a smaller household. I am afraid I secretly, down at the bottom of my heart, wish Martha and her father could give place to my little ones. May God forgive me if this is so! It is a poor time for such emotions when he has just given me another darling child, for whom I have as rich and ample a love as if I had spent no affection on the other twain. I have made myself especially kind to poor father and to Martha, lest they should perceive how inconvenient it is to have them here, and be pained by it. I would not, for the world, despoil them of what little satisfaction they may derive from living with us. But oh, I am so selfish, and it is so hard to practice the very law of love I preach to my children! Yet I want this law to rule and reign in my home, that it may be a little heaven below, and I will not, no I *will* not, cease praying that it may be such, no matter what it costs me. Poor father! poor old man! I will try to make your home so sweet and homelike to you, that when you change it for heaven it shall be but a transition from one bliss to a higher! * * * *

—Evening.—Soon after writing that, I went down to see father, whom I have had to neglect of late, baby has so used up both time and strength.

“Martha is going to be married,” he said.

“Oh, father!” I cried, “how n—” nice, I was going to say, but stopped just in time.

All my abominable selfishness, that I thought I had left at my Master’s feet ten minutes before, now came trooping back in full force.

“She’s going to be married; she’ll go away, and will take her father to live with her! I can have room for my children, and room for mother! Every element of discord will now leave my home, and Ernest will see what I really am!” * * * *

“You will feel better as soon as you are once more out of the city, father.”

Father made no reply for some minutes, and when he did speak we were all startled to find that his voice trembled as if he were shedding tears. We could not understand what he said. I went to him and made him lean his head upon me as he often did when it ached. He took my hand in both his.

“You do love the old man a little?” he asked, in the same tremulous voice.

“Indeed, I do!” I cried, greatly touched by his helpless appeal. “I love you dearly, father. And I shall miss you sadly.”

“Must I go away, then?” he whispered “Cannot I stay here till my summons hence? It will not be long, it will not be long, my child.” * *

—March 4.—Dear father has gone. We were all kneeling and praying and weeping around him, when suddenly he called me to come to him. I went

and let him lean his head on my breast, as he loved to do. Sometimes I have stood so by the hour together ready to sink with fatigue, and only kept up with the thought that if this were my own precious Father's bruised head I could stand and hold it forever.

"Daughter Katherine," he said, in his faint, tremulous way, "you have come with me to the very brink of the river. I thank God for all your cheering words and ways. I thank God for giving you to be a helpmeet to my son. Farewell, now," he added in a low, firm voice, "'I feel the bottom, and it is good!'"

He lay back on his pillow looking upward with an expression of seraphic peace and joy on his worn, meagre face, and so his life passed gently away.

Oh, the affluence of God's payments! What a recompense for the poor love I had given my husband's father, and the poor little services I had rendered him! Oh, that I had never been impatient with him, never smiled at his peculiarities, never in my secret heart felt him unwelcome to my home! And how wholly I overlooked, in my blind selfishness, what he must have suffered in feeling himself homeless, dwelling with us on sufferance, but master and head nowhere on earth!—*Elizabeth Prentiss.*

KNEELING AT THE THRESHOLD

I'm kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint, and sore;
Waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the door;
Waiting till the Master shall bid me rise and come,
To the glory of his presence, to the gladness of his home!

A weary path I've traveled, 'mid darkness, storm, and strife;
Bearing many a burden, struggling for my life;
But now the morn is breaking, my toil will soon be o'er,
I'm kneeling at the threshold, my hand is on the door.

Methinks I hear the voices of the blessed as they stand,
Singing in the sunshine in the far-off sinless land;
Oh, would that I were with them, amid their shining throng,
Mingling in their worship, joining in their song!

The friends that started with me have entered long ago;
One by one they left me struggling with the foe;
Their pilgrimage was shorter, their triumph surer won,
How lovingly they'll hail me, when all my toil is done!

With them the blessed angels that know no grief or sin,
I see them by the portals, prepared to let me in.

O Lord I wait thy pleasure; thy name and way are best;
—But I'm wasted, worn, and weary; O Father, bid me rest!—*Guthrie.*



OUR RISEN LORD

They were simple, true-hearted men, these witnesses of the resurrection; and they were simple facts which they declared. It was a plain, unadorned account which they gave. There were no rhetorical efforts, no attempts to gild the gold of their statements. It was simply this, that they had with their own eyes, in different places, at different times, seen their risen Lord. They, who knew him before his crucifixion, knew him again. The voice, the form, the features, were the same. They had been allowed to handle him. They had seen the print of the nails in his hands. They had eaten and drunk with him.

THE TWO SUNSETS

While dark, through willowy vistas seen,
The river rolled in shade between.

From out the darkness, where we trod,
We gazed upon those hills of God,
Whose light seemed not of moon or sun;
We spake not, but our thought was one.

We paused, as if from that bright shore
Beckoned our dear ones gone before;
And stilled our beating hearts to hear
The voices lost to mortal ear!

Sudden our pathway turned from night;
The hills swung open to the light;
Thro' their green gates the sunshine showed;
A long, slant splendor downward flowed.

Down glade, and glen, and bank it rolled:
It bridged the shaded stream with gold,
And, borne on piers of mist, allied
The shadowy with the sunlit side!

"So," prayed we, "when our feet draw near
The river, dark with mortal fear,

"And the night cometh, chill with dew,
O Father! let Thy light break through!

"So let the hills of doubt divide,
So bridge with faith the sunless tide!

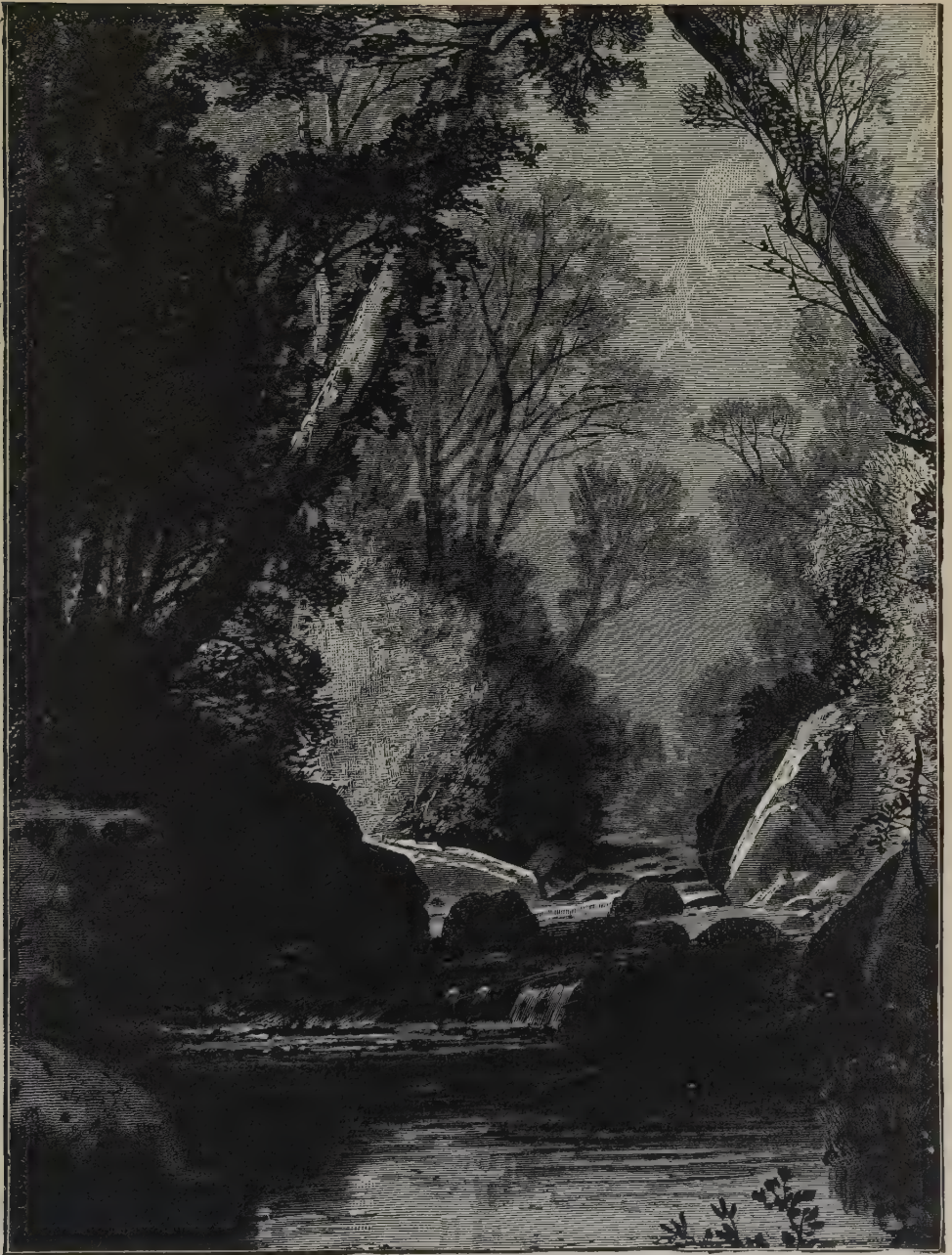
"So let the eyes that fail on earth
On Thy eternal hills look forth;

"And, in Thy beckoning angels, know

The dear ones whom we loved below!"—*John G. Whittier.*

TREASURES

The life to come will be as quick and loving as my life on earth, and it is mine. With the fleeting of earth I have not lost the immortality of heaven. With the decay of the house of love in which I dwelt I have not lost the building of God, the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. With the decay of my body and the failing of my brain and the loss of the shaping power of imagination, I have not lost my true life; I shall breathe and think and create again. Rust and moth may do their work here, on all that I have pursued and enjoyed and loved. But I shall renew my interests, joys, and love, my power, my pursuits and life in the world where I have stored up my treasures.—*S. A. B.*



"THRO' THEIR GREEN GATES THE SUNSHINE FLOWED"

THE PORTS

The ports of death are sins; of life, good deeds,
Through which our merit leads us to our needs.
How wilful blind is he, then, that should stray,
And hath it in his power to make his way!

This world death's region is, the other life's;
And here it should be one of our first strifes,
So to front death, as men might judge us past it,
For good men but see death, the wicked taste it.

—Ben Jonson.

BOTH STATE AND PLACE

Each man has a separate and individual, though, perhaps, an indistinct idea of his own of what heaven may be. To some it is merely a state. It is all within. We may carry it about us wherever we go, in the perfect rest of a conscience washed in blood, a soul fully conscious of its acquittal from condemnation, the joy of a spiritual fellowship with Christ and the Father, the love which ever gushes forth in the sublime language of praise, as we sing, "Whom having not seen we love; in whom though now we see him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory." To others it is all associated with a *place*. There must be trees, rivers, golden pavements, jasper walls, harps of gold, bejeweled crowns, companies of angelic beings, all the insignia of a royal life, a great tableau in which they shall share, majestic spectacles in which they shall bear their part. Probably a combination of both ideas will furnish us with the most appropriate representation of those heavenly delights which we hope soon to share. Take two men of kindred purity of spirit. Let one dwell amid the gloom of dark ravines, where the chill atmosphere is never warmed by the genial rays of the sun, where overhanging rocks make perpetual gloom, where no music save that of the hoarse cataract is ever heard, where the song birds never come, the dewdrops never glint, flowers never shed perfume on the breeze, and the only vegetation is the loathsome fungi that finds its congenial home amid the darkness. Let another dwell in a sweet sylvan nook, a quiet cottage in the bosom of the laughing valley, whence he can see the heather bells, and smell the brier rose, or go forth and sit at the lakeside amid the shade of birch and pine and aspen, while the rich breezes from the mountains on either hand pour torrents of life through his veins. Can you doubt which will be the happier of the two? Surely he who possesses the purity within, and enjoys the heaven without. The state and the place combine together to make the happiness so far complete.—G. Evans.

My idea of Heaven is perfect love.—*Wilberforce*.

THE TRANSLATED LILY

Thou wilt never grow old,
 Nor weary, nor sad, in the home of thy birth.
 My beautiful lily, thy leaves will unfold
 In a clime that is purer and brighter than earth.
 O holy and fair! I rejoice thou art there,
 In that kingdom of light with its cities of gold,
 Where the air thrills with angel hosannas, and where
 Thou wilt never grow old, sweet,
 Never grow old!

I am a pilgrim, with sorrow and sin
 Haunting my footsteps wherever I go;
 Life is a warfare my title to win;
 Well will it be if it end not in woe.
 Pray for me, sweet: I am laden with care;
 Dark are my garments with mildew and mold:
 Thou, my bright angel, art sinless and fair,
 And wilt never grow old, sweet,
 Never grow old!

Now canst thou hear from thy home in the skies
 All the fond words I am whispering to thee?
 Dost thou look down on me with the soft eyes
 That greeted me oft ere thy spirit was free?
 So I believe, though the shadows of time
 Hide the bright spirit I yet shall behold:
 Thou wilt still love me, and—pleasure sublime!—
 Thou wilt never grow old, sweet,
 Never grow old!

Thus wilt thou be when the pilgrim, grown gray,
 Weeps when the vines from the hearthstone are riven;
 Faith shall behold thee as pure as the day
 Thou wert torn from the earth and transplanted in heaven:
 O holy and fair! I rejoice thou art there,
 In that kingdom of light with its cities of gold,
 Where the air thrills with angel hosannas, and where
 Thou wilt never grow old, sweet,
 Never grow old!—*Mrs. Howarth.*

Heaven is the dwelling place of God when he specially manifests his glory:
 it is a place of perpetual enjoyment.—*A. Ritchie.*

EMPLOYMENTS OF HEAVEN

All our meditations on, and descriptions of, heaven want balance, and are, so to speak, pictures ill composed. We first build up our glorified human nature by such hints as are furnished us in Scripture; we place it in an abode worthy of it; and then after all we give it an unending existence with nothing to do. It was not ill said by a great preacher, that most people's idea of heaven was that it is to sit on a cloud and sing praises. And others again strive to fill this out with the bliss of recognizing and holding intercourse with those from whom we have been severed on earth. And beyond all doubt such recognition and intercourse shall be, and shall constitute, one of the most blessed accessories of the heavenly employment; but it can no more be that employment itself than similar intercourse on earth was the employment of life here.

To read some descriptions of heaven, one would imagine that it were only an endless prolongation of some social meeting; walking and talking in some blessed country with those whom we love. It is clear that we have not thus provided the renewed energies and enlarged powers or perfected man with food for eternity. Nor if we look in another direction, that of the absence of sickness and care and sorrow, shall we find any more satisfactory answer to our question. Nay, rather shall we find it made more difficult and beset with more complications. For let us think how much of employment for our present energies is occasioned by, and finds its very field of action in, the anxieties and vicissitudes of life. They are, so to speak, the winds which fill the sail and carry us onward. By their action, hope and enthusiasm are excited. But suppose a state where they are not, and life would become a dead calm; the sail would flap idly, and the spirit would cease to look onward at all. So that unless we can supply something over and above the mere absence of anxiety and pain, we have not attained to, nay, we are farther than ever from, a sufficient employment for the life eternal. Now, before we seek for it in another direction, let us think for a moment in this way. Are we likely to know much of it? What does the child at its play know of the employments of the man? Such portions of them as are merely external and material he may take in, and represent in his sport; but the work and anxiety of the student at his book, or the man of business at his desk, these are of necessity entirely hidden from the child. And so it is onward through the advancing stages of life. On each of them it may be said, "We know not with what we must serve the Lord, until we come thither." So that we need not be utterly disappointed if our picture of heaven be at present ill composed, if it seem to be little else than a gorgeous mist after all. We cannot fill in the members of the landscape at present. If we could, we should be in heaven.—*Dean Alford.*

The joys of Heaven are like the stars, which, by reason of our remoteness, appear extremely little.—*R. Bayle.*

LORD, BRING US HOME

Upon the hills the wind is sharp and cold,
The sweet young grasses wither on the wold,
And we, O Lord! have wander'd from thy fold;
But evening brings us home.

Among the mists we stumble, and the rocks
Where the brown lichen whitens, and the fox
Watches the straggler from the scattered flocks;
But evening brings us home.

The sharp thorns prick us, and our tender feet
Are cut and bleeding, and the lambs repeat
Their pitiful complaints—oh, rest is sweet
When evening brings us home.

We have been wounded by the hunter's darts;
Our eyes are very heavy, and our hearts
Search for thy coming—when the light departs
At evening bring us home.

The darkness gathers. Through the gloom no star
Rises to guide us. We have wandered far—
Without thy lamp we know not where we are;
At evening bring us home.

A HAVEN OF REST

If there is no rest on earth, there is rest in heaven. Oh, ye who are worn out with work, your hands calloused, your backs bent, your eyes half put out, your fingers worn with the needle, that in this world you may never lay down; ye discouraged ones, who have been waging a hand-to-hand fight for bread; ye to whom the night brings little rest, and the morning more drudgery—O, ye of the weary hand, and the weary side, and the weary foot, hear me talk about rest!

Look at that company of enthroned ones. It cannot be that those bright ones ever toiled! Yes! Yes! These packed the Chinese tea boxes, and through missionary instruction escaped into glory. These sweltered on Southern plantations, and one night, after the cotton picking, went up as white as if they had never been black. Those died of over-toil in the Lowell carpet factories, and these in Manchester mills; those helped build the pyramids, and these broke away from work on the day Christ was hounded out of Jerusalem. No more towers to build; heaven is done. No more garments to weave, the robes are finished. No more harvests to raise; the garner is full. O sons and daughters of toil! arise ye, and depart, for that is your rest.—*Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.*

THE NEW SONG

This new song of heaven was not composed because heaven had nothing else to do, but Christ, in memory of cross and crown, of manger and throne, of earth and heaven, and wrought upon by the raptures of great eternity, poured this from his heart, made it for the armies of heaven to shout in celebration of victory, for worshipers to chant in their temple services, for the innumerable home circles of heaven to sing in the house of many mansions. If a new tune be started in church, there is only here and there a person who can sing it. It is some time before the congregation learns a tune. But not so with the new song of heaven. The children who went up to-day from the waters of the Ganges are now singing it. That Christian man or woman, who, a few moments ago, departed from this very street, has joined it. All know it—those by the gate, those on the river-bank, those in the temple. Not feeling their way through it, or halting or going back, as if they had never before sung it, but with a full round voice they throw their soul into this new song. If some Sabbath-day a few notes of that anthem should travel down the air, we could not sing it. No organ could roll its thunder. No harp could catch its trill. No lip could announce its sweetness. Transfixed, lost, enchanted, dumb, we could not bear it—the faintest note of the new song. Yet, while I speak, heaven's cathedral quakes under it, and seas of glory bear it from beach to beach, and ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, sing it—"the new song."—*Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.*

DREAMS OF HEAVEN

Dream'st thou of heaven?

What dreams are thine,

Fair child, fair gladsome child?

With eyes that like the dewdrop shine,
And bounding footsteps wild!

Tell me what hues th' immortal shore

Can wear, my bird! to thee?

Ere yet one shadow hath passed o'er
Thy glance and spirit free!

"Oh! beautiful is heaven, and bright,

With long, long Summer days;

I see its lilies gleam in light

Where many a fountain plays.

"And there, unchecked, methinks, I rove

And seek where young flowers lie,

In vale and golden-fruited grove—

Flowers that are not to die!"



"FLOWERS THAT ARE NOT TO DIE"

THE LITTLE FAIR SOUL

A little fair soul, that knew no sin,
Looked over the edge of Paradise,
And saw one striving to come in,
With fear and tumult in his eyes.

"O brother, is it you?" he cried,
"Your face is as a breath from home.
Why do you stay so long outside?
I am athirst for you to come.

"Oh, like an army in the snow,
My days went past, a treacherous train,
Each silent when he struck his blow,
Until I lay among them, slain!"

"O brother, there was a path so clear!"
"It might be, but I never sought."
"O brother, there was a sword so near!"
"It might be, but I never fought."

"Yet sweep this needless gloom aside,
For you are come to the gate at last!"
Then in despair that soul replied,
"The gate is fast! The gate is fast!"

"I cannot move the mighty weight,
I cannot find the golden key,
But hosts of heaven around us wait,
And none have ever said 'No' to me.

"Kind saint, put by thy palm and scroll,
And come unto the door for me!"
"Rest thee still, thou little fair soul,
It is not mine to keep the key."

"Sweet angel, strike these doors apart!
That outer air is dark and cold."
"Rest thee still, thou little pure heart,
Not for my word will they unfold."

Up all the shining heights he prayed
For that poor Shadow in the cold;
Still came the word, "Not ours to aid!
We cannot make the doors unfold!"

But that poor Shadow, still outside,
Wrung all the sacred air with pain.
And all the souls went up and cried,
Where never cry was heard in vain.

No eyes beheld the pitying Face,
The answer none might understand,
But dimly through the silent space
Was seen the stretching of a hand.

MANY MINDS, MANY MANSIONS

Amongst the good whom we hope to meet in heaven, there will be every variety of character, taste, and disposition. There is not one "mansion" there; but many. There is not one "gate" to heaven; but many. There are not gates only on the north; but on the east three gates, and on the west three gates, and on the south three gates. From opposite quarters of the theological compass, from opposite quarters of the religious world, from opposite quarters of human life and character, through different expressions of their common faith and hope, through different modes of conversion, through different portions of the holy Scripture, will the weary travelers enter the heavenly city, and meet each other—"not without surprise"—on the shores of the same river of life. And on those shores they will find a tree bearing, not the same kind of fruit always and at all times, but "twelve manners of fruit," for every different turn of mind—for the patient sufferer, for the active servant, for the holy and humble philosopher, for the spirits of just men now at last made perfect; and "the leaves of the tree shall be for the healing," not of one single Church or people only, not for the Scotsman or Englishman only, but for the "healing of the nations"—the Frenchman the German, the Italian, the Russian—for all those whom it may be, in this, its fruits have been farthest removed, but who, nevertheless, have "hungered and thirsted after righteousness," and who therefore "shall be filled."—*Dean Stanley.*

THE ETERNAL LIFE OF GOD

Think that there is only one thing in the whole universe, and that you must belong to it forever; that you are in it now, and never can be divided from it,—the eternal life of God. And in the thought you will have power to overcome sorrow, power to live through decay, power to die and smile at death; for death is but another form of life. That is one spiritual idea you may bind up with the advent of spring.—*Rev. S. A. Brooke (Chaplain to Queen Victoria).*

"THE POWER OF HIS RESURRECTION"

Had it not been for the Resurrection, no defeat of aïl that is divine in the life of man could have been more complete than was involved in the Crucifixion; and therefore the evidences of the Resurrection were, by God's mercy, made overwhelming. There was not in all the world's history—there was not even in the age-long history of the Jewish people—the slightest anticipation of such a possibility as that One who had died could win the complete victory over death, and say to the world, "I am He that liveth, and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore." Jesus had foretold to his disciples that he would thus rise; but they did not receive or understand his prophecy. It did not touch their "unbelief and hardness of heart." In spite of such prophecies they had not the faintest expectation that any such thing would take place. Nay, when the women and Mary Magdalene reported that they had seen him, they regarded such statements as mere women's talk. Not till they had gone into the empty sepulchre did any gleam of hope enter into the hearts of their leaders, Peter and John. When he had appeared to all the Apostles except Thomas, Thomas still refused to believe. Not till he had opened their eyes—not till they had again seen, and heard, and their hands had handled the Word of Life—not till "he showed himself alive to them by many infallible proofs, being seen of them and speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God" did they begin to apprehend that their Lord had broken the bonds of death, "because he could not be holden of it." Then, indeed, they were taught to see that the Resurrection, so far from standing alone, was the crowning event of the history of all the past; the opening of the history of all the future even to the consummation of the ages; the sole hope of the life of all the world; and the sole explanation of all its mysteries. Absolutely and finally convinced, they became the irresistible heralds of the last Dispensation, and before thirty years had elapsed they had everywhere proclaimed Jesus, and the mystery of his death, and the power of his resurrection as the power of an endless life.—*Dean Farrar.*

FIT FOR HEAVEN

When I think of that place, and think of my entering it, I feel awkward; I feel as sometimes when I have been exposed to the weather, and my shoes have been bemired, and my coat is soiled and my hair is disheveled, and I stop in front of some fine residence where I have an errand. I feel not fit to go in as I am, and sit among the guests. So some of us feel about heaven. We need to be washed, we need to be rehabilitated before we go into the ivory palaces. Eternal God, let the surges of thy pardoning mercy roll over us! O Jesus, wash me in the waves of thy salvation!—*Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.*

If the way to Heaven be narrow it is not long; and if the gate be straight, it opens into endless life.—*W. Beveridge.*



“JESUS SAITH UNTO HER, ‘MARY!’”

BRINGING OUR SHEAVES WITH US

The time for toil has passed, and night has come,—
 The last and saddest of the harvest eves;
 Worn out with labor long and wearisome,
 Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,
 Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the laborers, thy feet I gain,
 Lord of the harvest! and my spirit grieves
 That I am burdened, not so much with grain,
 As with a heaviness of heart and brain;—
 Master, behold my sheaves!

Few, light, and worthless,—yet their trifling weight
 Through all my frame a weary aching leaves;
 For long I struggled with my hopeless fate,
 And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late,—
 Yet these are all my sheaves.

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat,
 Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and withered leaves;
 Wherefore I blush and weep, as at Thy feet
 I kneel down reverently and repeat,
 “Master, behold my sheaves!”

I know these blossoms, clustering heavily,
 With evening dew upon their folded leaves,
 Can claim no value or utility,—
 Therefore shall fragranciness and beauty be
 The glory of my sheaves.

So do I gather strength and hope anew;
 For well I know Thy patient love perceives
 Not what I did, but what I strove to do:
 And though the full ripe ears be sadly few,
 Thou wilt accept my sheaves.—*Elizabeth Akers.*

“THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS”

Godly joy is like the light of the sun, which, though it may for a time be overcast with clouds of temptation, mists of troubles, persecutions, and darkness of melancholy, yet it ordinarily breaks out again with more sweetness and splendor when the storm is over; but, howsoever, it hath ever the Sun of Righteousness and fountain of all comfort so resident and rooted in the heart, that not all the darkness and gates of hell shall ever be able to displant or distain it; no more than a mortal man can pull the sun out of his sphere, or put out his glorious eye.—*Bolton*



EASTER MORNING

SORROW FOR THE DEAD

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal, every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open; this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament?



Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved—when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portals—would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness?

No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection, when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness, who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gayety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it, even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry?

No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn, even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave! the grave! It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down, even upon the grave of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him!

COMMUNICATION WITH HEAVEN

Prayer is one of the divinely appointed means of communicating with heaven. It is not, as we have seen, confined to times and places and words. The truly Christian spirit renders prayer indispensable to the soul. It is one of the ways in which the soul spontaneously expresses its love to God, and the neighbor. It is one of the forms in which that divine principle within determines itself to action. It cannot enter into us from without by instruction, but must arise from the divine instinct of holy love.



"THE FLOWERS MAY FADE"

THERE IS NO DEATH

There is no death! The stars go down to rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown they shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grains or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death! The leaves may fall
The flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best-loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them—the same,
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear, immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there is no dead.

MULTITUDES OF ANGELS

Another remark I have to make concerning these illustrious immortals is that they are multitudinous. Their census has never been taken and no one but God knows how many they are, but all the Bible accounts suggest their immense numbers. Companies of them, regiments of them, armies of them, mountain-tops haloed by them, skies populous with them. John speaks of angels and other beings around the throne as ten thousand times ten thousand. Now, according to my calculation, ten thousand times ten thousand are one hundred million. But these are only the angels in one place. David counted twenty thousand of them rolling down the sky in chariots. When God came away from the riven rocks of Mount Sinai, the Bible says he had the companionship of ten thousand angels. I think they are in every battle, in every exigency, at every birth, at every pillow, at every hour, at every moment. The earth full of them. The heavens full of them. They outnumber the human race in this world. They outnumber ransomed spirits in glory.

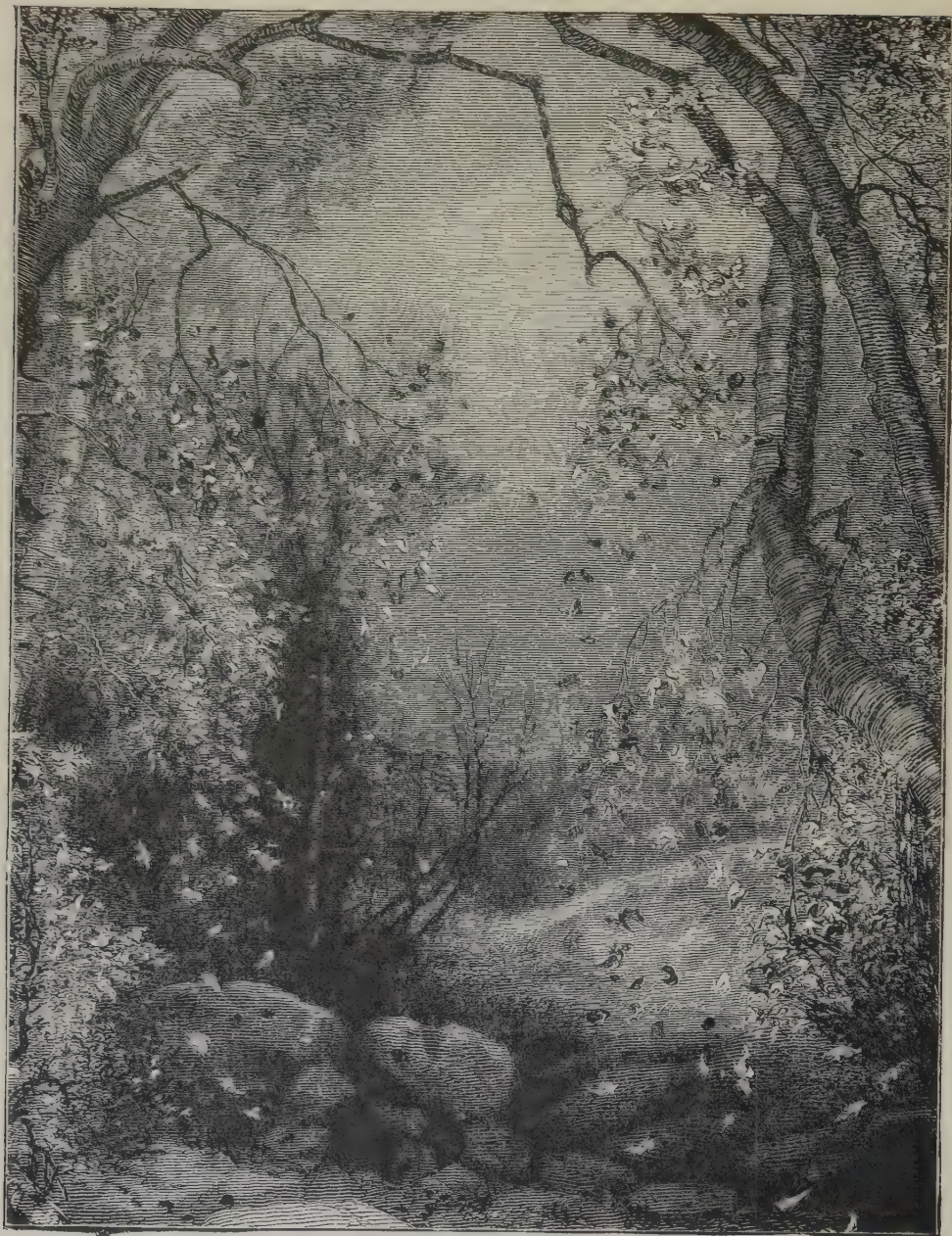
When Abraham had his knife uplifted to slay Isaac, it was an angel who arrested the stroke, crying: "Abraham! Abraham!" It was a stairway of angels that Jacob saw while pillowed in the wilderness. We are told an angel led the

hosts of Israelites out of Egyptian serfdom. It was an angel that showed Hagar the fountain where she filled the bottle for the lad. It was an angel that took Lot out of doomed Sodom. It was an angel that shut up the mouths of the hungry monsters when Daniel was thrown into the caverns. It was an angel that led Elijah under the juniper tree. It was an angel that announced to Mary the approaching nativity. They were angels that chanted when Christ was born. It was an angel that strengthened our Saviour in his agony. It was an angel that encouraged Paul in the Mediterranean shipwreck. It was an angel that burst open the prison, gate after gate, until Peter was liberated. It was an angel that stirred the Pool of Siloam, where the sick were healed. It was an angel that John saw flying through the midst of heaven, and an angel with foot planted on the sea, and an angel that opened the book, and an angel that sounded the trumpet, and an angel that thrust in the sickle, and an angel that poured out the vials, and an angel standing in the sun. It will be an angel with uplifted hand, swearing that Time shall be no longer. In the great final harvest of the world, the reapers are the angels. Yea, the Lord shall be revealed from heaven with mighty angels. Oh, the numbers and the might and the glory of these supernals! Fleets of them! Squadrons of them! Host beyond host! Rank above rank! Millions on millions! And all on our side if we will have them.—*Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.*



HEAVEN'S NEARNESS

The nearness of heaven is suggested by the epithet "veil." Christians, there is only a veil between us and heaven! A veil is the thinnest and frailest of all conceivable partitions. It is but a fine tissue, a delicate fabric of embroidery. It waves in the wind; the touch of a child may stir it, and accident may rend it; the silent action of time will moulder it away. The veil that conceals heaven is only our embodied existence; and though fearfully and wonderfully made, it is wrought only out of our frail mortality. So slight is it that the puncture of a thorn, the touch of an insect's sting, the breath of an infected atmosphere, may make it shake and fall. In a bound, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, in the throb of a pulse, in the flash of a thought, we may start into disembodied spirits, glide, unabashed into the company of great and mighty angels, pass into the light and amazement of eternity, know the great secret, gaze upon splendors which flesh and blood could not sustain, and which no words lawful for man to utter could describe! Between us and heaven there is but a veil!—*C. Stanford.*



THE FALLING OF THE LEAVES

"A LEAF FROM THE TREE OF LIFE"

The sweet young sister of a little boy was dying. The child had heard that if one could secure but a single leaf from the tree of life that grew in the garden of God, every illness could be healed. No one had dared to attempt the quest, however, for the way was very hard and a great angel guarded the gate of the garden against mortals. The child loved his suffering sister so well that he resolved to find the garden and plead with the angel for the healing leaf. So over rock and moor and hill he went, until in the golden sunset the beautiful gate appeared, and he tearfully made his request to the angelic sentinel. "None can enter this garden," replied the angel, but those children for whom the King has sent, and he has not called for you." "But one leaf," pleaded the child, "one little leaf to heal my sister. The King will not be angry. He cannot wish that my sister should suffer so and die and leave me all alone. Have pity, great angel, and hear my prayer."

The angel looked down on the little suppliant with deep love and said: "The King has sent my brother, the Angel of Death, to bring your sister to Himself. If you are allowed to keep her, will you promise me to see that she shall never again lie tossing on a sick bed of pain?" "How can I?" said the wondering child. "Not even the wisest physician can keep us from sickness away." "Then will you promise me that she shall never be unhappy, not do wrong, nor suffer sorrows, nor be cold or hungry, or tired, nor be spoken to or treated harshly?" asked the angel. "Not if I can help it," answered the child, bravely; "but perhaps even I could not always make her happy." "Then," replied the angel, tenderly, "the world where you would keep her must be a sad place. Now I will open the gate just a little and you may look into the garden for a moment, and then, if you still wish it, I will myself ask the King for a leaf from the tree of life to heal your sister."

And the astonished child looked in where grew the living tree, and where flowed the crystal river, and where stood the bright mansions, and where walked and talked immortal children under a light more beautiful than that of the sun and with friends more loving than those of earth, and where love and blessing reigned forever. He looked until his eyes widened in surprise and glowed with joy, and, turning to the angel, he said softly: "I will not ask for the leaf now. There is no place so beautiful as this; there is no friend so kind as the angel of death. I wish he would take me, too."

So the child turned back under the stars that shone like celestial eyes upon him. And as he went a ray of holy light fell upon his path, and wonderful music, such as he never before heard, filled his ears, and he knew that the golden gate had opened to receive his sister. And it was so that when he saw her silent form upon her little bed at home, he was comforted.

The generous who is always just, and the just who is always generous, may, unannounced, approach the throne of Heaven.—*Lavater*.

AT HOME IN HEAVEN

Will any soul that reaches Heaven feel strange there? Will it seem a foreign country? Will all its sights, and sounds, and suggestions be totally unfamiliar? Will they make no responsive note on any chord of the harp of memory? Will they shed no ray of light on the lens of hope? There are many of us who are looking forward to a residence in Heaven. Will it be more than a residence? Will it be a home?—*Charles F. Deems, D.D.*

OUR HEAVENLY HOME

Home! Oh how sweet is that word! What beautiful and tender associations cluster thick around it! Compared with it, house, mansion, palace, are cold, heartless terms. But "home!"—that word quickens the pulse, warms the heart, stirs the soul to its depths, makes age feel young again, rouses apathy into energy, sustains the sailor in his midnight watch, inspires the soldier with courage on the field of battle, and imparts patient endurance to the worn-down sons of toil. The thought of it has proved a seven-fold shield to virtue: the very name of it has been a spell to call back the wanderer from the paths of vice. And far away, where myrtles bloom and palm trees wave, and the ocean sleeps upon coral strands, to the exile's fond fancy it clothes the naked rock, or stormy shore, or barren moor, or wild highland mountain, with charms he weeps to think of, and longs once more to see. Grace sanctifies these lovely affections, and imparts a sacredness to the homes of earth by making them types of heaven. As a home the believer delights to think of it. Thus, when lately bending over a dying saint, and expressing our sorrow to see him lie so low, with a radiant countenance rather of one who has just left heaven than of one about to enter it, he raised and clasped his hands, and exclaimed in ecstasy, "I am going home."—*Rev. T. Guthrie, D.D.*

THE GLAD HOME-COMING

The mother whose son has been absent from her for many years in the far West, seeking his fortune, looks at the sunburned and bearded man who has come back to her, hesitates a moment, and then throws herself into his arms, crying, "It is my boy! I know him by his eyes."

The child you go to meet among the immortals will be transformed and glorified, indeed, but there will remain the strong lineaments of the human soul, deep-traced by the facts of the present life. The sure instincts of human nature will survive the shock of death, and not all the disguises of robe or crown or palm can hide us from those we love. Neither time nor distance rules the soul, and the strong affinities of the human heart would guide us to the right place in the shining throngs, did no helpful hand lead us, and did the happy angels only smile the while we made our search.



THE LAST SONG

Thou hast sung thy last song? Ah, minstrel, no, no!
There are harps in the country to which thou shalt go;
And to thy sweet playing the angels may sing,
And thou shalt be glad in the courts of the King.

Nay, your loved one will be on the watch for you. And often as he leaves heaven's school or concert, he will ask, "Have any of my people come?" As an ocean steamer comes in from its voyage, at first the watchers on the deck see only the dark throng of undistinguished men and women and children on the dock. Near and yet nearer we come. The crowd parts, it moves to and fro, we see the hats and handkerchiefs wave; but at present we recognize no face. But at last, at last, lips tremulous with emotion, exclaim, "Oh, I see father!" and another says, "There's my sister!" How strangely do laughter and sobs keep company in the very same face, until the tumult dies as loving arms intertwine, and heart beats on heart. The death visions that many have are not illusions;



THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW

whether seen or not, the shining throng is around every dying form. The wearied body at last is broken, but the newborn soul is greeted by the warm welcomes of heaven, and the harps of angels hush to listen to the music of human speech, for the "better country" has nothing sweeter than human love; and seraphs would be jealous when mother and children meet, had they not found their deepest joy in the gladness of other hearts.

Your child is not dead. Like the Christ, he is "alive for evermore." He is busy and happy in thoughts of you. He is preparing for you a reception, and he has been telling his new friends that it must be the finest thing that heaven has had in a thousand years.—*Samuel G. Smith.*

Friends, even in heaven, one happiness would miss
Should they not know each other when in bliss.

—*Bishop Thomas Ken.*

PARADISE

Peace to this house! O Thou whose way
 Was on the waves, whose voice did stay
 The wild wind's rage, come, Lord, and say,
 Peace to this house!

Thou, who in pity for the weak
 Didst quit Thy heavenly throne to seek
 And save the lost, come, Lord, and speak
 Peace to this house!

Thou, who dost all our sorrows know
 And when our tears of anguish flow
 Dost feel compassion, come, bestow
 Peace on this house!

Thou, who in agony didst pray,
 "Take, Father, take this cup away,"
 And then wast strengthened, come and say,
 Peace to this house!

O Conquerer by suffering!
 O mighty Victor! glorious King!
 From out of pain and sorrow bring
 Peace to this house!

To Thine own House in Paradise,
 To Thine own House above the skies,
 To live the life that never dies,
 Lord, in thine House!

THE MAGNET

Death often serves as the magnet that compels our restless wavering spirits away from earth toward the borders of their future home. With every attraction to the unseen world, whether through the passing thither of a friend, or through our own fancied approach to its mysterious shores, we acquire a new interest in it, until at last our hopes and aspirations begin to centre there. The invisible drawbridge has been let down, and we fancy the forms of familiar, or of shining presences upon it. We feel with Whittier:

Another hand is beckoning us,
 Another call is given;
 And glows once more with angel steps
 The path which reaches heaven.

COMING

It may be in the evening,
 When the work of the day is done,
 And you have time to sit in the twilight
 And watch the sinking sun,
 Where the child has found its mother,
 While the long, bright day dies slowly
 Over the sea
 And the hour grows quiet and holy
 With thoughts of Me;
 While you hear the village children
 Passing along the street,
 Among those thronging footsteps
 May come the sound of My feet.
 Therefore tell I you: Watch!
 By the light of the evening star,
 When the room is growing dusky.
 As the clouds afar;
 Let the door be on the latch
 In your home,
 For it may be through the gloaming
 I will come.—*Randolph.*

CHRIST IN HEAVEN

I read a little story not long since which went to my heart. A mother was on the point of death, and the child was taken away from her in case it would annoy her. It was crying continually to be taken to its mother, and teased the neighbors. By and by the mother died, and the neighbors thought it was better to bury the mother without letting the child see her dead face.

They thought the sight of the dead mother would not do the child any good, and so they kept it away. When the mother was buried and the child was taken back to the house, the first thing she did was to run into her mother's sitting-room, and look all around it, and from there to the bedroom; but no mother was there, and she went all over the house crying, "Mother, mother!" But the child could not find her, and then said to the neighbor: "Take me back; I don't want to stay here if I can't see my mother." It wasn't the home that made it so sweet to the child. It was the presence of the mother. And so it is not heaven that is alone attractive to us, it is the knowledge that Jesus, our leader, our brother, our Lord is there.—*D. L. Moody.*

Nothing is farther than earth from Heaven; nothing is nearer to Heaven than earth.—*J. C. Hase.*



"LET THE DOOR BE ON THE LATCH"

EARTH TO BE HEAVEN

Such a world, with such a story, to be surrendered to annihilation! I cannot believe it. God has never said so. He has promised that it "shall be given to the saints." It will doubtless pass through a baptism of fire. It has already been the scene of huge conflagrations, fitting it up for human occupancy; and the pen of inspiration informs us how yet another fiery ordeal awaits it. But, just as the old world emerged from the flood purified, so shall this one merge from the flames—renewed, reparadised, and fitted up for the habitation of righteousness—some say for a new order of beings, and others for the final residence of the saints. But whatever its future destination, this is certain, that it shall be delivered from the dominion of evil, that a new genesis shall overtake it, and that it shall again be welcomed into the brotherhood of worlds with a shout louder and sweeter than that which saluted its first advent in the skies.

—*T. McRae.*

OUR THOUGHTS UPDRAWN

The heavens being thus to all nations, in all ages, the emblem of harmony and beauty, of peace and quietness, of vastness and infinity, and being, from their very nature, likely to continue the proper contrast of the disorder and jarring confusion of the earth, it hath pleased the Lord, in his revelation, to accommodate himself to this condition of human thought, and represent himself as having his throne and proper dwelling-place in the heavens, thereby encouraging men to follow after those ideas which are higher and nobler than the earth, and constituting himself patron of every high and saintly desire of the soul. I dwell, saith he, in that place with which all your better thoughts are associated; and you dwell nearer to my presence according as you surpass the earth, and have your hopes and desires upon the things above. You cannot come near me by being earthly; but by being heavenly in your thoughts you can come near to mine abode; whence, if you have lived in earthliness, you shall after death, be debarred, and thrust down to the lower parts of the earth; but if you have loved the higher aspirations, and sought the holier occupations of the soul, you shall be disrobed from earthly vestments and translated from earthly habitations to my own spiritual and blessed habitations.—*Edward Irving.*

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—

The venturous bark that flings

On the sweet Summer wind its purpled wings

In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,

And coral reefs lie bare,

Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
 Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
 And every chambered cell,
 Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
 As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
 Before thee lies revealed,—
 Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
 That spread his lustrous coil;
 Still, as the spiral grew,
 He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
 Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
 Built up its idle door,
 Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
 Child of the wandering sea,
 Cast from her lap forlorn:
 From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
 Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
 While on mine ear it rings,
 Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll!
 Leave thy low-vaulted past!
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from Heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free;
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!—*O. W. Holmes.*

THE PERFECT CITY

It is the everlasting seat of consummate holiness or virtue, where that Divine principle shines without alloy, flourishes in immortal youth, and reigns and triumphs with eternal glory. It is the place in which are seen all the finishings of Divine workmanship, and in which the beauty and greatness of the Infinite Mind, and the endless diversities of omniscient skill appear in all their most exquisite forms, and in the last degrees of refinement and perfection. It is the centre of all Divine communications—the city in which all the paths of Providence terminate—the ocean from which all the streams of infinite wisdom and goodness proceed, and into which they return, to flow again and forever.—*President Dwight.*



A HEAVENLY VISION

Just as sweetly as fades the light
After the sun is gone,
Just as gently as through the night
The steady stars shine on,
Just as softly as Spring leaves come
Or snow flakes whiten the sod,

Passed she out from an earthly home
 Into the home of God.

Never the rays of moon or sun
 Fell on her face that day,
 And only a heavenly artist's hand
 Could have left such light on clay.
 We know that angel hands had wrought,
 Each day at the soul within,
 With loving touches of prayer and thought
 Hiding each trace of sin ;

Sweeping the heavy shade of pain
 Over the smile on her face ;
 And leaving the gleam of a Father's love,
 And the light of the cross in its place.
 And so it was—their sweet work done,
 When the Master bade them cease,
 There was left for our eyes to gaze upon,
 This beautiful picture of peace.—*Mary Lowe Dickinson.*

AS THE ANGELS ARE

Good is what connects all the angels in the heavens together in society. Yet it is not the angels who thus connect themselves together in society, but the Lord, from whom all good proceeds. All the angels, who are grounded in similar good, also know each other, though they never met before, as well as men in the world know their kindred, relations, and friends: the reason of which is because in the other life there are no other relationships, affinities, and friendships than such as are spiritual, thus such as are the result of love and faith. It is from this cause that an angel who excels in wisdom can immediately see what is the quality of another by his face; for no one there can disguise his interiors by his countenance.

* * * * *

An angel is a heaven in miniature; because heaven is not without an angel, but within him. How much are they mistaken who imagine that heaven will be shut when full; whereas the contrary is the truth, namely, that it will never be shut, and that the greater its fullness the greater its perfection. There is nothing, therefore, which the angels more earnestly desire than to receive additional angels, as new guests, among them.—*Swedenborg.*

Heaven will be inherited by every man who has Heaven in his soul. "The kingdom of God is within you."—*Beecher.*

ON HAPPY ISLANDS

I directed my sight as I was ordered, and, whether or not the good Genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate, I saw the valley opening at the further end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it: but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas, that ran among them.

I could see persons dressed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me, upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats: but the Genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death, that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge

“The islands,” said he, “that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted, as far as thou canst see are more in number than the sands on the seashore. There are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degrees and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them. Every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants.

“Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him.” I gazed, with inexpressible pleasure, on those happy islands. At length, said I, “Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie under those dark clouds, that cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant.”

The Genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating: but, instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep, and camels, grazing upon the sides of it.—*Addison.*

THE SOCIETY OF HEAVEN

St. John describes the society in that world as composed of "angels" and "saints"—those who have never sinned, and those who were redeemed, and "have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." The former were created and have continued in the highest rank of bright and glorious spirits. The latter were once "dead in trespasses and sins"; "walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience"; but they have been quickened together with Christ, and raised up together with him, and made to sit with angels and the Lord of angels "in heavenly places." Angels scorn not their society; they welcome them as partakers of their joy, and delight in their happiness. The interest which they take in man they have already manifested. When man was created, "these morning stars sang together; these sons of God shouted for joy." When he was redeemed, their bright hosts flew to earth, and sang, "Glory to God in the highest." When a sinner repents, there is joy in the presence of the angels; and in the midst of all the sorrows and trials and temptations here below, they are "ministering spirits to the heirs of salvation." They conveyed the departed Lazarus to Abraham's bosom. With what warmth of affection will these holy beings welcome us to their blissful society above! With what transport will they lead us up to the throne of God and the Lamb, and point us to the surrounding glories of our eternal abode; with what joy will they relate, and we hear, the account of their embassies of love to us, while we were here training for heaven! And while we celebrate the grace that brought us through, and dwell on the wonders of redeeming love, though they sing not our song, yet with a voice as the sound of many waters and the voice of mighty thunderings, they will strike the chorus to our praises.—*Rev. W. Taylor, D.D.*

FOR THE LAST

Dear dead! they have become
 Like guardian angels to us;
 And distant heaven, like home,
 Through them begins to woo us;
 Love, that was earthly, wings
 Its flight to holier places;
 The dead are sacred things
 That multiply our graces.

* * * * *

They move with noiseless foot
 Bravely and sweetly around us,
 And their soft touch hath cut
 Full many a chain that bound us.—*F. W. Faber.*

THE JOY TO COME!

I staid a week at Niagara Falls, hoping thoroughly to understand and appreciate it. But on the last day they seemed newer and more incomprehensible than on the first day. Gazing on the infinite rush of celestial splendors, where the oceans of delight meet, and pour themselves into the great heart of God—how soon will we exhaust the song? Never! Never! The old preachers, in describing the sorrows of the lost, used to lift up their hands and shout, "The wrath to come!" "The wrath to come!" To-day I lift up my hands and, looking toward the great future, cry, "The joy to come!" "The joy to come!" Oh, to wander on the banks of the bright river, and yet to feel that a little farther down we shall find still brighter floods entering into it! Oh to stand a thousand years, listening to the enchanting music of heaven, and then to find out that the harpers are only tuning their harps.—*Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.*

SLEEP WELL, MY DEAR

Sleep well, my dear, sleep safe and free,
 The holy angels are with thee,
 Who always see thy Father's face,
 And never slumber, nights nor days.
 Sleep now, my dear, and take thy rest,
 And if with riper years thou'rt blest,
 Increase in wisdom day and night
 Till thou attainest the eternal light!—*Martin Luther.*

THE BIRD'S MESSAGE

Laura C. Halloway relates a beautiful story of the last hours of Mrs. Donelson—the "Lovely Emily," who, during Andrew Jackson's term, was "Lady of the White House," the General's wife, her aunt, being dead.

"Always a fond and proud mother, as the time drew near for a final separation from her children, she clung to them with a tenderness and devotion touching to behold. A few evenings before her death she was sitting at an open window, admiring the beauty of a winter sunset, when a bird entered, and, flying several times around the room, alighted on her chair. One of the little children, playing by her side, made some exclamation, and tried to catch it. 'Don't disturb it, darling,' said the dying mother, 'maybe it comes to bid me prepare for my flight to another world. I leave you here, but the Heavenly Father, who shelters and provides for this poor little bird this wintry day, will also watch over and take care of you all when I am gone. Don't forget mamma; love her always, and try to live so that we may all meet again in heaven.' Ere the week closed, her chair was vacant; earth had lost one of its noblest, purest spirits, but heaven had gained an angel."



"TILL THOU ATTAINEST THE ETERNAL LIGHT"

AS A LITTLE CHILD

"As a little child, as a little child!"

Then how can I enter in?

I am scarred, and hardened, and soul-defiled,

With traces of sorrow and sin.

Can I turn backward the tide of years

And wake my dead youth at my will?

"Nay, but thou canst, with thy grief and thy fears,

Creep into My arms and be still."

I know that the lambs in the heavenly fold

Are sheltered and kept in Thine heart;

But I—I am old, and the gray from the gold

Has bidden all brightness depart.

The gladness of youth, the faith and the truth,

Lie withered, or shrouded in dust.

"Thou'rt emptied at length of thy treacherous strength;

Creep into My arms now—and trust."

Is it true? can I share with the little ones there

A child's calm repose on Thy breast?

"Aye, the tenderest care will answer thy prayer,

My love is for thee as the rest.

It will quiet thy fears, will wipe away tears—

Thy murmurs shall soften to psalms,

Thy sorrows shall seem but a feverish dream,

In the rest—in the rest in My arms.

"Thus tenderly held, the heart that rebelled,

Shall cling to My hand, though it smite;

Shall find in My rod the love of its God,

My statutes its songs in the night.

And whiter than snow shall the stained life grow,

'Neath the touch of a love undefiled,

And the throngs of forgiven at the portals of heaven,

Shall welcome one more little child."—*Mary Lowe Dickinson.*

WE SHALL ALL CHANGE

It appears probable that the radical transformation of life through a change of body and of worlds must work far greater modifications in our characters and opinions, without affecting our identity, than the increase of earthly years, the adoption of new views or removal from one locality to another.—*John T. Perry.*

THE VOYAGERS

Perhaps you have stood upon the wharf when a steamer that carries a friend of yours puts out to sea. You watch the receding figure of your friend, and the fading outlines of the vessel till all becomes blurred, and the veil of distance which enwraps the vessel, answers back perhaps to the mist that gathers in your own eyes. And you turn and thoughtfully wend your way back home; your thoughts go out after him and his come back to you; they meet and pass but do not salute. No means of interchange. And through the still evening you think; and through the still night you think. There is one thing that comforts you. You cannot quite picture *where* he is, you cannot tell *how* he is; but there is one thing that your heart fastens to. You know that *he is; he is*.

It is not much, but when it is all it is a good deal.

He is. He has a mind and a heart. And just this instant when you are thinking he is thinking—somewhere: just this moment when you are loving,—loving him he is loving, perhaps he is loving you.—*Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst.*

THE SONG OF TRUST

Dear Lord, since thou didst make the earth,
Thou mad'st it not for grief, but mirth:
Therefore will I be glad,
And let who will be sad.

For if I load my life with care,
What profits me the buxom air,
And what the sweet birds' choir,
Or heaven's azure fire?

If I cannot choose but weep,
Weeping I'll think I do but sleep
'Till thou shalt bid me wake
And triumph for thy sake.

Lord, as 't is thine eternal state,
With joy undimmed to contemplate
The world that thou hast wrought,
As mirror for thy thought.

So every morning I would rise,
And offer thee for sacrifice
A spirit light and clear
As thy wide atmosphere.

For, Lord, since all is well with thee,
It cannot well be ill with me.



CHRIST THE CONSOLER

AS ONE HIS MOTHER COMFORTETH

Thy way lies o'er the mountain road,
 The end thou canst not see;
 And, child, thou hast a weary load,
 Wilt pause and rest with Me?
 As one his mother comforteth,
 So will I comfort thee.
 The night grows dark, the storm is wild,
 Thy burden hard to bear,
 Why stagger on, thou weary child,
 When I am here to share?
 Nay as a mother comforteth,
 To take, Myself, thy care.
 To be thy refuge from all harm,
 To bear thy grief and smart,
 To Me the pain, for thee the balm;
 Thou, of thyself, a part.
 Thy cradle waits thee—in My arms
 Thy pillow is My heart.
 There! rest thee now; in every sound
 Of wind or wave or tree,
 Hear thou My whisper: "I have found
 A child!" Stay close by Me!
 As one his mother comforteth,
 So will I comfort thee.—*Mary Lowe Dickinson.*

THE WAY HOME

George MacDonald muses: "To pass through the valley of the shadow of death is the way home." And many look forward to that last step of the pilgrimage not only with no fear, but with delighted anticipation.

"I feel about all things as I do about the things that happen in a hotel after my trunk is packed to go home," wrote Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, toward the end of her pilgrimage, to George Eliot. "I may be vexed and annoyed. . . . But what of it! I am going home soon!"

And on our arrival shall we not be met by friends, even as we are met by them on earth at the end of a journey? How sweet to think that the familiar helping hands will be stretched forth as of old to assist our first faltering steps, that the well-known hearty voices will sound their welcome in our ears. It was old General Moltke who wrote to his sister after such a meeting with his wife: "As Mary met me joyously at the railway station after the campaign in 1866, so I hope she will meet me above when the torture of this life is at last over. For that I often yearn with all my heart."—*P. W. Roose.*

DEATH OF LITTLE PAUL

Paul had never risen from his little bed. He lay there, listening to the noises in the street, quite tranquilly; not caring much how time went, but watching it and watching everything about him with observing eyes.

When the sunbeams struck into his room through the rustling blinds, and quivered on the opposite wall like golden water, he knew that evening was coming on, and that the sky was red and beautiful. As the reflection died away, and a gloom went creeping up the wall, he watched it deepen, deepen, deepen into night. Then he thought how the long streets were dotted with lamps, and how the peaceful stars were shining overhead.

His fancy had a strange tendency to wander to the river, which he knew was flowing through the great city; and now he thought how black it was, and how deep it would look, reflecting the host of stars,—and more than all, how steadily it rolled away to meet the sea.

As it grew later in the night, and footsteps in the streets became so rare that he could hear them coming, count them as they passed and lose them in the hollow distance, he would lie and watch the many-colored rings about the candle, and wait patiently for the day. His only trouble was the swift and rapid river. He felt forced, sometimes, to try and stop it—to stem it with his childish hands or choke its way with sand; and when he saw it coming on, restless, he cried out! But a word from Florence, who was always at his side, restored him to himself, and leaning his poor head upon her breast, he told Floy of his dream.

When the day began to dawn again he watched for the sun; and when its cheerful light began to sparkle in the room he pictured to himself—pictured! he saw—the high church towers up in the morning sky, the town reviving, waking, starting into life once more, the river glistening as it rolled (but rolling fast as ever), and the country bright with dew.

Familiar sounds and cries came by degrees into the street below; the servants in the house were roused and busy; faces looked in at the door and voices asked his attendants softly how he was. Paul always answered for himself “I am better. I am a great deal better, thank you. Tell papa so!”

By little and little he got tired of the bustle of the day, the noise of carriages and carts, and people passing and repassing, and would fall asleep, or be troubled with a restless and uneasy sense again—the child could hardly tell whether this were in his sleeping or his waking moments—of that rushing river. “Why, will it never stop, Floy?” he would sometimes ask her. “It is bearing me away, I think!”

But Floy could always soothe and reassure him; and it was his daily delight to make her lay her head down on his pillow and take some rest.

“Now lay me down,” he said; “and, Floy, come close to me and let me see you!”

Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the olden light came streaming in, and fell upon them, locked together.

"How fast the river runs between its banks and the rushes, Floy! But it's very near the sea. I hear the waves! They always said so!"

Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were now, how bright the flowers growing on them, and how tall the rushes! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on. And now there was a shore before him. Who stood on the bank?

He put his hands together, as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it; but they saw him fold them so, behind her neck.

"Mamma is like you, Floy. I know her by the face! But tell them that the print upon the stairs at school is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go!"

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion,—Death!

O, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean!—*Charles Dickens.*



AT EVENTIDE

STARS OF MIDNIGHT

When we regard the stars of midnight, we veritably perceive the mansions of nature, countless and illimitable; so that even our narrow senses reprove our timid minds.

If such shadows of an immeasurable and inexhaustible future of peace, happiness, beauty and knowledge be but ever so faintly cast from what are real existences, fear and care might at one word, pass from the minds of men, as evil dreams depart from little children, waking to their mother's kiss.—*Edwin Arnold.*

THE MEETING-PLACE

Where the faded flowers shall freshen,
 Freshen never more to fade;
 Where the shaded sky shall brighten,
 Brighten never more to shade;
 Where the sun-blaze never scorches;
 Where the star-beams cease to chill;
 Where no tempest stirs the echoes
 Of the wood, or wave, or hill;
 Where the morn shall wake in gladness,
 And the moon the joy prolong;
 Where the daylight dies in fragrance
 'Mid the burst of holy song—
 Brother, we shall meet and rest
 'Mid the holy and the blest.

Where no shadow shall bewilder;
 Where life's vain parade is o'er;
 Where the sleep of sin is broken,
 And the dreamer dreams no more;
 Where the bond is never severed—
 Partings, claspings, sobs, and moan,
 Midnight waking, twilight weeping,
 Heavy noontide—all are done;
 Where the child has found its mother,
 Where the mother finds the child;
 Where dear families are gathered
 That were scattered on the wild—
 Brother, we shall meet and rest
 'Mid the holy and the blest.—*Bonar.*

The Heaven that rolls around and cries aloud to you, while it displays its eternal beauties, and yet your eye is fixed on earth alone.—*Dante.*



"WHERE THE CHILD HAS FOUND ITS MOTHER"

FOR THEM THAT LOVE GOD

Were obedience entire and love perfect, then would the revelation of the Spirit to the soul of man be perfect, too. There would be trust expelling care, and enabling a man to repose:—there would be a love which would cast out fear:—there would be a sympathy with the mighty All of God:—selfishness would pass, isolation would be felt no longer;—the tide of the universal and eternal Life would come with mighty pulsations throbbing through the soul. To such a man it would not matter where he was, nor what:—to live or die would be alike. If he lived, he would live unto the Lord; if he died, he would die to the Lord. The bed of down surrounded by friends, or the martyr's stake, girt round with curses—what matter which? Stephen, dragged, hurried, driven, felt the glory of God streaming on his face: when the shades of faintness were gathering round his eyes, and the world was fading away into indistinctness, "the things prepared" were given him.

EYE HATH NOT SEEN

It is not mere external loveliness that will make the heaven of our rest and our hope. Beautiful as heaven may be and must be, it would be a poor and empty thing to make the soul's eternal rest, if you had said your best of it when you had told us of its outward beauty. It is not walls of gems and gates of pearl that will make the soul happy! It must be something "that eye hath not seen and ear hath not heard" that shall do that! It is the righteous and holy heart, in the Saviour's presence. It is, that in the golden city sin is done forever; and the soul made perfect in holiness, blest with a spiritual bliss that will make it feel it never knew happiness before. And *that* is what makes heaven. All the glories and beauties of the Revelation are mere slight incidental trifles when compared with that! There may be pearly streams and silver sand—we do not know; there may be diamond dews glittering on fadeless flowers; there may be golden pavements and glassy seas; there may be palms of triumph, and thrones of gold, and palaces not built with hands, that tower into that sky of cloudless blue; it may be that every description the Bible gives us of the materialism of heaven shall be fulfilled to the letter; but oh, the grand thing will be the moral atmosphere of purity and holiness, pervaded by the Redeemer's presence: the grand thing will be that all evil—everything that defileth—shall be done with forever.

HOBBIES

Aunt Mary's sick-room was the brightest room in the house. She had enough aches and pains to confound *Materia Medica*. Her shelf was crystalized with bottles, and her stand was black with plasters. She could not lay down more than five minutes. Her appetite was denied all savory morsels. It was always soup, or toast, or gruel, or panado. She had not walked into the sunlight for fifteen years. Weddings came, for which with her thin, blue-

veined hands she had knit beautiful presents, but she could not mingle in the congratulations nor see how the bride looked at the altar. She never again expected to hear a sermon, or sit at the sacrament, or join in the doxology of worshippers. The blithe days of her girlhood would never come back, when she could range the fields in springtime in flushed excitement, plucking handfuls of wild roses from the thicket till hands and cheeks looked like different blooms on the same trellis.

While quite young she had been sent to a first-class boarding-school. When she had finished her education, she was herself finished. Instead of the romp of the fields, she took the exhausting exercise at five-o'clock of the school procession, madame ahead; madame behind; step to step; waterfall to waterfall; eyes right; chins down; noses out; their hearts like muffled drums beating funeral marches. Stop the side glances of those hazel eyes! Quit the tossing of those flaxen curls!

She was the only one of the family fortunate enough to get a first-class education. The other females grew up so stout and well, they might have been considered, vulgarly speaking, *healthy*, and went out into life to make happy homes and help the poor; only once, and that in the presence of a wound they were dressing, having attempted to faint away, but failed in the undertaking, as their constitution would not allow it. Thus they always had to acknowledge the disadvantage of not having had the first-class education of Aunt Mary. What if her nerves were worn out, she could read *Les Aventures de Telemaque* to pay for it. She had sharp pains, but she could understand the Latin phrases in which Dr. Pancoast described them. Her temples throbbed, but then it was a satisfaction to know that it came from being struck on the head with a Greek lexicon. The plasters were uncomfortable, but, oh! the delights of knowing their geometrical shape: the one a pentagon, the other a hexagon. At school in anatomical class she had come to believe that she had a liver, but it had been only a speculative theory; now she had practical demonstration.

Enough to say, Aunt Mary was a life-long invalid, and yet her room was more attractive than any other. The children had to be punished for going up-stairs and interrupting Auntie's napping hours. The kitten would purr at the invalid's door seeking admittance. At daybreak, the baby would crawl out of the crib and tap its tiny knuckles against the door, waiting for Aunt Mary to open it. If Charlie got from a schoolfellow a handful of peaches, the ripest was saved for Auntie. At nightfall, a little procession of frisky night-gowns went up to say their prayers in Auntie's room, until three years of age, supposing that she was the divinity to be worshiped: one hand on their foot, and the other over their eyes that would peep through into Auntie's face during the solemnities, the "forever and ever, amen," dashed into Auntie's neck with a shower of good-night kisses.

When a young maiden of the neighborhood had a great secret to keep, she was apt to get Aunt Mary to help her keep it. Auntie could sympathize

with any young miss who at the picnic had nice things said to her. Auntie's face had not always been so wrinkled. She had a tiny key to a little box hid away in the back part of the top-drawer, that could have revealed a romance worth telling. In that box a pack of letters in bold hand directed to Miss Mary Tyndale. Also, a locket that contained a curl of brown hair that had been cut from the brow of the college student in whose death her brightest hopes were blasted. Also, two or three pressed flowers, which the last time she was out she brought from the cemetery. When in conversation with a young heart in tender mood she opened that box, she would say nothing for some moments after. Then she would look very earnestly into the eyes of the maiden, and say, "God bless you, my dear child! I hope you will be very happy!"

Everybody knew her by name, and people who had never seen her face, the black and white, the clean and filthy, those who rode in coaches and those who trudged the tow-path, would cry out when one of the family passed. "How is Aunt Mary to-day?" On Monday morning the minister would go in, and read more theology in the bright face of the Christian invalid than he had yesterday preached in two sermons, and her voice was as strengthening to him as the long-metre Doxology sung to the tune of "Old Hundred." When people with a heartache could get no relief elsewhere, they came to that sick-room and were comforted. Auntie had another key that did not open the box in the back part of the top-drawer of the bureau; it was a golden key that opened the casket of the Divine promises. Beside the bottles that stood on Auntie's shelf, was God's bottle in which he gathers all our tears. God had given to that thin hand the power to unloose the captive. And they who went in wailing came out singing. John Bunyan's pilgrim carried his burden a great while: he never knew Auntie.

* * * * * *

Yes! yes! the brightest room in the house was hers. Not the less so on the day when we were told she must leave us. That one small room could not keep her. She heard a voice bidding her away. The children broke forth into a tumult of weeping. The place got brighter. There must have been angels in the room. The feet of the celestial ladder were on both sides of that pillow. Little Mary (named after her aunt) said, "Who will hear me say my prayers now?" George said, "Who now will take my part?" Katie cried, "Who will tell us sweet stories about heaven?" Brighter and brighter grew the place. ANGELS IN THE ROOM! Sound no dirge. Toll no bells. wear no black. But form a procession of chants, anthems, chorals, and hallelujahs! Put white blossoms in her hand! A white robe on her body! White garlands about her brow! And *he*, from whose tomb she plucked the flowers the last time she was out, come down to claim his bride. And so let the procession mount the hill, chants, anthems, chorals, and hallelujahs: *Forward!* the line of march reaching from enchanted sick-room to "house of many mansions."



THE PRINCIPAL BUILDING AT MONT-LAWN
THE CHILDREN'S SONG*

Who shall sing if not the children?
 Did not Jesus die for them?
 May they not with other jewels,
 Sparkle in his diadem?
 Why to them were voices given—
 Bird-like voices sweet and clear?
 Why, if not the songs of heaven
 They begin to practice here?

There's a choir of infant songsters,
 White-robed 'round the Saviour's throne;
 Angels cease, and waiting, listen!
 Oh! 'tis sweeter than their own.
 Faith can hear the rapturous choral
 When her ear is upward turned;
 Is not this the same perfected
 Which upon the earth they learned?

A HOME FOR LITTLE CHILDREN*

There's a friend for little children, above the bright blue sky,
A friend who never changes, whose love will never die;
Our earthly friends may fail us, and change with changing years,
This friend is always worthy of that dear name He bears.

There's a home for little children, above the bright blue sky.
Where Jesus reigns in glory, a home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it, nor can with it compare;
For every one is happy, nor could be happier there.



HOPE COTTAGE, ONE OF THE BUILDINGS AT MONT-LAWN

There's a song for little children, above the bright blue sky,
A song that will not weary, though sung continually;
A song which even angels can never, never sing;
They know not Christ as Saviour, but worship him as King.

There's a crown for little children, above the bright blue sky,
And all who look for Jesus shall wear it by and by;
All, all above is treasured, and found in Christ alone:
Lord, grant thy little children to know thee as their own.

* Sung at Mont-Lawn, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home, Nyack-on-the-Hudson, New York.

WHEN EARTH REBLOOMS

God destroys only to create something more beautiful; and upon the ruins of the sentenced and purified world his hand raises up another which—not only for the cleansed vision of its new inhabitants, but in a reality as yet to us unknown—shall bloom in unfading splendor. If we mistake not, the last page of the Apocalypse especially opens up to us the prospect of a new order of things, in which the old boundary-line between heaven and earth is effaced, and this latter, now inhabited by perfectly redeemed ones, itself has become part of heaven.—*J. Van Oosterzee.*

THE GRANDCHILD IN HEAVEN

His only grandson and namesake, who was born on November 7, 1897, was taken home November 30, 1898, while Mr. Moody was absent in Colorado. In a letter to the parents, written from Colorado Springs, he said:

....“I know Dwight is having a good time, and we should rejoice with him. What would the mansions be without children? He was the last to come into our circle, and he is the first to go up there! So safe, so free from all the sorrow that we are passing through! I do thank God for such a life. It was nearly all smiles and sunshine, and what a glorified body he will have; and with what joy he will await your coming? God does not give us such strong love for each other for a few days or years, but it is going to last forever, and you will have the dear little man with you for ages and ages, and love will keep increasing. The Master had need of him or he would not have called him, and you should feel highly honored that you had anything in your home that he wanted.

“I cannot think of him as belonging to earth. The more I think of him the more I think he was only sent to us to draw us all closer to each other, and up to the world of light and joy. I could not wish him back if he could have all earth could give him. And then the thought that the Saviour will take such good care of him! No going astray, no sickness, no death. Dear, dear little fellow! I love to think of him; so sweet, so safe, and so lovely! His life was not only blameless, but faultless; and if his life here was so sweet, what will it be up there? I believe the only thing he took away from earth was that sweet smile, and I have no doubt that when he saw the Saviour he smiled as he did when he saw you, and the word that keeps coming to my mind is this: ‘It is well with the child.’ Only think of his translation! Thank God, Dwight is safe at home; and we shall all of us see him soon. Your loving father, D. L. Moody.”
—*Life of Moody by His Son.*

O weary hearts! O slumbering eyes!
O drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again! —*Longfellow.*



“THE FRAGRANCE AND RADIANCE OF THE ROSE”

LIFE LIKE A SEED

This life is like the seed; the resurrection life, like the plant that grows from the seed. Who would dream that all the strength and beauty of an oak was enclosed in the acorn? Who would imagine that the radiance and fragrance of the rose could develop from the seed of the rose, or the brilliance of a tulip from a bulb? How could a seed under ground, if it had consciousness, obtain any faintest idea of what the springtime world is above ground; or from its own form, mouldering into dust, what its nature, and surroundings.

and work would be when it grew into the air and sunlight? Or suppose some inhabitant of another world should visit this world in winter, and looking at the seeds and bulbs in the seed store, or the bare trees in the fields, should be told what they were to become in spring. How could you make known the fact if he hesitated to believe? You would take him to a greenhouse and let him see specimens, the actual results of seeds planted. Now Jesus raised from the dead is a specimen, a fact, which proves what may be true of men.

NO SECTS IN HEAVEN

Talking of sects quite late one eve,
What one and another of saints believe,
That night I stood in a troubled dream
By the side of a darkly-flowing stream,
And a "churchman" down to the river came,
When I heard a strange voice call his name:
"Good father, stop; when you cross this tide
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind,
And his long gown floated out behind,
As down to the stream his way he took,
His hands hold firm of a gilt-edged book.
"I'm bound for heaven, and when I'm there
I shall want my Book of Common Prayer;
And though I put on a starry crown,
I shall feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eyes on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy, and held him back;
And the poor old father tried in vain
A single step in the flood to gain.
I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated on the tide,
And no one asked, in that blissful spot,
If he belonged to "the church" or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed,
His dress of sober hue was made,
"My hat and coat must be all of gray,
I cannot go any other way."
Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,
And staidly, solemnly waded in,
And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down tight
Over his forehead, so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat,
And he sighed a few moments after that,
And then, as he gazed to the farther shore,
The coat slipped off and was seen no more.
Poor, dying Quaker, thy suit of gray
Is quietly sailing—away—away.
But thou'lt go to heaven as straight as an arrow,
Whether thy brim be broad or narrow.

Next came Dr. Watts with a bundle of psalms
Tied nicely up in his aged arms,
And hymns as many—a very wise thing,
That the people in heaven, “all round,” might sing.
But I thought he heaved an anxious sigh,
As he saw that the river ran broad and high!
And looked rather surprised, as one by one,
The psalms and hymns in the wave went down.

And after him, with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of Godliness.
But he cried, “Dear me, what shall I do,
The water has soaked them through and through?”
And there, on the river, far and wide,
Away they went on the swollen tide,
And the saint, astonished, passed through alone,
Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.

Then gravely walking, two saints by name,
Down to the stream together came,
But as they stopped at the river's brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink.
“Sprinkled or plunged, may I ask you, friend,
How you attained to life's great end?”
“Thus, with a few drops on our brow.”
“But I've been dipped, as you'll see me now.

“And I really think it will hardly do,
As I'm ‘close communion,’ to cross with you,
You're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss,
But you must go that way, and I'll go this.”
And straightway plunging with all his might,
Away to the left—his friend at the right,
Apart they went from this world of sin.
But together the brethren “entered in.”

And now where the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian church went down;
Of women there seemed an innumerable throng,
But the men I could count as they passed along,
And concerning the road they could never agree
The *old* or the *new* way, which it could be;
Nor ever a moment paused to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring long and loud
Came ever up from the moving crowd,
"You're in the old way, and I'm in the new,
That is the false, and this is the true,"
Or, "I'm in the old way, and you're in the new,
That is the false, and *this* is the true."
But the *brethren* only seemed to speak,
Modest the sisters walked, and meek.

And if ever one of them chanced to say
What troubles she met with on the way,
How she longed to pass to the other side,
Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide,
A voice arose from the brethren then,
"Let no one speak but the 'holy men,'
For have ye not heard the words of Paul?
'Oh, let the women keep silence all.'"

I watched them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the border of the stream,
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met,
But all the brethren were talking yet,
And would talk on, till the heaving tide
Carried them over, side by side;
Side by side, for the way was one,
The toilsome journey of life was done;

And priest and Quaker, like them who died,
Came out alike on the other side;
No forms, or crosses, or books had they,
No gowns of silk, or suits of gray;
No creeds to guide them, or MSS.,
For all had put on "Christ's Righteousness."

—Mrs. Elizabeth H. Jocelyn.

MARRIAGE IN HEAVEN

In heaven "they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels." The ties between lives there are spiritual ties; the marriages of earth,



"YOU SPOKE OF YOUR HUSBAND"

the friendship of earth, may be remade, they may not. Only one thing is certain, that where the closest and most real union has been formed on earth, and in addition there has been also union such as angels have in love and trust in one Father, in holiness of life such as brings perfect sympathy—then death counts as nothing in the question; there will be certain reunion by the spiritual law of affinity.

Shall death sever that companion's life, divide two hearts that know each other? It never can if you will complete your love by adding to it the love of God. Therefore send through all the love of earth the eternal love which is eternal life, and makes all which pervades eternal.—*Rev. S. A. Brooke* (*Chaplain to Queen Victoria*). * * *

But there is one thing—you spoke of families living together. "Yes." And you spoke of your husband. But the Bible says "There shall be no marrying nor giving in marriage." I know that. Nor will there be such marrying or giving in marriage as there is in a world like this. Christ expressly goes on to state that we shall be as the angels in heaven. How do we know what heavenly unions of heart with heart exist among the angels? It leaves me margin enough to live and be happy with John forever, and it holds many possibilities for the settlement of all perplexing questions brought about by the relations of this world. It is of no use to talk much about them. But it is on that very verse that I found my unshaken belief that they will be smoothed out in some natural and happy way, with which each one shall be content.

"Two things that He has taught us," she said, after a silence, "give me beautiful assurance that none of these dreams with which I help myself can be beyond his intention to fulfil. One is, that 'eye hath not seen it, nor ear heard it,

nor the heart conceived it '—this lavishness of reward which He is keeping for us. Another is, 'That I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness.'"—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

THE GATE KEEPERS

Once more, I want to show you the gate keepers. There is one angel at each one of these gates. You say that is right. Of course it is. You know that no earthly palace or castle or fortress would be safe without a sentry pacing up and down by night and by day; and if there were no defences before heaven, and the doors set wide open with no one to guard them, all the vicious of earth would go up after a while, and all the abandoned of hell would go up after a while; and heaven, instead of being a world of light and joy and peace and blessedness, would be a world of darkness and horror. So I am glad to tell you that while these twelve gates stand open to let a great multitude in, there are twelve angels to keep some people out. Robespierre cannot go through there, nor Hildebrand, nor Nero, nor any of the debauched of earth who have died unrepentant of their wickedness. If one of these nefarious men, who despised God, should come to the gate, one of the keepers would put his hand on his shoulder and push him into outer darkness. There is no place in that land for thieves, and liars, and libertines, and defrauders, and all those who disgraced their race and fought against their God. If a miser should get in there, he would pull up the golden pavement. If a housebreaker should get in there, he would set fire to the mansion. If a libertine should get in there, he would whisper his abominations standing on the white coral of the sea beach. Only those who are blood-washed and prayer-lipped will get through. There will be a password at the gate of Heaven. Do you know what that password is? It is "Jesus."—*Rcv. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.*

THE OPEN GATE

Transfigured in His Glory fair
 The whole earth stands, one house of prayer—
 One ante-room of heaven;
 For surely, though we know it not,
 God's presence is in every spot,
 To those who seek it given.

Then let us strive, and work, and wait,
 As those who see that opened gate—
 That glory in our night;
 So that at last, through Christ the way,
 We, too, may tread that land of day,
 Where God, the Lord, is light.

FEAR DEATH?

Fear death?—to feel the frog in my throat,
 The mist in my face.
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
 I am nearing the place,
 The power of the night, the press of the storm,
 The post of the foe;
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear, in a visible form,
 Yet the strong man must go:
 For the journey is done and the summit attained,
 And the barriers fall,
 Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
 The reward of it all.
 I was ever a fighter, so one fight more,—
 The best and the last!
 I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forebore,
 And bade me creep past.
 No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
 The heroes of old,
 Bear the brunt,—in a minute pay glad life's arrears
 Of pain, darkness, and cold.
 For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
 The black minute's at end;
 And the elements rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,
 Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
 Then a light, then my breast,—
 O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
 And with God be at rest!—*Robert Browning.*

TO EACH HIS PLACE

God has given to each his talent and his temperament, and in the church below he has made his diversity of gifts not a discord but a symphony—a source not of confusion and disorder, but of beauty and stable symmetry. And so, doubtless, will it continue on high. It is easy to imagine that Isaac still will meditate, and that the sweet singer of Israel shall neither be at a loss for a golden harp nor good matter in a song. It is easy to imagine that Paul will find some outlet for his eloquence, and Peter for his energy; and not easy to conceive that John the Divine will be the same as Philip or Matthew, or Martha, the busy housekeeper, the same as Mary, the adoring listener. To every precious stone there remains its several tint; to every star its own glory; to every denizen of the church above his own office, and to every member of the heavenly family his own mansion.—*Hamilton.*

HEAVEN'S MINISTRIES

Oh, there are households among you where some son or daughter who is dead, is stronger in the shaping of the daily life than any of the men and women who are still alive. His character is at once a standard and an inspiration. . . . To say that he is not *with you* is to make companionship altogether a physical, not at all a spiritual thing. To say that he is absent from you, and that the neighbor of whom you know nothing, for whom you care nothing, and who cares nothing for you, is present with you, is to confuse all thoughts of neighborhood, to put the false for the true, the superficial for the deep.

This is the difference of men—those whose power stops with their death, and those whose power really opens into its true richness when they die. The first sort of men have mechanical power. The second sort of men have spiritual power. And the final test and witness of spiritual force is seen in the ability to cast the bodily life away and yet continue to give help and courage and wisdom to those who see us no longer; to be, like Christ, the helper of men's souls even from beyond the grave. . . . "No man hath seen God at any time," said Jesus, but (beyond death) the power of the new life is to be that "we shall see Him as he is." It is our privilege to dwell upon the untold, unguessed glory of the world that is to come. It is a poor economy of spiritual motive which tries to make heaven real by taking out of it all thought of inexpressible and new delight, and bringing it down to the tame repetition of the scenes and ways of earth. But no one listens to the talk or reads the books that are written about heaven without feeling that the glory and delight which they speak of are far too completely separated in kind from any which this world's experience has taught us how to value. It ought not to be so. The highest, truest thought of heaven which man can have is of the full completion of those processes whose beginning he has witnessed here,—their completion into degrees of perfectness as yet inconceivable, but still one in kind with what he is aware of now.—*Phillips Brooks.*



WEEP NOT FOR HER

Weep not for her, for she hath crossed the river,
 We almost saw *Him* meet her on the shore
 And lead her through the golden gates, where never
 Sorrow or death can enter any more,

Weep not for her, that she hath reached before us
 The safe, warm shelter of her long-loved home;
 Weep not for her, she may be bending o'er us,
 In quiet wonder when we too shall come.

Weep not for her; think how she may be kneeling
 Gazing her fill upon the Master's face;
 A loving, humble smile, but half revealing
 The perfect peace she feels in *Mary's* place.

THE GRAVE AND RESURRECTION

Dear friends, lift up your eyes from graves. It was not in the tomb, it was away from it, that the risen Saviour showed himself to Mary Magdalene. Why seek ye the living among the dead? The Easter angel has been asking us that question for well-nigh two thousand years, and we seem not to have learned the full purport of it even yet. The grave the place of resurrection? God forbid that such a thought should for a moment find lodgment in any Christian mind. Why, some of earth's best and bravest have no graves and never had. Of others, besides Moses, the servant of God, might it be written that no man knoweth their sepulchre unto this day. Where will Wyclif, morning star of the Reformation, rise from the dead? They took his poor body, or what was left of it, from the grave; they burned it to ashes, and threw the ashes into the Avon; the Avon bore them to the Severn, and the Severn carried them to the sea. Think you it happens thus with what God plants in the seed-plot of eternal life? No: he has better care for his elect than that. The soul is the essential thing. It is there that the true secret of personal identity resides. We may safely trust God to give it a body as it shall please him, and to every soul a body rightly expressive of itself.

Does it follow that kindly care of the places where the bodies of our dead are laid is superfluous or blameworthy? Not at all. Even the cast-off garment of the soul has sanctity beyond all common clay. There is little enough of poetry in life, and we can ill afford to scoff at anything that may remain to us of sentiment.

'Tis little, but it looks, in truth,
 As if the quiet bones were blest
 Among familiar names to rest,
 And in the places of his youth.

—*Rev. William Reed Huntington.*

HEAVEN NOW READY

Absent from the body they are present with the Lord, in his Father's House. Into the very Heaven where Christ is gone they are admitted. They have "a place" in its many mansions. Can we believe that the promise to Peter and James and John, "I am to come back and receive you to myself," has not yet been fulfilled? That Heaven has not yet been prepared for them; nor for the translated Enoch and Elijah; nor for David and Isaiah; that the dying Stephen saw the gates of "Heaven" open only to delude his faith, and that the Lord Jesus has not yet received his spirit into that blessed world? Or that Paul, after an absence of eighteen hundred years from his body, is not yet present with the Lord? Impossible. Christ is present at the death of every believer, and may therefore be said to come back to receive his spirit. The soul goes forth to him into the many mansions of his Father's House.—*Faber*.

LAZARUS

When Lazarus left his charnel-cave,
And home to Mary's house return'd,
Was this demanded—if he yearn'd
To hear her weeping by his grave?

"Where wert thou, brother, those four days?"

There lives no record of reply.
Which telling what it is to die
Had surely added praise to praise.

From every house the neighbors met,
The streets were fill'd with joyful sound,
A solemn gladness even crown'd
The purple brows of Olivet.

Behold a man raised up by Christ!
The rest remaineth unreveal'd;
He told it not; or something seal'd
The lips of that Evangelist.—*Tennyson*.

THE HEART'S CENTRE

Well may this happiness be described under the notion of rest, since those desires, which were never at rest before, will then be so; and the human heart, so given to wander from object to object, shall find its proper centre, and there fix forever, not feeling any opposite attraction.—*H. Grove*.

By Heaven we understand a state of happiness infinite in degree and endless in duration.—*Franklin*.



“ LIKE A BIRD ”

A MESSAGE

He who died at Azan sends
 This to comfort all his friends.
 Faithful friends! It lies, I know,
 Pale and white and cold as snow;
 And ye say, "Abdallah's dead!"
 Weeping at the feet and head,
 I can see your falling tears
 I can hear your sighs and prayers;
 Yet I smile and whisper this—
 "I am not the thing you kiss;
 Cease your tears and let it lie;
 It was mine, it is not 'I.'"

* * * * *

"Sweet friends! what the women lave
 For its last bed, called the grave,
 Is a hut which I am quitting,
 Is a garment no more fitting,
 Is a cage from which at last
 Like a bird, my soul has passed;
 Love the inmate, not the room;
 The wearer, not the garb; the plume
 Of the falcon, not the bars
 Which kept him from those splendid stars!

* * * * *

"Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell!
 Where I am, ye too shall dwell.
 I am gone before your face
 A moment's time, a little space;
 When ye come where I have stepped,
 Ye will wonder why ye wept;
 Ye will know by wise love taught
 That here is all, and there is naught,
 Weep awhile, if ye are fain—
 Sunshine still must follow rain—
 Only not at death; for death
 Now we know is that first breath
 Which our souls draw when we enter
 Life, which is of life the centre.—*Sir Edwin Arnold.*

Heaven is the seeing God eternally as he is; and loving him without ever losing him.—*Bosseut.*

RABBI MIER AND HIS TWO SONS

"Whoso hath found a virtuous wife hath a greater treasure than costly pearls."

Such a treasure had the celebrated teacher, Rabbi Mier, found. He sat the whole of one Sabbath day in the school and instructed the people. During his absence from his house his two sons died, both of them of uncommon beauty, and enlightened in the law. His wife bore them to her bedchamber, laid them upon the marriage bed, and spread a white covering over their bodies. In the evening Rabbi Mier came home.

* * * * *

"Where are my two sons," said he, "that I may give them my blessing."

"They are gone to the school," was the answer.

"I repeatedly looked round the school," he replied, "and I did not see them there."

She reached him a goblet, he praised the Lord at the going out of the Sabbath, drank, and again asked:

"Where are my two sons, that they, too, may drink of the cup of blessing?"

"They will not be far off," she said, and placed food before him that he might eat.

He was in a gladsome and genial mood, and when he had said grace after the meal, she thus addressed him:

"Rabbi, with thy permission, I would fain propose to thee one question."

"Ask it then, my love," he replied.

"A few days ago a person intrusted some jewels to my custody, and now he demands them; should I give them back?"

"That is a question," said Rabbi Mier, "which my wife should not have thought it necessary to ask. What! wouldst thou hesitate or be reluctant to restore to everyone his own?"

"No," she replied; "but yet I thought it best not to restore them without acquainting thee therewith." She then led him to their chamber, and stepping to the bed, took the white covering from the dead bodies.

"Ah, my sons, my sons," thus loudly lamented the father—"my sons, the light of mine eyes and the light of my understanding. I was your father, but ye were my teachers in the law."

The mother turned away and wept bitterly. At length she took her husband by the hand and said:

"Rabbi, didst thou not teach me that we must not be reluctant to restore that which was entrusted to our keeping? See, the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord!"

"Blessed be the name of the Lord!" echoed Rabbi Mier, "and blessed be his name for thy sake, too! For well it is written, 'Whoso hath found a virtuous wife hath a greater treasure than costly pearls; she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.'"

"NOT BUILT WITH HANDS"

A city never built with hands, nor hoary with the years of time—a city whose inhabitants no census has numbered—a city through whose streets rush no tides of business, nor nodding hearse creeps slowly with its burden to the tomb—a city without griefs or graves, without sins or sorrows, without births or burials, without marriages or mournings—a city which glories in having Jesus for its King, angels for its guards, saints for its citizens; whose walls are salvation, and whose gates are praise.—*Rev. T. Guthrie, D.D.*

I SHALL GO TO HIM

Recall one of the most touching incidents in the life of David. While his child was sick, he exhibited every token of distress, but when it was reported to him that life had departed from the little body, his whole demeanor changed, so that his servants in surprise, said, "What thing is this that thou hast done? Thou didst fast and weep for the child while it was alive, but when the child was dead thou didst rise and eat bread." (II. Sam. xii., 21.) The answer of the afflicted king was a model one, expressive of anxious care and prayerful effort while there was the slightest thread to hang upon, of resignation when all earthly hope was gone, and of a decided assurance of union in the world to come: "While the child was alive I fasted and wept: for I said, Who can tell whether God will be gracious to me, that the child may live? But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him but he shall not return to me."

"I shall go to him." Language more pertinent could scarcely be found to indicate David's belief that death was not an eternal separator, but that when he, too, should die, he should meet with his child beyond the grave.

This record was written under the guidance of the Holy Ghost.—*Rob't M. Patterson.*

BE NOBLE

We must be nobler for our dead, be sure,
Than for the quick. We might their living eyes
Deceive with gloss of seeming; but all lies
Were vain to cheat a prescience spirit-pure.
Our souls' true worth and aim however poor,

They see who watch us from some deathless skies
With glance death-quicken'd. That no sad surprise
Sting them in seeing, be ours to secure.
Living, our loved ones make us what they dream;
Dead, if they see, they know us as we are.
Henceforward we must be, not merely seem.—*Arlo Bates.*

GUARDIAN ANGELS

How pure at heart and sound in head,
 With what divine affections bold
 Should be the man whose thought would hold
 An hour's communion with the dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any, call
 The spirits from their golden day
 Except, like them, thou too canst say,
 My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the breast,
 Imaginations calm and fair,
 The memory like a cloudless air,
 The conscience as a sea at rest:

But when the heart is full of din,
 And doubt beside the portal waits,
 They can but listen at the gates,
 And hear the household jar within.

* * * *

Do we indeed desire the dead
 Should still be near us at our side?
 Is there no baseness we would hide,
 No inner vileness that we dread?

Shall he for whose applause I strove,
 I had such reverence for his blame,
 See with clear eye some hidden shame
 And I be lessen'd in his love?

I wrong the grave with fears untrue:
 Shall love be blamed for want of faith?
 There must be wisdom with great Death:
 The dead shall look me thro' and thro'.

Be near us when we climb or fall:
 Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours
 With larger other eyes than ours,
 To make allowance for us all.—*Alfred Tennyson.*

Blessed are they that are homesick, for they shall come at last to the
 Father's house.—*Henrich Stillings.*



THE GUARDIAN ANGEL

SALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER?

Heaven is not a solitude; it is a peopled city, a city in which there are no strangers, no homeless, no poor, where one does not pass another in the street without greeting, where no one is envious of another's minstrelsy or of another's more brilliant crown. When God said in the ancient Eden, "It is not good for man to be alone," there was a deeper signification in the words than could be exhausted or explained by the family tie. It was the declaration of an essential want which the Creator in his highest wisdom has impressed upon the noblest of his works. That is not life—you do not call that life—where the hermit in some moorland glade drags out a solitary existence, or where the captive in some cell of bondage frets and pines unseen? That man does not understand solitude.

Life, all kinds of life, tends to companionship, and rejoices in it, from the larvæ and buzzing insect cloud up to the kingly lion and the kinglier man. It is a social state into which we are to be introduced, as well as a state of consciousness. Not only, therefore, does the Saviour pray for his disciples, "Father, I will that those whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory," but those who are in that heavenly recompense are said to have come "to the general assembly and church of the first-born written in heaven." Aye, and better than that, and dearer to some of us, "to the spirits of just men made perfect."

* * * * *

The question of the recognition of departed friends in heaven, and special and intimate reunion with them, Scripture and reason enable us to infer with almost absolute certainty. It is implied in the fact that the resurrection is a resurrection of individuals, that it is this mortal that shall put on immortality. It is implied in the fact that heaven is a vast and happy society; and it is implied in the fact that there is no unclothing of nature that we possess, only the clothing upon it of the garments of a brighter and more glorious immortality.

Take comfort, then, those of you in whose history the dearest charities of life have been severed by the rude hand of death, those whom you have thought about as lost are not lost, except to present sight. Perhaps even now they are angel watchers, screened by a kindly Providence from everything about, that would give you pain; but if you and they are alike, in Jesus, and remain faithful to the end, doubt not that you shall know them again. It were strange, don't you think, if amid the multitude of earth's ransomed ones that we are to see in heaven we should see all but those we most fondly and fervently long to see? Strange, if in some of our walks along the golden streets, we never happen to light upon them? Strange, if we did not hear some heaven song, learned on earth, trilled by some clear ringing voice that we have often heard before?—*Punshon.*

THE PLEASANT GARDEN

The pleasant garden, and the crystal stream,
 The tree of life which bears on every bough
 Fruits fit for joy or healing; on the brow,
 Of glorious gold a living diadem;
 The thrones which blaze with many a radiant gem;
 The branching palms; the raiment white as snow:
 Are these the joys that heaven's abodes bestow?
 Or may they rather earth-formed figures seem
 Of heavenly bliss?—To me it matters not,
 If I but reach the mark, whate'er the prize
 Of God's high calling. Be content that what
 Is told, is told us by the only Wise:
 And blest, supremely blest, must be the lot,
 Which Christ hath purchased, and which God supplies.

THE ROYAL DIADEM

The thoughts henceforth which a Christian should indulge in his expiring moments would be not those of dread of this ghastly monarch, but of praise to the heavenly Conqueror who had delivered him from his power. No wonder he shouts: "The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." A lady visiting the Paris Exposition lay dying in her hotel far away from her home and the friends of her youth. Watchers stood around anxious to catch any word which might escape her lips. At last they heard her whisper, "Bring." They placed her child by her side. She still said, "Bring." They brought her flowers and refreshing water. They were puzzled to know what she meant. At last summoning all her strength, while a smile played over her face, she exclaimed:

Bring forth the royal diadem
 And crown Him Lord of all,—

and so expired.—*M. B. Wharton.*

MY NEIGHBOR

My sprightly neighbor, gone before
 To that unknown and silent shore,
 Shall we not meet as heretofore,
 Some Summer morning?
 When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
 Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
 A bliss that would not go away,
 A sweet forewarning!—*Charles Lamb.*

THE VIRGIN MARY TO THE CHILD JESUS

Perchance this sleep that shutteth out the dreary
 Earth-sounds and motions, opens on thy soul
 High dreams on fire with God;
 High songs that make the pathways where they roll
 More bright than stars do theirs; and visions new



“SLEEP, SLEEP, MY DREAMING ONE!”

Of thine eternal Nature's old abode.
 Suffer this mother's kiss,
 Best thing that earthly is,
 To glide the music and the glory through,
 Nor narrow in thy dream the broad upliftings
 Of any seraph wing,
 Thus noiseless, thus. Sleep, sleep, my dreaming one!

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

Wait a little while, O, my soul, wait for the divine promise, and thou shalt have abundance of all good things in heaven.

SLEEP OF DEATH

No doubt the word "sleep" is used of death, over and over again in Scripture. When Stephen was martyred he "fell asleep." Paul says, "I would not have you be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not even as others who have no hope. For if ye believe that Jesus died, and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him," and again he says, "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed."

From this style of expression we have adopted our word cemetery, which means the sleeping-place, a beautiful name, surely, for the last resting place of the holy dead. Sleep implies an awaking. When you lie down in your bed at night, you expect to rise again to the activities of life, in the morning. We always expect such awaking. And so with death. When we perform the last kindly offices to our departed, when we close their eyes and lay them to rest in the narrow bed in the narrow house, we expect those eyes to open again. "Thy dead men shall live; together with my dead body shall they arise." The sleep of the grave may be long, but it will not be forever. "All they that sleep in the dust of earth shall awake."—*Thos. Hamilton, D.D.*

THE SPIRIT SANCTIFIED

Most wise meseems it, of that unseen state
 Whate'er in bounty God vouchsafes to show,
 Moral or intellectual, *there* to throw
 The inquiring eye, thereon to meditate;
 Think how the blest God's goodness emulate,
 And how they "see him as he is," and know
 His essence, and to his resemblance grow.
 In heaven the sons of God such changes wait,
 To angels equall'd. Dost thou hope to win
 That sonship, that high knowledge to secure,
 And that divine similitude? Begin
 On earth; acquaint thyself with God: inure
 Thy thoughts to serve Him like the cherubim,
 And seek for pureness ev'n as he is pure.

JOY OF HEAVEN

But there was a joy set before Emmanuel, and for the sake of that joy, he counted the price of human life small; for he knew that education of human life was necessary. That joy, in part, we may know, here and now. Those we have lost from our side in the night, are even now knowing it more fully than we can—the joy of a life where the inhabitants shall not say "I am sick"; the joy of a land where the people who dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity.—*W. S. Rainsford, D.D.*

"OPEN A WINDOW"

The lady of Sir Stamford Raffles, in India, was overwhelmed with grief for the loss of a favorite child, unable to bear the sight of her other children, unable to bear even the light of day. She was lying upon her couch, with a feeling of desolation that was fast growing into despair, when she was addressed by a poor, ignorant woman, one of the natives, who had been employed in the nursery: "I am come," said the servant, "because you have been here many days shut up in a dark room, and no one dares to come near you. Are you not ashamed to grieve in this manner, when you ought to be thanking God for having given you the most beautiful child that ever was seen? Did any one ever see him or speak of him without admiring him? And, instead of letting this child continue in this world till he should be worn out with trouble and sorrow, has not God taken him to heaven in all his beauty? What would you have more? For shame! leave off weeping, and let me open a window."

It is not always wise to bid a mourner "leave off weeping." Tears are sometimes good for the soul. That grief is very bitter which can not find tears. I have often wished that they would come, and relieve this dry and dreadful pressure on the heart. But if we do not cease to weep, by all means let us open the window. Let us have the light of God's countenance shining upon us like the sun at noon. To shut ourselves up in the dark to brood over our sorrows, is the worst of all remedies for grief. To cherish our afflictions, as if they were to be indulged, and petted, and kept fresh as long as possible, and as if it were wrong for us to go out into the world, and mingle in the duties and pleasures of social Christian life, is a sinful yielding to the power of a dispensation that was not designed to be thus received.

A HUSBAND'S TRIBUTE

The following beautiful lines were written by an aged gentleman to his wife on the fifty-fourth anniversary of their marriage:

Yes, we go gently down the hill of life,
 And thank our God at every step we go;
 The husband-lover and the sweetheart-wife;
 Of creeping age what do we care or know?
 Each says to each: Our four-score years, twice told,
 Would leave us young. The soul is never old!

What is the grave to us? Can it divide
 The destiny of two by God made one?
 We step across, and reach the other side,
 To know our blended life is but begun.
 These fading faculties are sent to say:
 Heaven is more near to-day than yesterday! —*M. B. C.*



"OUR BLENDED LIFE IS BUT BEGUN"

THE DEATH ANGEL

The Angel of Death is the invisible Angel of Life . . . to all manifest existence we apply the term Nature (*natura*), which means *forever being born*; and on its vanishing side it is *moritura*, or *forever dying*. Resurrection is a natural and perpetual miracle. The idea of life as transcending any individual embodiment is as germane to science as to faith. Death, thus seen as essential, is lifted above its temporary and visible accidents. It is no longer associated with corruption, but rather with the sweet and wholesome freshness of life, being the way of its renewal. . . . So is Death pure and clean, as is the dew that comes with the cool night when the sun has set; clean and white as the snow-flakes that betoken the absolution which winter gives.—*H. M. Alden*.

THE PRAYER

I was in heaven one day when all the prayers
 Came in, and angels bore them up the stairs
 Unto the place where He
 Who was ordained such ministry
 Should sort them, so that in that palace bright
 The presence-chamber might be duly dight;
 For they were like to flowers of various bloom,
 And a divinest fragrance filled the room.
 Then did I see how the great sorter chose
 One flower, that seemed to me a hedging rose;
 And from the tangled press
 Of that irregular loveliness
 Set it apart; and, "This," I heard him say,
 "Is for the Master;" so, upon his way
 He would have passed; then I to him:
 "Whence is this rose, O thou, of cherubim
 The chiefest?"—"Know'st thou not?" he said, and smiled,
 "This is the first prayer of a little child."—*T. E. Brown*.

LAST WORDS OF GREAT SOULS

"I have pain,—there is no arguing against sense—but I have peace—I have peace!" A little later, "I am almost well."—*Richard Baxter* (1691).

"Joy!"—*Hannah More* (1833).

"I shall hear in Heaven."—*Ludwig von Beethoven* (the great musician who became deaf in his old age. 1827).

"O Paradise!"—*Silvio Pellico* (Italian poet. 1854).

"Farewell, O farewell all earthly things, and welcome Heaven."—*Bergeno* (the martyr).

"I feel as if I were sitting with Mary at the feet of my Redeemer, hearing the music of his voice and learning of him to be meek and lowly."—*Mrs. Hemans*. (1835).

Blake died singing. A friend writes thus, having the account from the widow: "On the day of his death he composed and uttered songs to his Maker so sweetly to the ear of his Catherine, that when she stood to hear him, he, looking upon her most affectionately, said, 'My beloved, they are *not* mine, no, they are not mine!' He lay, chanting songs to melodies, both the inspiration of the moment, but no longer, as of old, to be noted down. Just before he died his countenance became fair, his eyes brightened and he burst out into singing of the things he saw in Heaven. A humble neighbor said,—'I have been at the death, not of a man, but of a blessed angel.'"—*William Blake* (English artist and poet. 1828).

"It is beautiful."—*Mrs. Browning* (1861).

"Ah! My child, let us speak of Christ's love—the best, the highest love!"—*Fredericka Brewer* (author. 1865).

"It is well."—*Washington* (1799).

"It is the last of earth. I am content."—*President John Quincy Adams* (1848).

"O Lord Almighty, as thou wilt."—*President James Buchanan* (1868).

"The people my trust."—*President James A. Garfield* (1881).

He sang continually, during his last days, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." "It is God's way. His will be done."—*William McKinley* (1901).

"I am going where all tears will be wiped from my eyes."—*Cotton Mather* (1728).

"Open the gates! Open the gates!"—*Sarah Wesley* (wife of Charles).

"The best of all is 'God with us.'"—*John Wesley* (founder of the M. E. Church).

"Thank God! Thank Heaven!"—*Sir Moses Montefiore* (1885).

"Calmer and calmer! Many things are growing clear to my understanding!"—*Schiller* (1805).

"Let us go over the river and sit down under the refreshing shade of the tree."—*Stonewall Jackson* (1863).

"My Christ."—*John Brown* (Scotch preacher. 1787).

"I have had wealth, rank and power, but if these were all I had, how wretched I should be."—*Prince Albert* (consort to Queen Victoria. 1861).

"How beautiful God is."—*Charles Kingsley* (author. 1875).

"Amazing, amazing glory! I am having Paul's understanding."—*Charles Reade* (1884).

"See in what peace a Christian can die!"—*Joseph Addison* (1719). These words were addressed to a near relative, Lord Warwick, an accomplished but dissolute youth.

"I feel as if I were to be myself again."—*Sir Walter Scott* (1832).

"Now God be with you, my dear children: I have breakfasted with you, and shall sup with my Lord Jesus Christ."—*Robert Bruce* (a divine of the Scottish Church. 1631).

"Lord, I believe. Help thou mine unbelief!"—*Bismarck*.

"Well, ladies, if I were one hour in heaven I would not be again with you, as much as I love you."—*Mary, Countess of Warwick* (1678).

"My heart is resting sweetly with Jesus and my hand is in his."—*Howard Crosby* (1891).

"I want to go away!"—*Alice Cary* (1871).

"I wish I had the power of writing, for then I would describe to you how pleasant a thing it is to die."—*William Cullen* (1790).

"If this is death, it is beautiful!"—*Lizzie Peeples* (a beautiful young girl. 1889).

"O, come in glory! I have long waited for Thy coming. Welcome, Joy!"—*John Eliot*, "The Apostle to the Indians" (1690).

He raised his hand and cried, "Lord!"—*Dr. John Cozen* (English preacher. 1672).

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The dying words of Dwight L. Moody fitly close this volume. Waking up at intervals during his last hours on earth, he said: "This is my triumph; this is my coronation day!" Then his face lit up and he said, in a voice of joyful rapture, "Dwight! Irene!—I see the children's faces," referring to two little grandchildren God had taken. Again he said: "Earth is receding and Heaven opening." And again, to his son: "No, this is no dream, Will. It is beautiful. If this is death, it is sweet. There is no valley here. God is calling me!"



